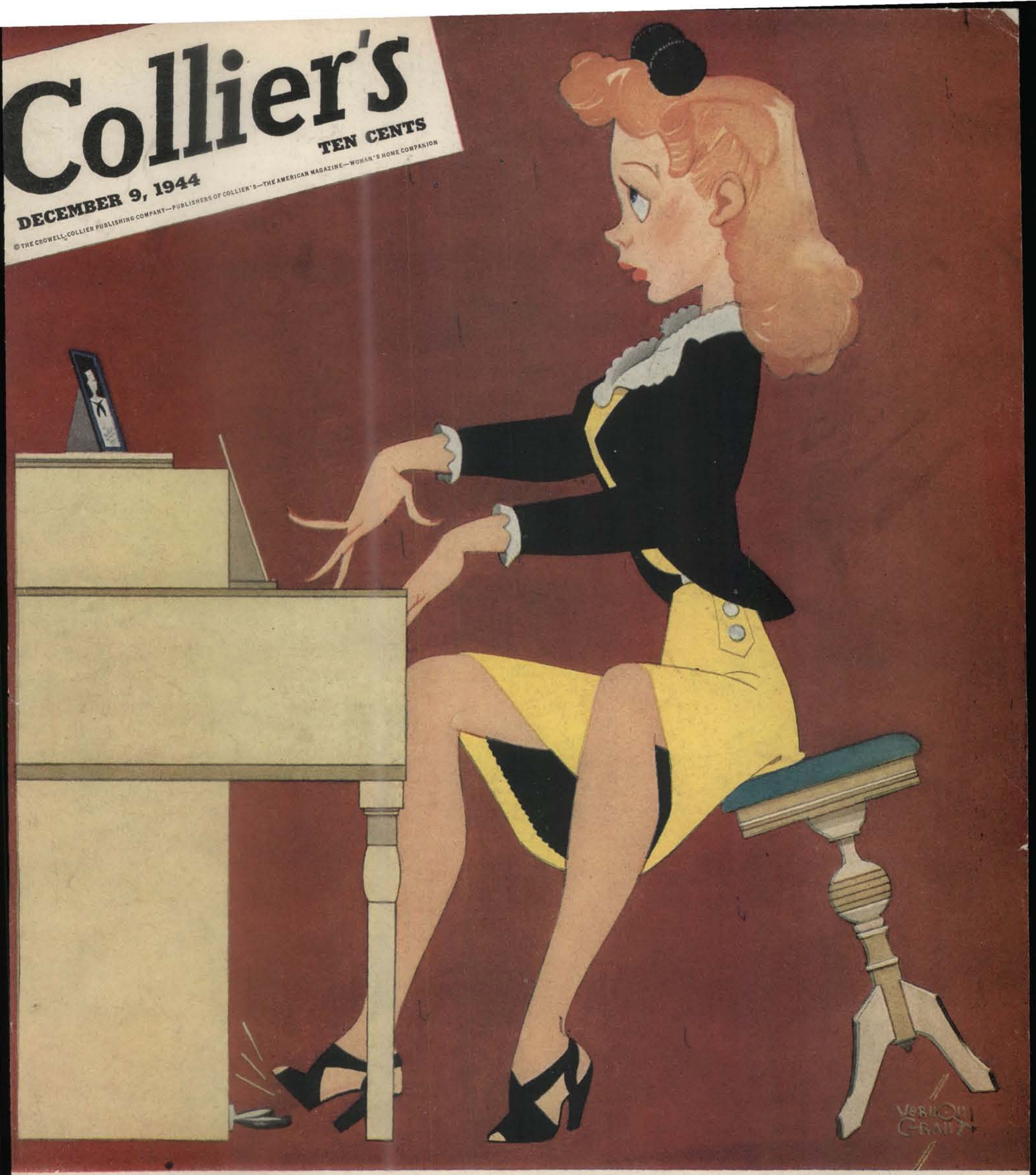
Collier's
TEN CENTS
DECEMBER 9, 1944
© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



ONE MORE RIVER TO BOSS

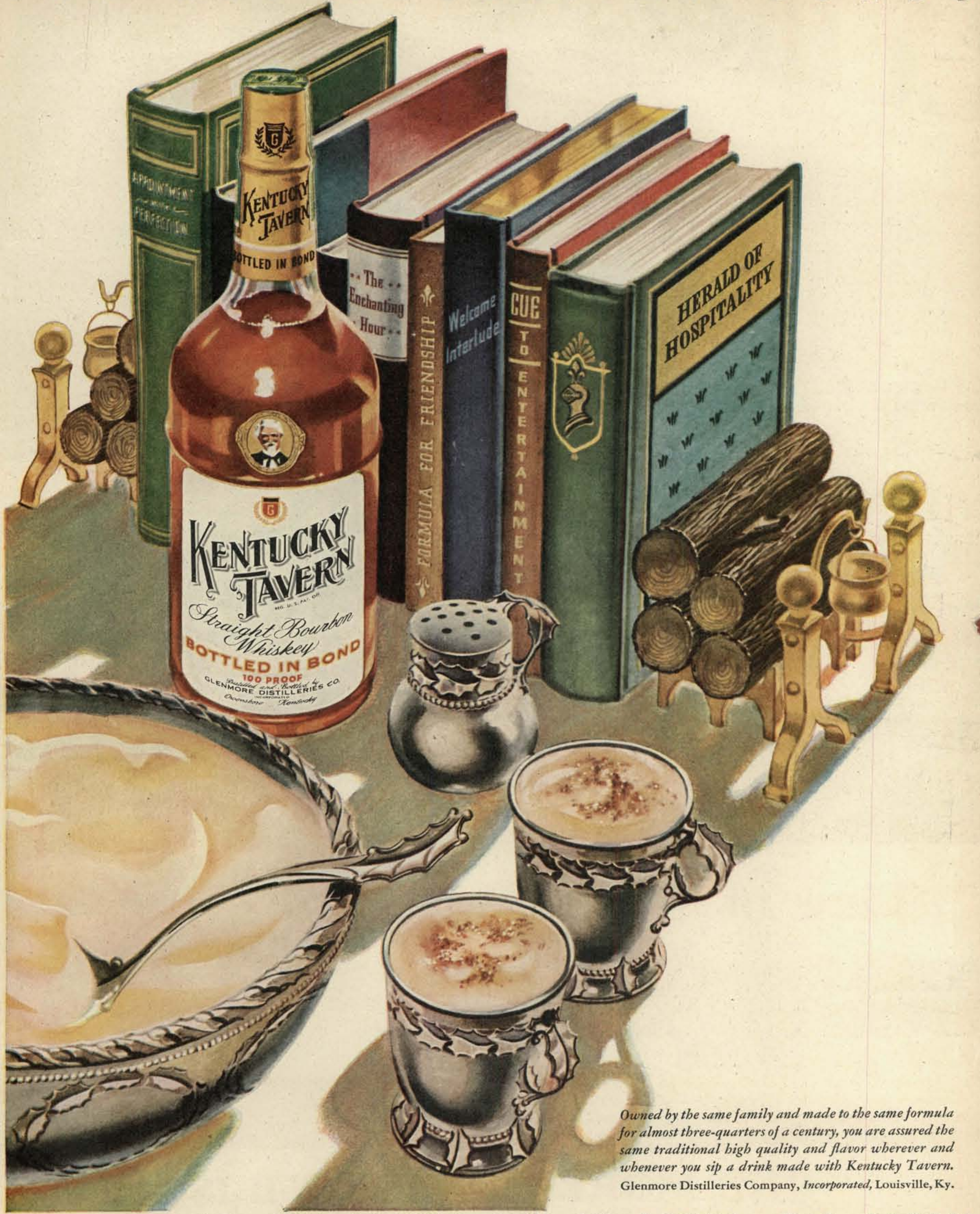
The Plan to Develop the Vast Miss

By KYLE CRICHTON

Dec. 9, '44

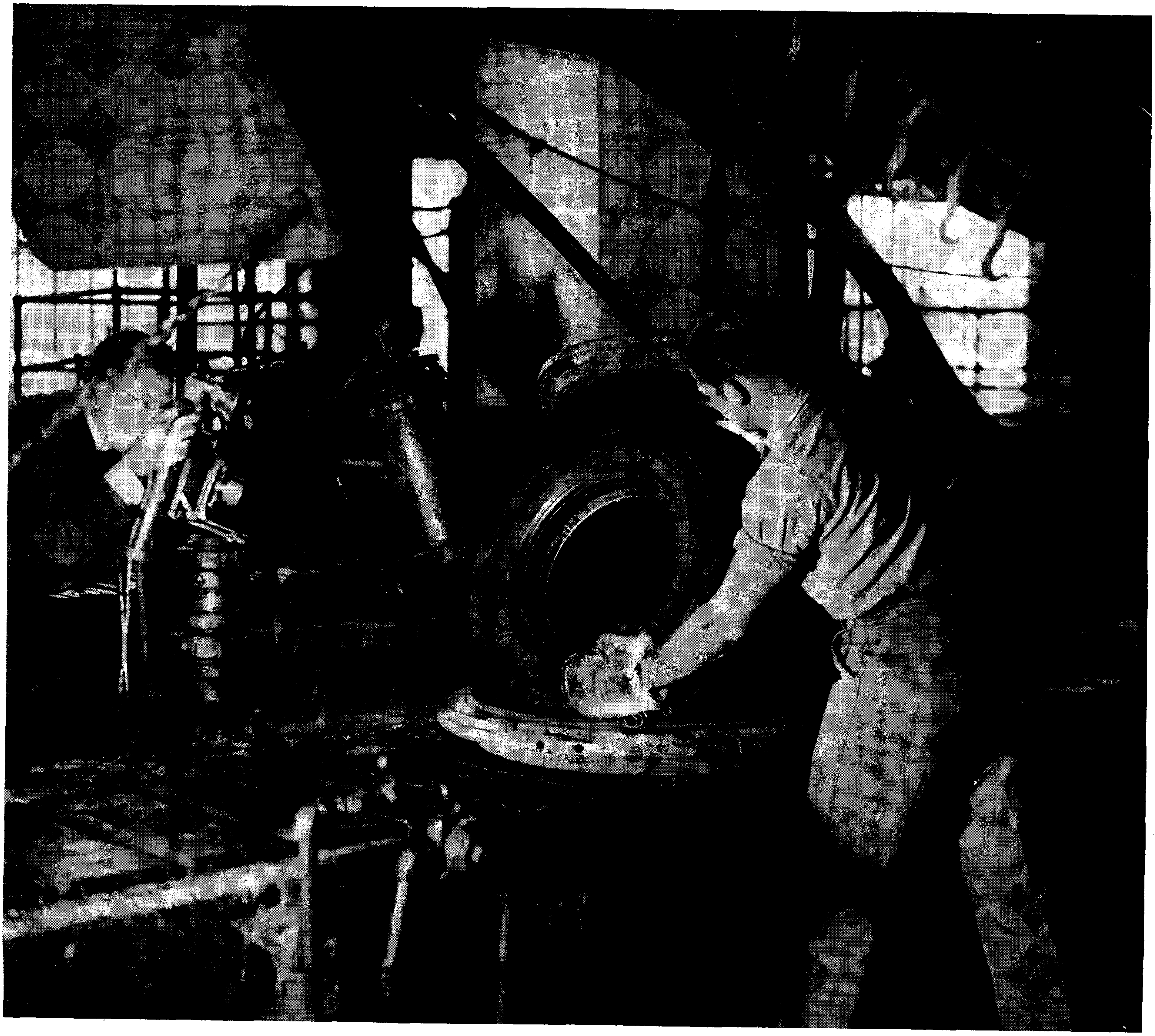
FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS
25AU45
A
15835
C
RKK

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


APPOINTMENT WITH PERFECTION
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
The Enchanting Hour
FORMULA FOR FRIENDSHIP
Welcome Interlude
CUE TO ENTERTAINMENT
HERALD OF HOSPITALITY
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
INCORPORATED
Owensboro Kentucky

Owned by the same family and made to the same formula for almost three-quarters of a century, you are assured the same traditional high quality and flavor wherever and whenever you sip a drink made with Kentucky Tavern.
Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated,* Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS...*WAR BONDS!*



Tire made out of dandelions

Few people know how to pronounce kok-saghyz—but B. F. Goodrich pronounced it worth more research

KOK-SAGHYZ (kawk-sa-jeez') means "the root that can be chewed." At least it does to a Russian. It's first cousin to our own dandelion—a little larger, a bit coarser. And good rubber can be extracted from it.

In 1942 two planes landed in America with cargoes of kok-saghyz seeds. They were planted on 575 acres and the rubber was produced. It isn't vitally needed for *war* uses now, but B. F. Goodrich men are going to know all about any future possibilities of any kind of rubber that might mean better tires.

It might be used for certain parts of a tire or in certain mixtures or "blends" of rubber. It might be used for other kinds of rubber products. But, whatever the use, B. F. Goodrich will have the answers—and probably *first* as usual.

There's an American shrub, *Guayule*, from which rubber was made even before the war. B. F. Goodrich used more of it than any other rubber company. B. F. Goodrich built a plant and started making a tire-type synthetic rubber *commercially* in 1937. That was months before any other company. B. F. Goodrich made and sold tires containing synthetic rubber in 1940. And that was *three years* before any other company.

So it's almost invariably true in the rubber industry—B. F. Goodrich is out ahead in research, in development, in improvement in tires. These improvements are all in today's all-synthetic B. F. Goodrich tires, and those tires are giving extra value and extra safety to every user because of them. Any B. F. Goodrich dealer can tell you whether you are eligible for new tires. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Oh Boy!
Lots of Delsey
after the war

DELSEY
WONDERSOFT
Toilet Tissue
A
KLEENEX
PRODUCT

*DELSEY Toilet Paper
Soft like Kleenex*

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Publisher **HENRY LA COSSITT** • Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS • Managing Editor

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	**ERNEST HEMINGWAY**	France	**GURNEY WILLIAMS**	Humor
W. B. COURTNEY	England	**MARTHA GELLHORN**	France	**AIMEE LARKIN**	Distaff
FRANK GERVASI	Mediterranean	**ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON**	Far East	**IFOR THOMAS**	Photographs
FRANK D. MORRIS	Pacific Fleet	**KYLE CRICHTON**	Articles	**GRATTAN O'LEARY**	Ottawa
GEORGE CREEL	Washington	**HERBERT ASBURY**	Articles	**EDWARD TOMLINSON**	The Other Americas
ROBERT DE VORE	Washington	**AMY PORTER**	Articles	**HENRY L. JACKSON**	Wearables
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington	**JIM BISHOP**	Articles	**ALLEN MARPLE**	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast	**JAMES N. YOUNG**	Articles	**ELIZABETH BOUTELLE**	Fiction
FREDERICK R. NEELY	Aviation	**U. L. CALVOSA**	Photographs	**DONALD CONGDON**	Fiction

WM. O. CHESSMAN • Art Director **KENNETH LITTAUER** • Executive Editor

Any Week

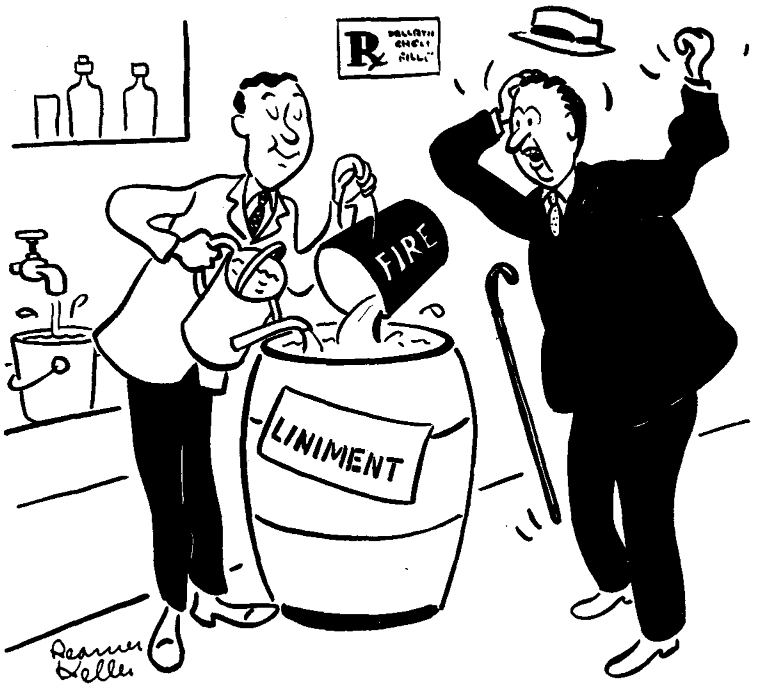
POOR Mr. H. Zeder of Los Angeles, California, has a serious complaint. "Today," writes Mr. Zeder, "I took my bottle and went to the drugstore for my liniment. I saw the druggist a-pouring water in the liniment barrel. I said I did not want no water in my liniment, and he said he had to pour water in the liniment on account of the law which says my liniment is not full strength on account of the war. I told him my rheumatism was full strength, war or no war, and he says I could go take my rheumatism to somebody else and went on pouring water in the liniment barrel. So I took my bottle next door and got it filled. Who do I write to about this outrage because the liniment I got next door was the wrong kind?"

WE CAN'T account for it, but every time we pick up our newspaper, the Box Elder News-Journal of Brigham City, Utah, we are amazed. This week there's a classified ad: "Wanted—Two Waitresses and a Duck Picker." What we want to know is why people can't pick their own ducks. And while we're not reading the News-Journal, we're usually absorbed in the Honolulu Advertiser. We've just read a letter to the editor in the Advertiser—a letter from an irate reader demanding a correction. It is from David Kekoalauliionapalihauliuliokekoolaukoapuawaokamehameha Kaapu, who wishes to make it clear that his middle name is spelled Kekoalauliionapalihauliuliokekoolaukaapuawaokamehamehe.

THE editorial offices of this magazine are at 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. It's as simple as that. But this week we've had letters addressed to us at Union Square, Park Place, Park Row, Broadway, Seventeenth Street. Fulton Square, Fifth Avenue, Juniper Street, Address Unknown and Care of Postmaster, U.S.A. We got one not long ago addressed merely Collier's Magazine, Australia. Someday, one of your letters won't get here. While you're shuddering that off, we may as well tell you that the letter addressed merely Australia read: "I just got here. More later. Pfc. Bernie Goldfrap."

WE WERE riding downtown in a Washington bus. Standing on our feet were two ladies who work for the government. The older of the two said to the younger: "My

(Continued on page 56)



REAMER KELLER

Vol. 114, No. 24. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEEK

DECEMBER 9, 194

SHORT STORIES

BEN MERSON
The Brandywine Bender. A Brool lyn cab driver can sure get what h asks for out of a jeep—even liquo Page 1

WARE TORREY BUDLONG
Look Back at Love. In any soldier postwar world happiness come ahead of efficiency. Page 1

NORMAN KATKOV
See You in New York. She was success in the big time, he a smal town hack—so what was the a swer? Page 3

MARGARET COOPER GAY
Three Wise Men on a Raft. Th spirit of Christmas giving revea how a little child can lead. Page 6

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Come Back Safely, by Gene Ride Page 1

SERIAL STORY

MITCHELL WILSON
None So Blind. Conclusion. Page 6

ARTICLES

ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON
Close Call at Leyte. How MacArthu and Halsey gambled on America guts, ingenuity and luck—and wo Page 1

ARTHUR MANN
They Got a Song. The Harburg-A len song-writing team rings the be with Bloomer Girl. Page 1

BETTY REESE
The Motif is Mexican. South of th border they elevate folk art to a fi art—and it pays. Page 1

KYLE CRICHTON
One More River to Boss. Control the turbulent Missouri presents a urgent challenge to the U.S. Page

FRANK GERVASI
Greece: Proving Ground for Peac The political future of the Unit Nations may depend on what ha pens in war-racked Greece. Page

J. D. RATCLIFF
Annie Oakley in a Box. Secret our extraordinary superiority ov the enemy in the air. Page

LT. (j.g.)
ROBERT WALLSTEN, U.S.N.R.
Shakespeare on the Jungle Circu The Bard, as presented by Jud Anderson, wins cheers in the Pacif Page

GILBERT A. LATHROP
Porky is a Clown. Brought up rig a porcupine is fun to have arou the house. Page

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page

WING TALK. Page

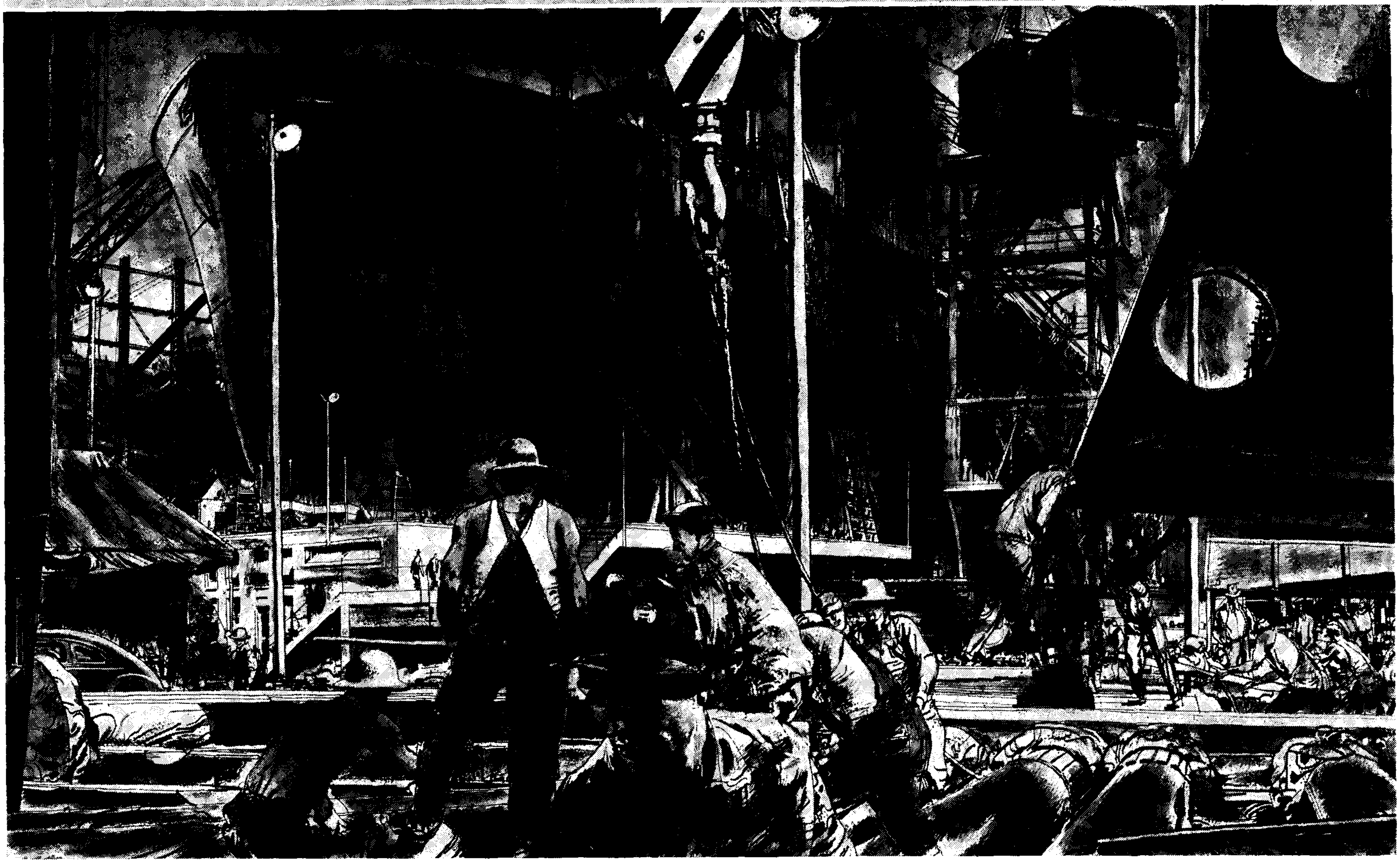
THE HEROES
(Christodoulos Tsigantes)
A Gallery of United Nations Patri
No. 7. Page

THE WEEK'S WORK. Page

EDITORIALS
Stay on That War Job!
Return Trip for MacArthur.
Plain English, Please. Page

COVER VERNON GRA

U.S.F.&G. *salutes the Beaver State!*



In Oregon's Shipyards, the broad-shouldered sons of the Beaver State are performing production miracles to help speed the day of final Victory. U.S.F.& G. takes pride in the fact that its insurance policies and surety bonds protect many of Oregon's great war industries.

DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE IS NOTHING NEW IN OREGON!

THE staggering production quotas met and surpassed by Oregon's shipyards are only one example of how Oregonians so frequently achieve the "impossible." For Oregon is a state of big men, big ideas, and big deeds. Bonneville Dam, mighty redwood trees, vast salmon fisheries . . . these are symbolic of Oregon's greatness. Each year Oregon cuts billions of feet of timber . . . leads the nation in production of hops . . . exports immense quantities of fruit and berries. Little wonder busy Oregon is known as the Beaver State!

To serve Oregon, U.S.F.& G. requires a branch office at Portland and agency offices in 68 cities and towns throughout the state. Few communities in the United States, its territories, and Canada are without a U.S.F.& G. agent. So wherever you are look to the local U.S.F.& G. representative for guidance in casualty insurance and bonding problems.

Consult your insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer

U.S.F.&G.

UNITED STATES
FIDELITY & GUARANTY CO.

affiliate

FIDELITY AND GUARANTY FIRE CORPORATION
HOME OFFICES: BALTIMORE 3, MD.

When?

Two noses press against a window pane. Two pairs of eyes watch the shadows deepen . . . and the street lights come on.

For a long time, now, there have been no evening stories about the growly bear . . . no one to read the funnies while Mother got the supper . . . no one to throw the ball for Bimbo half so well.

For Father has been gone a long, long time.

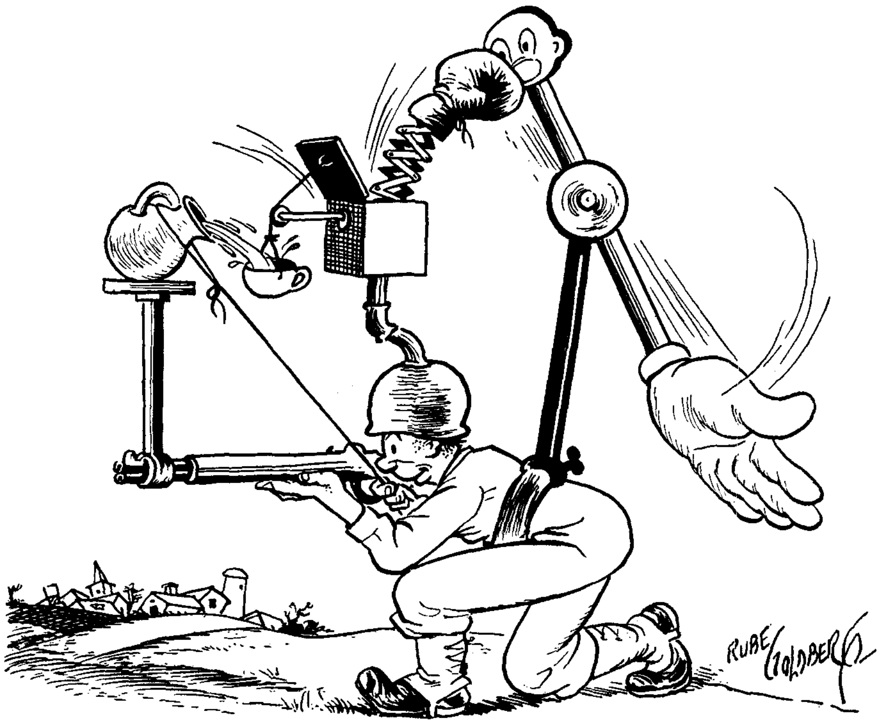
BUT HE'LL BE COMING BACK!

And it won't be long, now—*if we each do our own full share!* How about it, Mister? How much do you care about the little kids . . . the mothers faint with waiting? What's *your* full share to speed a Father home?

How much do *you* care? Enough to lend two weeks' pay . . . to help? Enough to buy a father's blankets, shoes . . . and bullets? Enough to pay for a couple of *extra* bombs to hasten the day he starts for home?

Put your heart into it...they do | 6th War loan

CONTRIBUTED TO THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE BY THE
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CONS'D, MAKERS OF 'VASELINE' BRAND PRODUCTS



RUBE GOLDBERG

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

At Fort Custer, Michigan, a soldier is taught to squeeze instead of pull the trigger of his rifle by a contraption that, when he makes this mistake, gives him a resounding whack on the seat of his pants.

No one knows exactly what causes a door to squeak. Even sound-effects men in radio and movies cannot at will construct one that produces a natural squeak. Sometimes, in fact, these experts have to build as many as a dozen before they get one that, for some mysterious reason, makes this sound.—*By Robert Prescott, Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y.*

Lightwoods Park in Birmingham, England, is believed to have the most complete Shakespeare Garden in existence, as it contains more than 200 of the 214 plants which are mentioned in his dramas.—*By W. R. McMurray, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The only vertebrate whose eyes are equipped by nature with bifocal lenses is a tropical American fish of the genus Anableps. As this fish swims constantly with its eyes partly out of water so it can scan the surface for floating food as it keeps watch for enemies below, the upper halves of its eyes are adapted for vision in the air and the lower halves for vision under water.

Because large flocks of sheep preceded man, many centuries ago, in the occupancy of the land that is now Cumberland, England, their descendants have since been regarded as the real owners by the farmers who have maintained them for their wool. Thus, even today, the sale and purchase of one of these farms automatically includes its sheep.

The only existing georama, a huge hollow globe whose inner surface depicts a map of the world, is installed in the Christian Science Building in Boston. Thirty feet in diameter, made of colored glass and illuminated from behind, this globe, unlike solid globes and flat maps, enables the spectator, standing on the bridge running through it, to see an undistorted representation of the earth's entire surface at one glance.

Since 1918, the Queens County Abandonment Bureau, a public service for finding runaway fathers who leave their children destitute, has been in operation in New York City. Reputed to be the only organization of its kind, this bureau was started and is still run by Criminal Investigator George H. Lamb, who has tracked down, so far, more than 35,000 deserting fathers. On one recent trip in search of 26 of these delinquents, he located 22 and collected from them $6,500 in cash, as well as surety bonds to guarantee future payments.

The change in the diet of cows from green grass in summer to dry feed in winter causes appreciable changes in their butter. For example, it may turn in color from a deep gold to a pale yellow and may lose 50 per cent or more of its vitamin A content.

Of every 1,000 home telephones in this country, 295 are private lines, 443 are two-party, 208 are four-party and 54 are five-to-ten-party lines.—*By Howard Ferdinand, Peoria, Ill.*

The most dangerous sport in America is bobsledding down the Mt. Van Hoevenberg run at Lake Placid, New York, a fast four-man sled making this mile-and-a-half run with its 26 abrupt turns in 100 seconds. So spills may be reported at once, the passing of each sled is announced successively from seven telephone stations set along the course; and every person making the trip, including professionals, is first required to sign a waiver, relinquishing his right to sue for damages in case of accident.

While the word "skyscraper" was not applied to buildings until 1885, it was being used to designate a skysail in 1794, a large horse in 1826, an exaggerated story in 1841, and a tall man in 1857.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

PATHFINDER FOR A ROVING WORLD

ELECTRONICS
MAGNETICS
ELECTRO-MECHANICS
OPTICS
CARBURETION
HYDRAULICS
AEROLOGY
0
330
300
270
150

THIS, TOO, IS BENDIX . . . SOURCE OF THE FIRST COMPASS TO MEET THE NEEDS OF TODAY'S FAST PLANES AND TOMORROW'S TRADE ROUTES.

Wherever man sets forth into trackless space, there you'll find Bendix—for Bendix is Compass Headquarters.

Headquarters for production, with a record of close to a million direct reading magnetic, remote indicating Magnesyn, Gyro Flux Gate, and radio compasses built since Pearl Harbor.

And *Headquarters for progress*, as evidenced by the Gyro Flux Gate compass. Product of 7 years' research, this fine example of Bendix Creative Engineering assures accurate headings in steep dives, fast turns, rough weather, and over the earth's poles—bringing compass performance in step with the performance of today's fast planes . . . and opening up to safer navigation the shorter, faster aerial trade routes across the top of the world.

Important? Obviously — yet compass improvement and production represent only a small proportion of Bendix contributions in transportation alone. Hundreds of other advanced scientific instruments and controls make travel by air, sea, and land safer and easier for fighting men and civilians . . . vastly extend man's powers of communication . . . replace fallible human hands and minds to improve industrial processes.

And the end is not yet. Soon, Bendix Creative Engineering will be turned directly toward making your personal life better—easier, safer, more comfortable, *more fun!* You can speed that day by helping to speed victory. *Buy an extra $100 War Bond during the Sixth War Loan drive.*

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICH.

BENDIX • ECLIPSE • STROMBERG • SCINTILLA
FRIEZ • MARINE • PIONEER • ZENITH • ALTAIR

Magnesyn, Gyro Flux Gate and above names are trademarks of Bendix Aviation Corporation or Subsidiaries

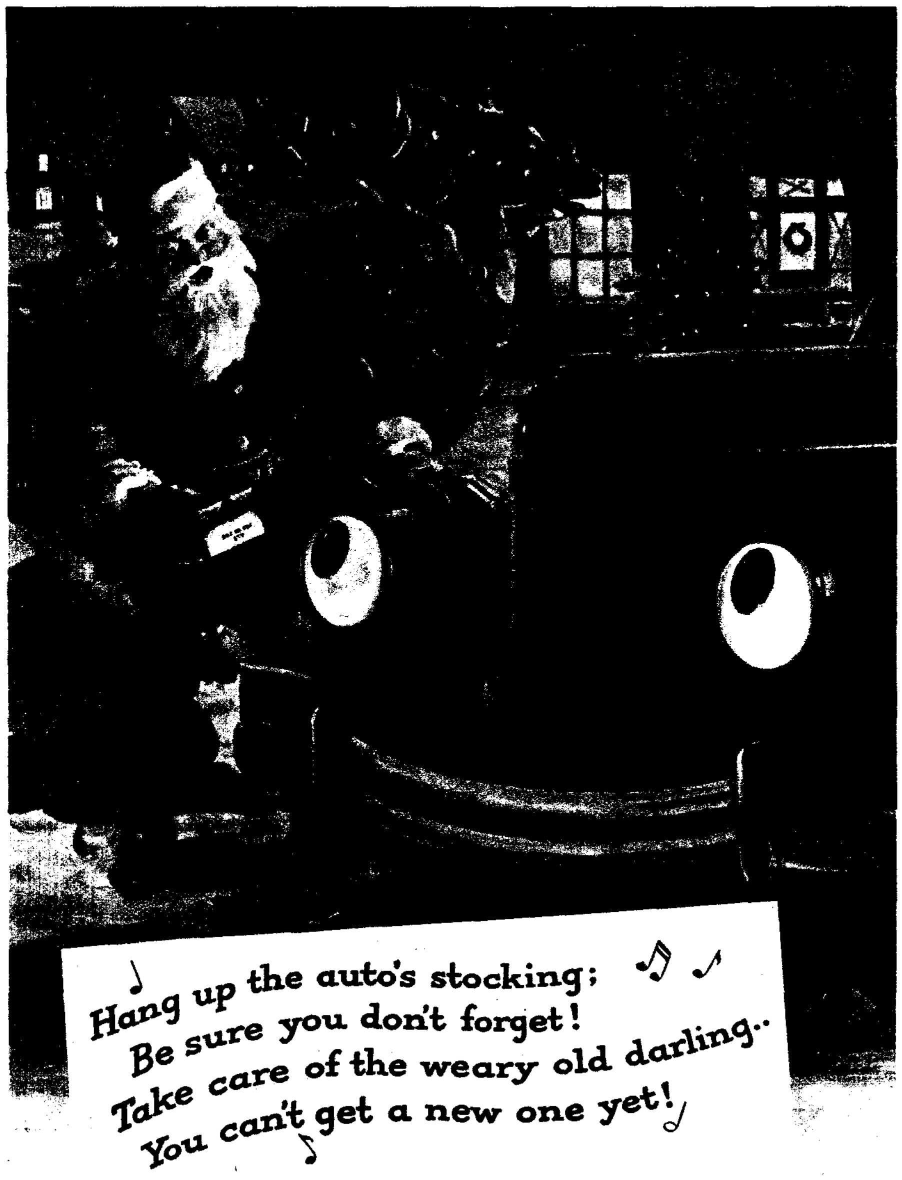
First IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING

Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW

Bendix

© 1944 BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

BOMBER SHOWN IS BOEING SUPER-FORTRESS



Hang up the auto's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget!
Take care of the weary old darling..
You can't get a new one yet!

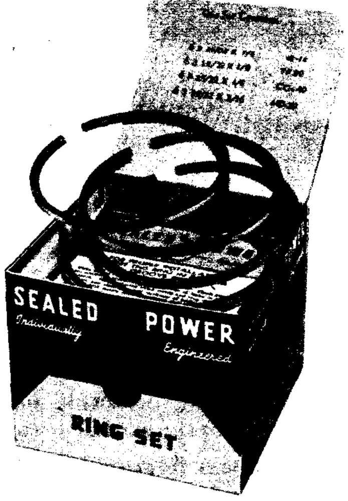
Give your faithful old car new power, new thrift, added years of service

In other years it was a pleasant American custom to make the family a present of a bright, shining new car. That isn't being done this year. But you *can* give your old car a set of new Sealed Power Piston Rings to lengthen engine life, restore original power, save gas, and save oil.

Sealed Power Piston Rings are available now in individually engineered sets for all popular makes of cars and trucks. For 33 years Sealed Power rings have been preferred by engine builders. Make this a glad Christmas for your car—and those who drive it.

★ BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS ★

© 1944, Sealed Power Corp



SEALED POWER CORPORATION
Muskegon, Mich. Windsor, Ont.
Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK
R. NEELY

With this pair of contact lenses, Ralph E. Flexman fooled flight surgeons until he had reached the last stage of training. He teaches Aviation Cadets now

HARRY OLMSTEAD—SOUTHEASTERN AIR SERVICE

LIKE thousands of other young college students three years ago, Ralph E. Flexman, a senior at the University of Illinois, was seized with a strong desire to fly. Soon it had grown into an obsession to be an Army fighter pilot. But "Flexie" was a myope, with 20/100 vision and he didn't have to be told by an examining board that he'd never be accepted.

In his search for a way out, he stumbled onto an article about contact glasses, those tiny lenses that are fitted over the eyeballs, and then and there was born a campaign that not only is a tribute to his determination, but ranks high on the list of remarkable achievements on the home front.

With money loaned by his pal and roommate, Charles Hight, who later lost his life as a Marine artillery officer in the Battle of Saipan, Flexie bought the contacts and for weeks thereafter patiently experimented with solutions to match his own eye fluids, and practiced the technique of wearing them until he could do so for hours at a time instead of minutes.

Early in 1942, still dissatisfied with the progress he was making, he decided to enlist in the infantry and use the succeeding three months of basic training to prepare him for the day when he felt he could safely attempt the physical examination for aviation cadet. Wearing his contacts, he sailed through the eye examination, was accepted and assigned to the 36th Infantry. Before his basic training was up, he was made a sergeant. By now, he was able to wear his glasses for almost two hours, so he applied for the qualifying cadet physical examination, and passed. But perhaps you'd rather have Flexie tell you the rest of the story in his own words:

The Crucial Moment

"Toward the end of July, 1942, my papers came through ordering me to report to the Air Crew Classification Center at Nashville, Tennessee. I was assigned to a squadron half stocked with fellows who had washed out on their physical. There were three separate eye doctors; the heart specialists all but took out your heart; and if the ear doctors couldn't see through one ear to the other, you were out. It was an utter certainty they would detect my lenses.

"Then came the big morning when I had to start my physical. With a prayer on my lips and many misgivings for ever being there in the first place, I went into the room. All I remember is a number of doctors looking into my eyes with miscellaneous gadgets, and me looking out at assorted screens, figures, and what not. Later that afternoon I got the word—I was classified as an Aviation Cadet!

"Then it was off for Maxwell Field, Alabama, and Preflight, with nothing to worry about—for a while. But I didn't know that we would be confined to the post for the first five weeks, and me with just enough of the necessary eye solution left to last only one week. It wasn't until I was considering giving myself up because of lack of solution that I found a way. A little colored newsboy went through the Cadet Area early every morning, and I bribed him into getting my formula filled, sneaking it on the post, and hiding it in my room while my roommates and I were gone.

Clever at Deception

"I did not dare let anyone—not even my roommates—know or become suspicious about my eyes. I could, while talking to them, turn my back and—presto—my 'eyes' would be out, and little did they know that I was just seeing a blur which a moment before had been their faces. So proficient had I become that I needed only about two seconds to slip my lenses back in. By this time I could wear my glasses for three hours at a time, take them out, rest my eyes, and then put them back in again for another three hours. I usually tried to get a two-hour rest while eating dinner and during calisthenics, of course, keeping a close watch on the guy in front of me, since I couldn't see the instructor.

"Then came my orders for primary flying at the contract pilot school operated by Southeastern Air Service, Inc., at Bennettsville, South Carolina. Would I have to take another physical? Would my eyes be detected? If I should have a serious crack-up, who would remove my contact glasses to keep them from injuring my eyes due to the irritation from long wear? I could wear them only three and one half hours by this time.

"But I was in a very optimistic mood when I first set eyes on row after row of Boeing PT-17s sitting at their cocky angle at Bennettsville. We were issued our flight uniforms, and immediately I donned mine and had my picture taken, as evidence that I did get to Primary! And I drew the same roommates from Preflight, who by now were quite used to my unexplainable actions.

"The next morning we went to the flight line and were assigned to our civilian flight instructor, Mr. Dan Bryan, whom we later very endearingly referred to as 'the Wolf.' We were on the flight line for five hours, which was a longer period of time than I

(Continued on page 42)

HOME, HOME AT LAST...

"This is our future . . .

This is our house . . .

This is the rest of our life . . . the life we'll have together when this war is over, and you're home . . . home, at last.

I can see a blanket of snow on that little roof . . . a garland of pine cones on our front door . . . and peace and stillness and warmth and firelight, and the lovely litter of Christmas on our living room floor.

The perfume of pine is everywhere, and you're sitting there in your red leather chair, smoking a last cigarette by the fire, and I'm curled up on the hassock, my head against your knee . . . when all of a sudden the clock will strike twelve and you'll kiss me and say, 'It's Christmas day . . . Christmas, at last, in our very own house!'

And then, as if in a dream, we'll walk out through the hall, past garlands of laurel festooned on the stairs, past the table with reindeer and bright Christmas balls . . . out to our kitchen, all shiny and new . . .

That will be a fairy tale place!

We'll stand in the doorway and both look our fill . . . at the wonderful electric range with its magical trick of cooking whole dinners even while we're away. . .

And I'll reach out and touch the latch of our roomy, big refrigerator and you'll 'oh and ah' at the turkey and fixings behind gleaming glass. And then I'll show off the pride of my heart . . . our home freezer full of marvelous things . . . frozen chickens, and steak and young, tender greens . . .

Then you'll hold me close without saying a word . . . just listening to what my heart won't stop whispering . . .

Home, our own home . . . at last!"

• • •

This is no dream.

We believe your hope for a new and finer home can and will come true.

Here at Kelvinator, when Victory is won, all the new strength, the new skills born of war, will be turned to production for peace.

That means that Kelvinator will build more and finer electrical appliances than we have ever built before. It means refrigerators, electric ranges, home freezers, and electric water heaters to make the kitchens of America the truly enchanted places they can be . . . it means that the new developments, the scientific advances made in war will be incorporated into these appliances as rapidly as possible to make them the more useful, the more efficient part of the home you want—when peace comes.

This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it, a strong, vital and growing America—where every man and every woman will have the freedom and the opportunity to make their dreams come true.

This booklet with pictures and floor plans for six modern low-cost homes, together with details of their exciting new postwar kitchens designed for easy living, is offered to home planners without cost. See your Kelvinator retailer or drop a postcard to Dept. 4-A, Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Michigan.

HEART of your postwar kitchen . . . the Kelvinator electrical appliances: the new Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Range . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Water Heater . . . and the new Kelvinator Home Freezer that keeps foods at flavor peak indefinitely! Though now aircraft engines and propellers roll down Kelvinator assembly lines, the day will come and soon when your Kelvinator dealer will be demonstrating these magical new kitchen appliances for you!

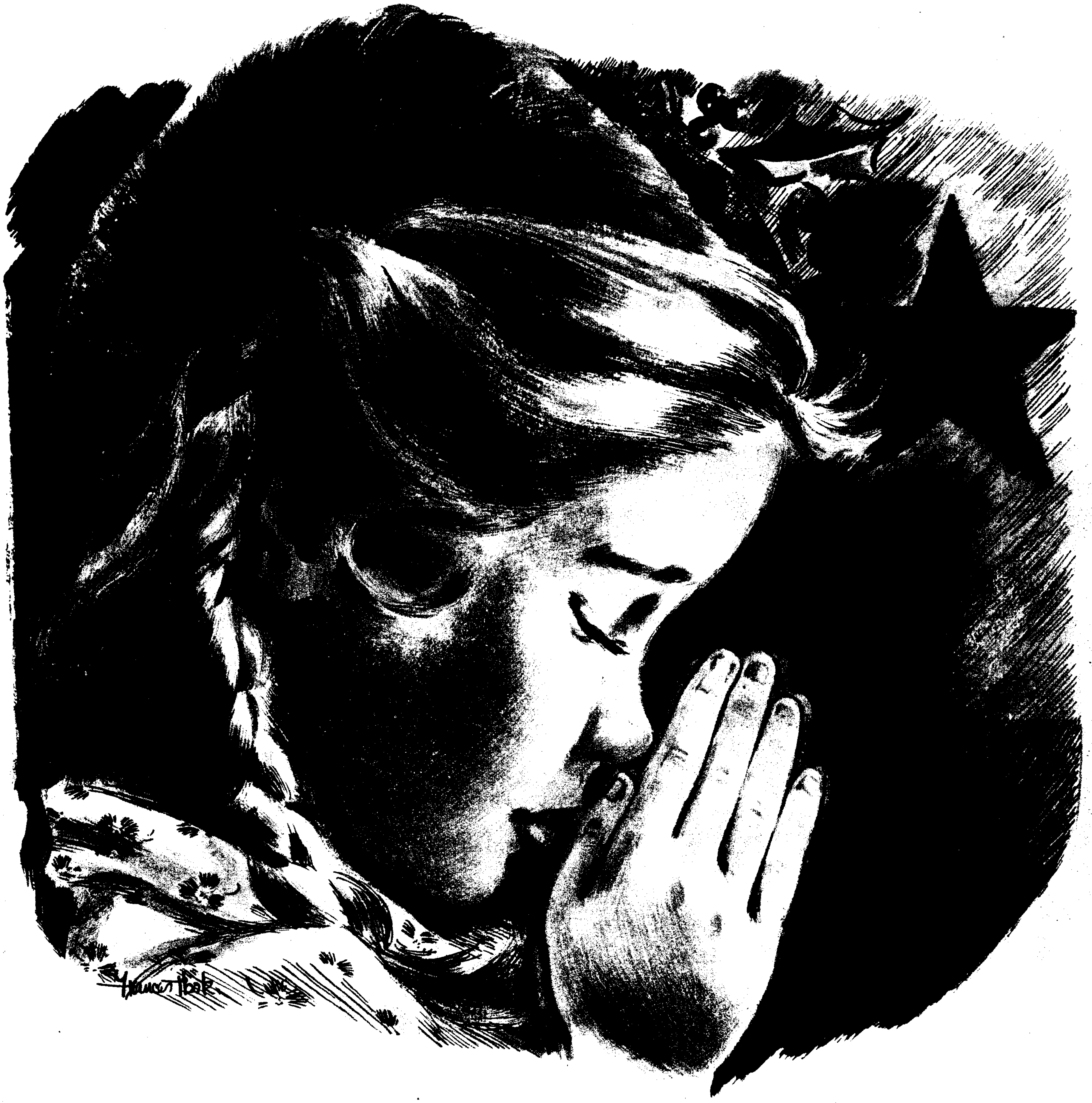
KELVINATOR

of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Refrigerators, Home Freezers, Electric Ranges, Electric Water Heaters, Beverage Coolers, Ice Cream Cabinets, Frozen Food Merchandisers, Commercial Refrigerating Units.

N·K
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

…"GOD BLESS DADDY."…

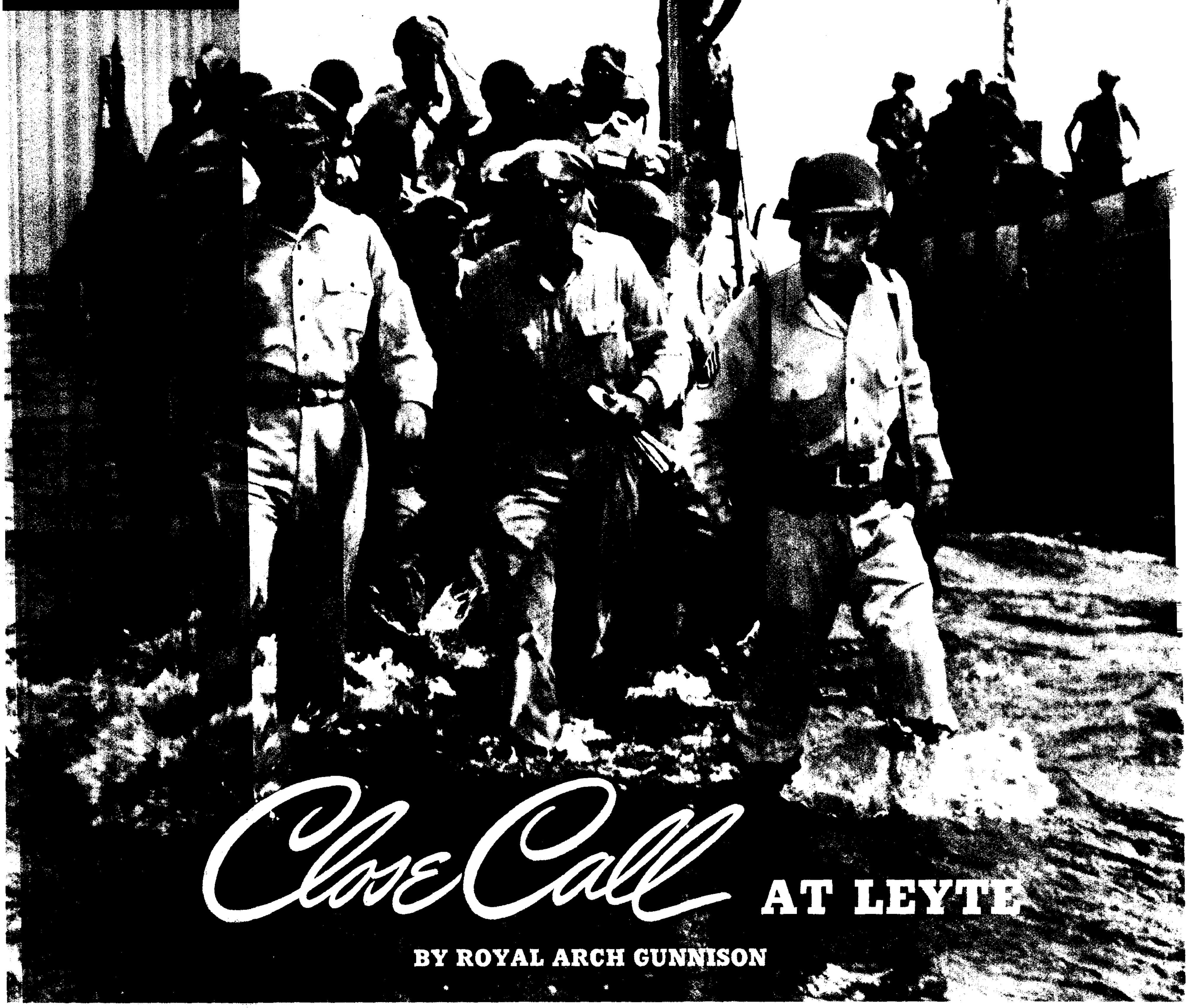


GOD BLESS THEM ALL!…

STROMBERG-CARLSON

© 1944, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COLLIER'S
HE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR DECEMBER 9, 1944



Close Call AT LEYTE

BY ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

General Douglas MacArthur, with Lt. Gen. Richard Sutherland (center), wades through the surf at Red Beach on Leyte Gulf as he returns to the Philippines to direct the invasion

The inside story of the invasion of the Philippines: MacArthur and Halsey played a long shot and went back two months ahead of schedule

RADIOED FROM LEYTE

NOW it is possible to reveal what went on backstage when our invasion of the Philippines was speeded up more than two months and leapfrogged an additional five hundred miles over the original plan. Now it is possible to tell the story of the daring behind this invasion operation—and how MacArthur and Nimitz got away with it.

Even before we got ashore here, I started piecing together from the highest Army and Navy staff officers the story of why General MacArthur picked Leyte for his primary invasion, and how and why MacArthur and Nimitz chose the moment they did to strike.

It is not pleasant to remember what a narrow squeak the MacArthur forces had when the Japanese Southern Imperial Fleet, supported by land-based bombers, attacked Admiral Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet—then the only defense MacArthur had against heavy Jap battleship shelling attack and numerically superior Jap air opposition.

Oh, yes, we did it again. But after the landing was tabbed "secure," everyone, including MacArthur over at GHQ and Kinkaid out on his flagship, breathed much easier. I was at both places during the toughest moments the U.S. Army and Navy have had in this war—October 24th and 25th. We have crippled or sunk a valuable chunk of the Jap navy; we have the Japanese air force in the Philippines area under control, except for sporadic raids staged from Hainan Island off the China coast, and Formosa.

But it was touch and go for those first six days. "The most critical week in the history of the U.S. Navy and Army in this or the first World War," according to high Army and Navy spokesmen. That was due to the chance we took, and we got away with it. The reason we got away with it was the ability of the American G.I. to adjust himself quickly to new and unforeseen problems.

"Yankee ingenuity and guts is why we are in the Philippines today," Kinkaid told me on his flagship two days after the sea battle had ended and he had begun to piece together the results of the furious American counterattack—the miracle that saved the G.I.s on the beachhead from probable annihilation by a Japanese fleet that included heavy battleships.

General MacArthur actually hustled back into the Philippines a little over two months before he originally planned and, what's more, it puts the general months closer to Manila than even the Joint Chiefs of Staff back there in Washington had figured. We had some smart quarterbacking out here in the Pacific by American naval and military heroes—Nimitz, Halsey, MacArthur, Krueger, Kinkaid, Barbey, Sibert, Casey, Irving.

How did we happen to hit the Philippines so much sooner than we'd planned? "We decided we'd catch the Nips off balance." It sounded easy, the way General MacArthur said it. But if you'd watched a smoothly developing invasion program down in New Guinea suddenly thrown into high gear, like a speeded-up motion picture, you'd understand what General MacArthur meant by his remarks a few hours after he'd waded ashore at Red Beach on Leyte Gulf.

We were slogging along through the black sand and climbing over broken palm logs at the water's edge. The general was inspecting

(Continued on page 39)

They Got a Song

BY ARTHUR MANN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BALKIN-KARGER-PIX

In fact, Yip Harburg and Harold Arlen have a lot of songs; you can hear them in the new Broadway musical show, Bloomer Girl

Composer Harold Arlen, at piano, and Lyricist E. Y. Harburg put lovely Celeste Holm, star of their latest Broadway smash hit, Bloomer Girl, through vocal paces. Both authors sweated over show for a solid year before starting rehearsals

TO UNDERSTAND a concoction of Broadway alchemy like Bloomer Girl, consider the potent elements of words and music poured into it. E. Y. "Yip" Harburg and Harold Arlen stewed, simmered and skimmed dross for almost a year before boiling with what both had secretly concluded could never be: a perfect blending of each other's genius into a production that threatens to be a Broadway legend.

While fashioning the words and music in Hollywood, the pair remained deadlocked for weeks over the treatment of a single number, I Got a Song, which now stops the show every night. Harburg, the rhymster, liked his lyric form. Composer Arlen felt bridled by a patter. He fought for a pattern of elastic, singable melody with breaks in rhythm. That meant changed words, disturbed key rhymes, and the sacrifice of Harburg's poetic muse for mere music.

It was a costly stand-off, because each had waived advance royalty in exchange for a chunk of the profits. As who wouldn't? As a foundation, they had a "period" story with endless possibilities for farce, tricks, lavish costumes and political allegory. Awaiting their product was the beauteous comedy of Celeste Holm, the riotous antics of curvilineal Joan McCracken and the choregraphic magic of Agnes de Mille. But the musical alchemists stewed on, even after "breaking the back" of I Got a Song, plodding toward the dead line.

They moved to New York in the searing August heat wave and actually boiled in a hotel room, but they came up with still another hit song, Sunday in Cicero Falls. But the acidy Harburg was still burning during the Broadway dress rehearsal.

"They're butchering my lyrics!" he wailed. "You can't hear a thing in the rear of the house. Why don't they just hum the tune?"

Charged with the over-all staging, he muttered castigation of singers who use crap-shooting gestures, of desultory work by stars, of tone-deaf dancers.

To Arlen, however, everything was fine from a seat far down front. The music sounded perfect. The conductor, Leon Leonardi, was ringing the bell with another brilliant Russell Bennett orchestration. Why complain when you could hear the melodies plainly?

Pert Comedienne Joan McCracken, a parlormaid convert of Dolly Bloomer in the Arlen-Harburg opus, cavorts before hoop-skirted ladies of cast: l. to r., Pamela Randell, Dorothy Hill, Joan Mann, Peggy Holmes and Betty Low

The year-long travail and torture were forgotten after opening night. The Harburg-Arlen dream was alive. A 300-pound unknown Negro singer, Richard Huey, was the talk of the town with I Got a Song. Celeste Holm was hailed as a first-rank comedienne. The McCracken girl, with her 1861 version of strip-teasing, was lauded as a show stopper. And the amazing Agnes de Mille, who directed most of the book, in addition to her choregraphy, was accorded a new niche in the history of American ballet.

It all added up to a smash hit and enabled the battling song writers to sit back and drift and dream until the stark reality of a new production arouses them with a mental hotfoot. Then will come again—the dodging and wailing and procrastination that neither seems able to avoid.

A Converted Bookworm

Though unlike the accepted portrait of a harassed composer, Arlen works like one, and always at home. Only thirty-nine, he lives a most regulated life in a Hollywood house that was obtained through hard work and long suffering. He rises early and eats heartily. He used to be a bookworm, as the thousands of volumes on the wall shelves indicate, but Mrs. Arlen, the former Powers model, Onya Taranda, chases him out to the golf course for exercise and sunshine. He dresses like the winner of a fashion show, and was born with a permanent wave that is the envy of all hairdressers.

Despite accelerating influence, he cannot buy freedom from the torture of creative work. Approaching dead lines haunt him when the right sequence of notes for melody fails to ring in his ears. When the situation is desperate, he hands the key of his room to Mrs. Arlen and she locks him in. Thus imprisoned, he once walked the floor for two hours before slumping to the piano stool where he accidentally picked out a succession of six notes that quickly loomed as the foundation of what he wanted. That was enough. The door was unlocked. Four days later he went back to the six notes and quickly fashioned the memorable Blues in the Night (My Mama Done Tol' Me).

The locked-door trick failed to work, however, during toil on the Wizard of Oz, which Arlen was doing for M-G-M. He needed a tune of ethereal quality that had to fit Judy Garland's voice and style. After hours of sweat and hunger, he pleaded for his wife to unlock the door, and she did and was driving him downtown to dinner and movies, when he reached into his pocket for the ever-present manuscript paper.

From the cacophony of grinding clutches, screeching brakes, horns and assorted bedlam of passing traffic came a string of notes to his ears. He ordered his wife to drive back home. An hour later he was wolfing down refrigerator leftovers, but on the piano was the first draft of the celebrated Rainbow song from the Wizard of Oz. It won the Academy Award for 1939 and outsold everything else on records.

The musical half of the Bloomer Girl team was born in Buffalo as Hyman Arluck, son of a Jewish cantor. At seven he was singing in his father's choir, standing on a chair to be seen as well as heard. He studied piano, too, and at fifteen he played professionally in Buffalo cafés to become co-breadwinner at home. With his Snappy Trio of piano, fiddle and drum, he graduated into better clubs and restaurants. He doubled the personnel and called them the Yankee Six. They were The Buffalonians when he descended upon New York in 1927.

Broadway and Tin Pan Alley quickly saw Arlen as a triple threat who could play a piano, sing and orchestrate. He did all three for Arnold Johnson's orchestra in the 1927 Scandals. Then came Vincent Youmans, who liked his pianistic hot licks and interpolations, and applied them to Negro numbers in the Youmans musical, Great Day. From that association came his first hit song, Get Happy, which he evolved from a simple vamp.

There followed Sweet and Hot, I Got a Right to Sing the Blues, Satan's Li'l Lamb, Only a Paper Moon, Let's Fall in Love, but his peak came with his songs for the famed Cotton Club Revues. He was called the foremost writer of Negro music after a string of hit tunes, the most popular of which was Stormy Weather.

This was another "locked door" number intended for Cab Calloway. Arlen caught it with three notes suitable for the Calloway shout. After Arlen had sung the vocal for a recording with Leo Reisman's orchestra, Ethel Waters took the number for herself in the forthcoming Cotton Club Revue, and by opening night the recorded song had swept the country, but the great Waters carried it to a hit pinnacle and kept it there for several years. Since then the list has grown, and so has the Arlen stature, with Black Magic, My Shining Hour and Happiness is a Thing Called Joe.

Collaboration of Opposites

Harburg is the opposite of Arlen in dress, mental attitude and general equanimity, but his system of creative production is essentially the same. He uses economics as a sword of Damocles over his curly gray head. Even while well-cushioned with cash, he will create enough difficulties to believe that his most precious possessions are in dire jeopardy. These happen to be a wife and two teen-age children. A daughter is at the University of Southern California, and a son is a freshman at Antioch College, working in a war plant as his compulsory school chore.

Being an easy touch for hard-luck victims,

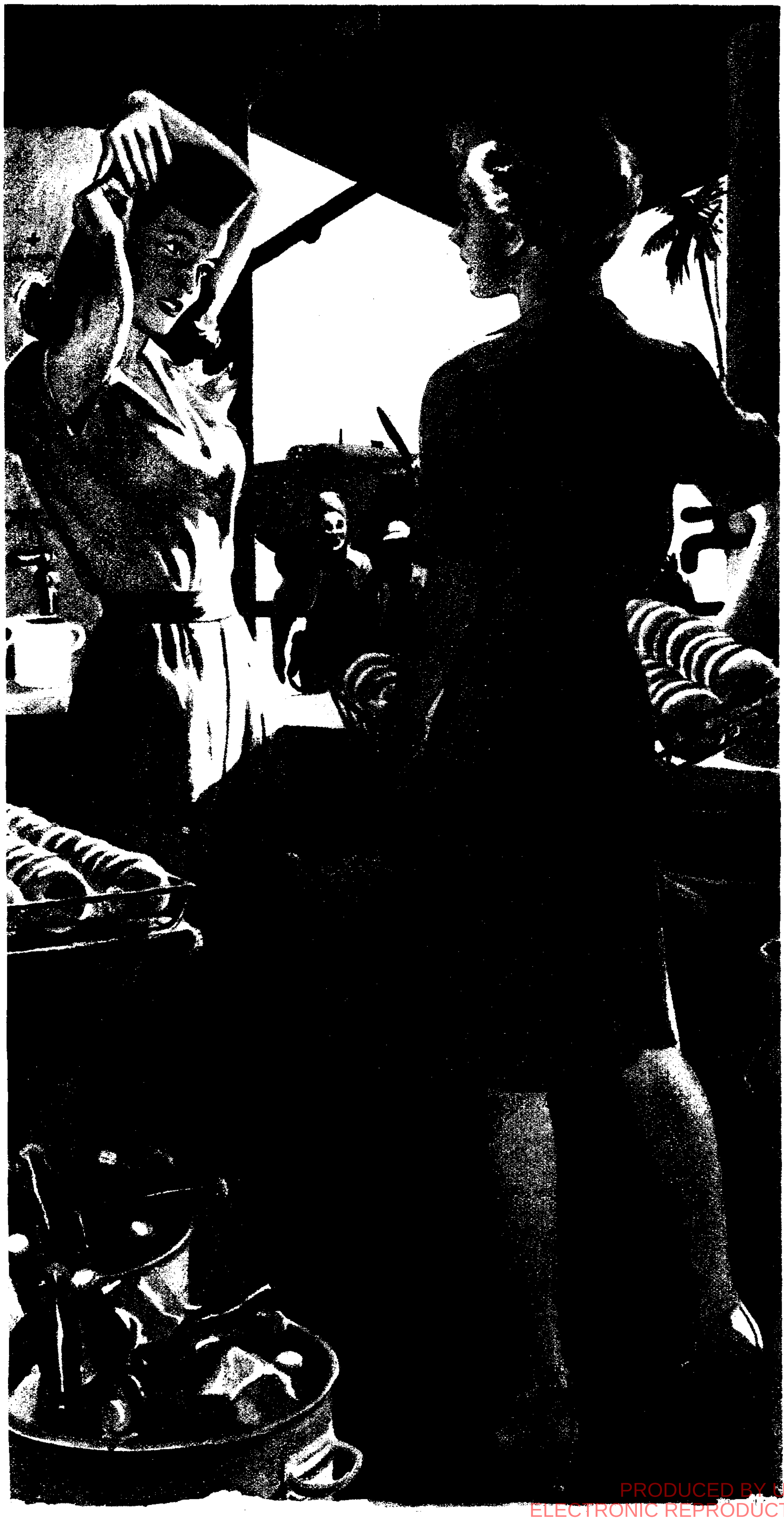
(Continued on page 41)

COME BACK SAFELY

BY GENE RIDER

a short short story complete on this page

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



Lois began tidying herself up as the airmen approached, with Harry in the lead. "I've told you everything but the most important," she said to the new girl. "There's a guy I've got to warn you about—"

ORDINARILY there was only one girl in the clubmobile but today there were two. Lois had been in this Pacific area for eighteen months, but now she was being sent home for leave and reassignment despite her protests, and while she waited for transportation she'd been teaching a new girl the ropes. This was her last session; she was leaving at ten o'clock with the Army Transport Command.

The two girls were as busy with their doughnuts and coffee and soft drinks as the ground crews were with the Liberator bombers. They set out freshly made doughnuts, checked the coffee, rearranged precious hunks of ice around the soft drinks, while out on the airfield the boys were loading bomb bays and topping off gas tanks; activity had reached its peak, for briefing was almost over and flight time almost at hand.

Lois glanced around. All set for the airmen. Then she began tidying herself up. She tucked straight dark hair that had long since lost the last traces of a permanent carefully under the blue field cap and applied lipstick sparingly from a stick that was almost nonexistent.

She said, "I've told you everything but the most important. There's a guy here I've got to warn you about—"

"A wolf?" asked the new girl. Her name was Martha, and she was blond and younger than Lois; and she wore a skirt instead of field slacks and high-heeled shoes instead of low field shoes like Lois. And of all things, she still had nylon stockings.

She wore more make-up because she had a good supply, her permanent was good and she looked fresh and had a lot of sparkle because the bronze Pacific sun hadn't begun on her complexion—yet. Lois was very much aware that beside Martha she came off a poor second.

"This guy's no small operator. He's really clever. But you'll find him easy to dislike—"

"I'll handle him all right, don't worry. I've got a guy in France—"

"Well, nothing bothers this one. He flew a tour of missions from England before coming here and had home leave and thinks he's something. And he is a kind of flash. They usually call him Hollywood Harry—he's a major."

"Oh, a major—"

"But just a boy," hastened Lois. "But watch out—he kind of grows on you. But you'll get his number soon enough—"

"Don't worry about me. I'm going to like it here."

"You'll like it better if you beware this one guy. Watch out especially if he gives you the silent treatment—when everyone else gives you lots of attention and this one holds out, you'll wonder about him. But remember, just keep your head because it's only a part of his method."

"I'm on to such tricks—"

"Here they come—"

Lois took a look at the mob of approaching airmen and saw that Harry was leading the parade. She opened a tin of fruit juice—the kind he liked.

When they came up Lois sensed they'd been briefed a tough mission. They were all grim and silent except Harry. He whistled softly, You're a Sweet Little Headache! He was about twenty-three and had traces of the war in his eyes, but he was jauntily handsome like a movie pilot; he had a brave sort of eagerness that didn't seem a pose and when he saw the girls he seemed to strut a little. He smiled a big one at Lois and said, "Hello, Pulchritude."

Then he looked at Martha and said, "Hellooooo—" as though he were subduing a whistle.

IT WAS then that Lois noticed that he wore two pistols and two knives and had on clean flight coveralls with his major's insignia on the shoulders. No one ever wore insignia on flight clothing. The pay-off—he had on R.A.F. flight boots he'd brought from Britain on a private Lend-Lease deal of his own. One of the fighter pilots noticed the extra gear, too.

"You making a private raid on Tokyo?" asked the fighter man.

Harry lowered his voice: "Old boy, the costume is to impress the new Red Cross girl." He spoke in a good phony British accent.

All the fliers laughed and their grimness was gone.

Harry drank his fruit juice and gazed at Martha. He leaned on the counter and said, "You rate mink and a charge account at Hamilton's. Now after the war—"

"I've got a mink coat—for football games," said Martha.

"But not a house in Beverly Hills—" Harry was off to a high start.

"Just how dull can you get?"

Lois poured coffee and tried to evaluate things and couldn't be sure. Maybe he was doing all right—for the other fliers began:

"Tell her about the time you got three FWs over Berlin—"

"And the time you had lunch with the queen—"

They liked to kid Harry—everyone but his own crew, who knew his courage and his ability as a flier. He did have the DFC and a lot of Clusters and he wasn't slow about showing them.

Harry took it a while. Then he said, "Just give me another month down here and you'll admit an ETO pilot beats you all—"

They jeered half seriously. Harry gulped his drink and piled into the back of the clubmobile—the club part—where there was just room for four people. After the coffee urn was emptied and the doughnuts had all disappeared, Lois and Martha went back with him.

He got up, bowed to Martha and said, "I'm Hollywood Harry. Late of the ETO—holder of the DFC and other decorations—"

"Martha Ellison, American Red Cross. Think nothing of it."

"I'll be seeing you around—lots." Then he turned to Lois: "Brief this young lady on being nice to me. You still getting away at ten o'clock?"

"Yes, ten o'clock," she said, very short.

"Take care."

"You take care. Come back safely today—and every day."

"I'll always be back. You couldn't get rid of me. I gotta go now. Right down that happy valley of flak."

Martha smiled slightly. Lois repeated, "Come back safely."

HARRY clumped out in his R.A.F. boots. He didn't look back. Lois watched him run to make the motor transport on the field.

The girls got busy with dirty cups. Motors roared and, shortly, planes taxied out to the runway. Harry was flying lead, low box, and was first up. Lois watched him taxi into position and heard his motors scream and he zoomed past but not without a wild wave to her. It was a fast take-off, and the Steady Hedy was airborne.

She watched it clear and circle for form-up. The Fickle Finger of Fate followed. Lois went back to work.

She said: "You see what I mean about *him?*"

"Yes, and I don't like him."

Cups finished, Lois said, "I've got to finish packing. I'm leaving it with you. Take care."

She seemed reluctant to leave. But then she saluted casually and climbed out.

Martha followed. "Goodby, good luck. I'll beware the wolf!"

"I'm sure you will. And run that doughnut business right."

An hour later Lois was airborne as a C54 passenger. She sat in a bucket seat and looked down at the field and had that awful feeling she always knew when she counted planes coming in from a raid. She cried a little and thought: Come back safely.

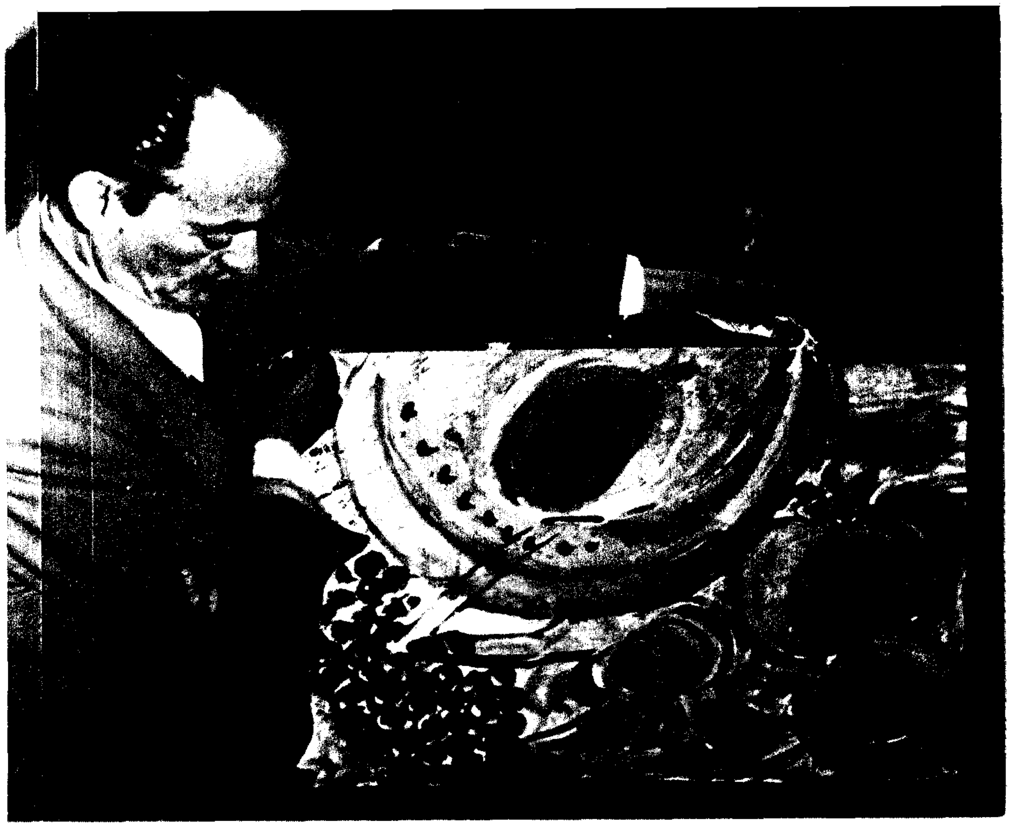
But soon she got to playing gin rummy with a kid who'd been in the area for twenty-eight months and was headed home for leave, and she played automatically and did a lot of thinking.

She was worrying about Martha. Maybe she'd been wrong in being so outspoken about Harry. Maybe she'd just called the new girl's attention to the guy.

But it'd be all right. There were twelve hundred men on the island and only one girl, and that was tough competition—even for Harry. And Martha's glamor would gradually slip away as her cosmetics diminished and her nylons wore out and her permanent disappeared. Anyway a blonde wouldn't wear very well in this tropical climate. And maybe Harry would lose his interest in her—if he had any.

Sure it'd be all right. She knew Harry was really a solid citizen. He had only one fault: wherever there was a girl Harry would be in there with the usual fast talk. But only in fun.

And he wouldn't be that way always. Lois looked down at his ring on her finger and remembered the earnestness of his promises and felt better. Then the cards started coming right, and when they totaled the score in the Marshalls, she'd won seven dollars.



Artist Jesus Reyes skillfully paints burros, saints, fruits and flowers on—of all things—tissue paper. Covarrubias and Orozco think he's one of Mexico's great painters

The Motif IS MEXICAN

by Betty Reese

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR DE PALMA—PIX

Salvador Conde, typical of the Mexico of mañana, siesta and native talent, draws inspiration for his fabric designs from original Toltec and Aztec motifs. He works only when he feels like it. "When I'm tired of singing, I paint," he says

Three Mexican artists—Jesus Reyes, Luis Hidalgo and Salvador Conde—transformed a heritage of primitive folk art into highly salable fine art

IN PAPER, in wax and in cloth, three Mexicans are selling Mexico to delighted foreigners. Theirs are not the familiar peasant crafts, or the enduring, powerful painting of modern Mexican artists; but a happy blending of folk and fine arts. The only thing they have in common is that each is typically Mexican.

There's Jesus Reyes, a tall, fun-loving artist in a paint-spattered jacket. He paints on—of all things—tissue paper; burros and roosters, angels and saints, flowers, children, fruits—all the things dear to the childlike peasant heart. And he does it with such sophistication and skill that the young artists of Mexico adore him, and men like Covarrubias and Orozco say he is one of their country's great painters.

Why tissue paper? Because it has a gala appeal for one thing. It's the holiday-making paper of Mexico, with which streets, homes and churches are decked at festival time. And because Reyes loves the exciting, stained-glass effect of tempera on it. He got the idea when he ran his own art school for children in Guadalajara. Reyes would wrap each child's handiwork in tissue for him to take home. But first he would paint the wrapping with a rooster, or a piece of fruit, so that the child would think his package was something a little special. The child's mother would think so, too, saving the wrapping and sending the child back for more.

Now Reyes' house in Mexico City is strewn with the giddy tissues. He never thinks of framing any, but his patrons do. His fame has spread in the past two years, chiefly by word of mouth, and it is quite the thing now to take visitors to his studio, as one of the sights of the town. New York collectors buy his work by the dozen. The Russian Ballet, wintering in Mexico last year, begged him to do costumes and scenery for a ballet. But the shy artist refused, saying his lack of formal schooling made him inadequate to the job—as wrong a guess as he could make.

Wealthy women, urging upon him the value of the publicity, hire him to decorate their houses for parties. He fashions giant murals out of tissue sections and pastes them on the walls himself. Frequently the women leave them as permanent decoration.

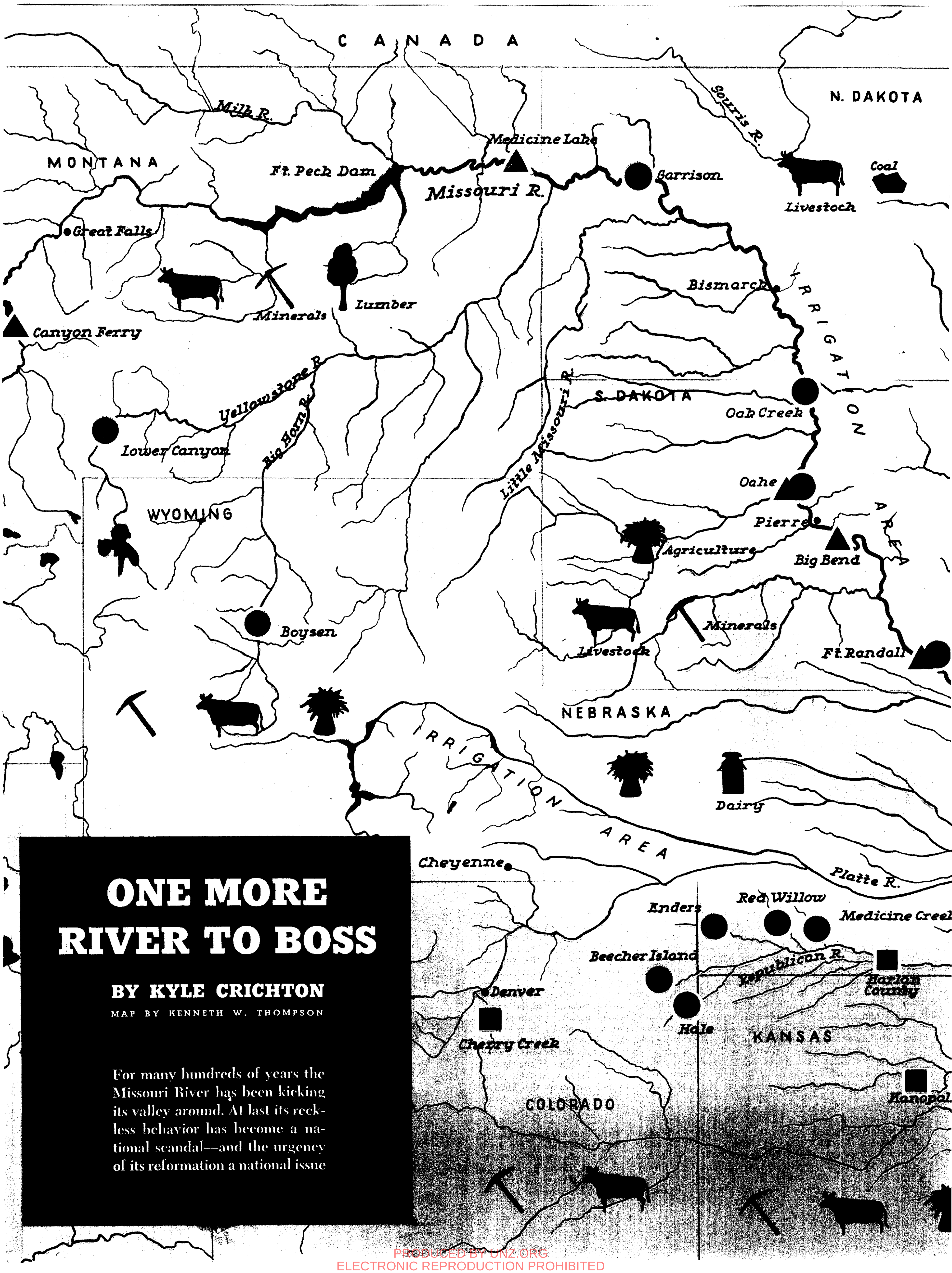
Luis Hidalgo, on the other hand, has burgeoned on publicity. A sculptor in wax, he has lived in New York City, where he exhibited his sculpture and studied chemistry; in Paris, where he learned to wear a beret in the French manner; and in his native Mexico where he has a permanent exhibition of his wax miniatures in Mexico City.

Hidalgo is famous for his caricatures of public people, from Gandhi to Charlie Chaplin to Carol of Rumania. His subjects, naturally, do not sit for their caricatures. Hidalgo works from memory.

But his present great interest is Mexicans. "The modern world is destroying the simple, uneducated Indian," he says. "I am anxious to record history as it unfolds, to document passing Mexican culture and Mexican types." So he is carving in wax the dancers of Mexico; Indians in the costumes of their states; flower vendors, bullfighters, Indians toting their wares to market; even the Mexican

(Continued on page 56)

Famous for his caricatures of public people, Luis Hidalgo's present great interest is Mexicans. A noted sculptor in wax, he is devoting his time to perpetuating the characteristics and costumes of Mexican native types

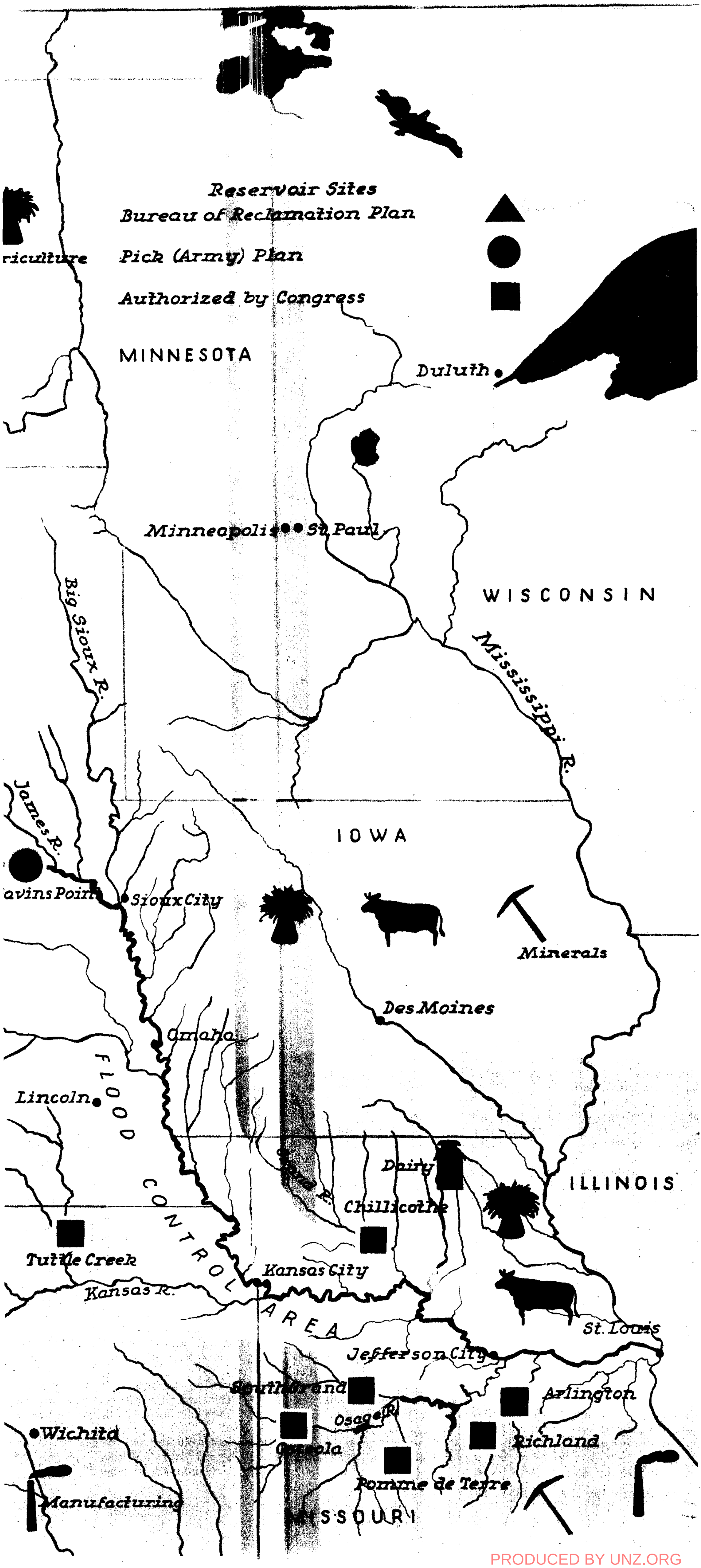

CANADA
N. DAKOTA
Souris R.
Milk R.
Medicine Lake
MONTANA
Ft. Peck Dam
Missouri R.
Garrison
Livestock
Coal
Great Falls
Minerals
Lumber
Bismarck
Canyon Ferry
IRRIGATION AREA
Yellowstone R.
Big Horn R.
Little Missouri R.
S. DAKOTA
Oak Creek
Lower Canyon
Oahe
WYOMING
Pierre
Agriculture
Big Bend
Boysen
Minerals
Livestock
Ft. Randall
NEBRASKA
IRRIGATION AREA
Dairy
Cheyenne
Platte R.
Enders
Red Willow
Medicine Creek
Beecher Island
Republican R.
Harlan County
Denver
Cherry Creek
Hale
KANSAS
Kanopolis
COLORADO

ONE MORE RIVER TO BOSS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON

For many hundreds of years the Missouri River has been kicking its valley around. At last its reckless behavior has become a national scandal—and the urgency of its reformation a national issue



THE Missouri is the mad elephant of rivers. Once a year and sometimes oftener it comes charging out of the mountains of Montana through the fertile Middle West in a roaring, insane torrent that overwhelms farms, railroads, towns and humans. Homeless families sleep in schoolhouses and churches until the water subsides and they can return to look at the ruin of their lives. Some manage to start over again; others surrender in the face of a disaster that seems to delight in repeating itself. The two floods of 1943 did damage estimated at sixty-three million dollars.

Army engineers perform prodigies in a technical battle they can never win. They widen channels, build jetties, construct dikes. But when the inevitable floods come, the massive jetties are crushed, the fertile lands along the riverbanks are denuded to fill the channels with silt and little towns bury their dead with the silent fatalism of habit.

In the upper reaches of the river, United States Reclamation engineers struggle with the problem of getting water for irrigation on arid acres to be used for settlement of returning servicemen and demobilized industrial war workers. In Montana and the Dakotas, water means the life of the country. But from Sioux City to the mouth of the Missouri, Army engineers and interested citizens think of flood control and navigation. Because of this conflict of interests between those who want the water and those who dread it, the Missouri makes mock of the best intentions. It just keeps rolling along—often as a murderous force of nature.

The Missouri is a valley of a half billion acres, comprising one sixth of the area of the United States and taking in a territory the size of Germany, France and Italy combined. It is populated by 11,500,000 people along a river course of 2,469 miles. It starts at Three Forks, Montana, northwest of Yellowstone National Park, where three mountain streams, the Jefferson, the Madison and the Gallatin, unite. From there, it flows north through the mountains, then east across the great plains into North Dakota, then south and southeast until it joins the Mississippi seventeen miles north of St. Louis. Its watershed embraces Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Missouri—one of the largest river valleys in the world.

It directly serves great cities like St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Along its banks lie three state capitals—Bismarck, Pierre and Jefferson City. It taps the copper deposits of Montana and the great corn belt of the Middle West. It floods the Lower Valley and starves the Upper Valley—the dust bowls of the Dakotas. Its tributaries include the Milk, Yellowstone, Little Missouri, Platte, Kansas (Kaw), James (in the Dakotas), Big Sioux, Grand (north Missouri), Osage, Republican, Big Horn and Gasconade.

Spectacular Failures in Flood-Control

Its swift tributaries in the mountains of the north are capable of producing power; the fertile valleys of the middle and lower river need only protection from floods to be among the great producing areas of the world. It is a great river and a wild river. Elaborate man-made attempts to tame the monster have all ended in spectacular failure. The efforts of the engineers have been no more successful than the incantations of the weathermen. But it required the two serious floods of 1943 to bring matters to a head. Plainly, enough was enough, and something had to be done.

The first savior who came galloping forth with a plan was Colonel Lewis A. Pick, Army engineer in charge of the Missouri River division at Omaha. In three months' time Pick produced a report based on 50 years of surveys in the Missouri Basin. It called for a system of twelve dams on the Missouri and its tributaries and levees from Sioux City to its mouth, at a total cost of $490,000,000.

The U.S. Reclamation Bureau now perked up. For five years it had been working on a survey of the Missouri and now it had the survey ready. Perhaps the hullabaloo of the Army engineers stimulated the reclamation people; anyhow, they submitted a plan to spend $1,257,654,700 for dams, reservoirs, power plants and irrigation works.

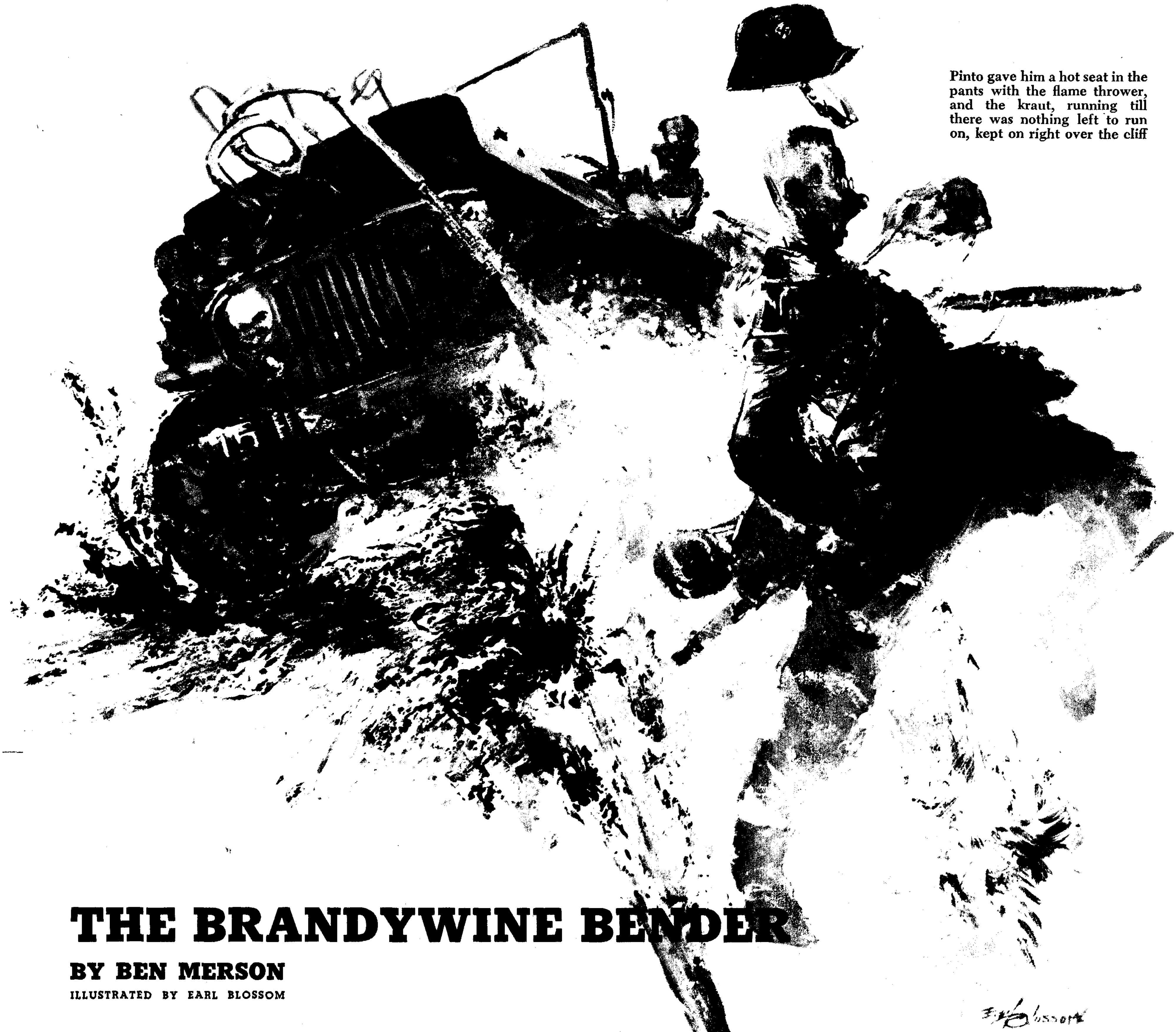
Although the Pick plan was criticized as being far from adequate even for flood control, the real storm of objection came over an obscure passage in it, discovered by Governors Moses of North Dakota, Ford of Montana and Hunt of Wyoming. This passage related to a proposal to deepen the navigation channel of the Missouri from Sioux City to its mouth, from the present six-foot channel to a standard depth of nine feet. It observed, rather innocently, that the engineers thought they would need a specified amount of the flow of the river for navigation purposes.

The embattled governors found, to their consternation, that the amount mentioned was practically all the average flow for each of the past ten years. They raised the roof and promptly presented, in self-defense and retaliation, an amendment sponsored by Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming which would reserve to the Upper Valley states control of all waters originating within their boundaries.

The Bureau of Reclamation maintained that the amendment merely gave all states a chance to be heard before a project was authorized. The Army engineers stated flatly that under the amendment any project would be ineffective if objected to by any affected state. They insisted that the amendment would give the states power of veto over legislation enacted by Congress and approved by the President. The amendment was defeated in committee but will undoubtedly be brought up again.

This really threw the fat in the fire, and the resulting uproar was deafening. The Army engineers

(Continued on page 57)



Pinto gave him a hot seat in the pants with the flame thrower, and the kraut, running till there was nothing left to run on, kept on right over the cliff

THE BRANDYWINE BENDER

BY BEN MERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Give a jeep to a Brooklyn cab driver and anything can happen. What happened here to the Corporal was enough to drive a strong man to drink

MY TROUBLE in Italy is the same as when I drove a cab in Brooklyn. I'm reckless, they holler. Personally, I don't believe it. If I was reckless, would I enlist to drive a safe thing like a tank? No. I would become an MP. That's what I call reckless. Because even among friends, MPs must walk together for self-protection.

The biggest squawker against me is this Sergeant Muller. He is the straw boss of my tank, Tillie. Before the war, he used to be an accountant, and he has a mind like a cash register. I'm his "No Sale" sign.

Nothing would Sergeant Muller like better than to get rid of me, and always he's writing letters they should put me in the infantry. Nobody pays attention, but he never gets discouraged. For a while he stopped talking to me. Then last week he began again. "Corporal Bender," he said, "you're a jerk."

"Could be," I said. "But maybe it's contagious and I caught it from you."

"No, Corporal Bender. You are a jerk from 'way back when. You think with your feet. But your crackpot stunts will get you nowhere."

"They got you a medal in the Battle of Sicily, Sergeant."

"That was an accident, Corporal Bender."

"That was my driving, Sergeant Muller. In Brooklyn, they call it talent."

Sergeant Muller didn't say anything, but the next day he sent away six letters that they should transfer me to the infantry. Instead of an answer, they sent him a gadget.

Nobody knew what it was except Sergeant Muller. "A gyrostabilizer," he said. "With this, the angle of the guns remains constant regardless of the tank's position."

When Pinto, our gunner, heard this, his eyes lighted up so you could almost see them under the eyebrows. He's the ex-pocket-billiard champion of America, except he never lived in America, only in poolrooms. With him, shooting a gun is like shots on the table—in Sicily he trimmed an Italian general's beard with the .50s before the general surrendered. Pinto couldn't wait to test the new gadget.

Directions with it they didn't send. But Muller said he knew the whole works. He wouldn't let nobody help with the installing. So for two days, he made with slide rules, monkey wrenches and figurations. But the gadget was still in the box.

"We'll have to send for an engineer," he said, "and also a book of logarithms."

"Einstein would be better, Sergeant," I said, "but while you are waiting, let me try."

"Go ahead and try," said Muller, very sweet, like you would say to the neighborhood half-wit.

The whole job took me only two hours. If I had the right tools, it would have been even quicker. Mechanicking is like driving. A real driver can drive anything. A driver-mechanic can fix likewise. And with this gyro thing, there was nothing even to fix. Only to twist.

You'd think Muller would say at least thanks. Instead, he said, "Even to an idiot, the laws of probability are impartial."

The next day Pinto and I went out to test the job. It was a pleasure not to have Muller with us. It even made Tillie feel good. A touch on the gas and she jumped like an adagio dancer with a hotfoot. And such balancing with Pinto's guns! Even when I made Tillie bend around like a pretzel, the line of fire was straight. That gyro thing really worked.

Then happened what never happened to me in all the years I pushed a hack. I was collisioned.

We were climbing a hill on the way back, with Pinto giving the bushes a shave with the machine guns, when he spotted a flock of goats. The goats were trying to eat. But even though the grass was long, they had a tough time yanking it up.

Right away, Pinto got an attack of Good Neighbor policy. Squinting along the gun sights, he began chopping down the grass right under their kissers. But instead of eating, the goats scrammed—all except one. Pulling in his beezer, he charged at Tillie. I swung the wheel, and he missed. That only made him madder. Turning around, he tried again. I ducked again. The third time he charged from behind. So I stepped on the gas and shot ahead. For a while I let him chase me. Then I got mad myself. No foreign goat was going to chase an American tank, especially my Tillie.

I jammed on the brakes. That broke the goat's spirit, and also his neck. I heard a clunk, Tillie's tail shook, and the goat dropped over dead.

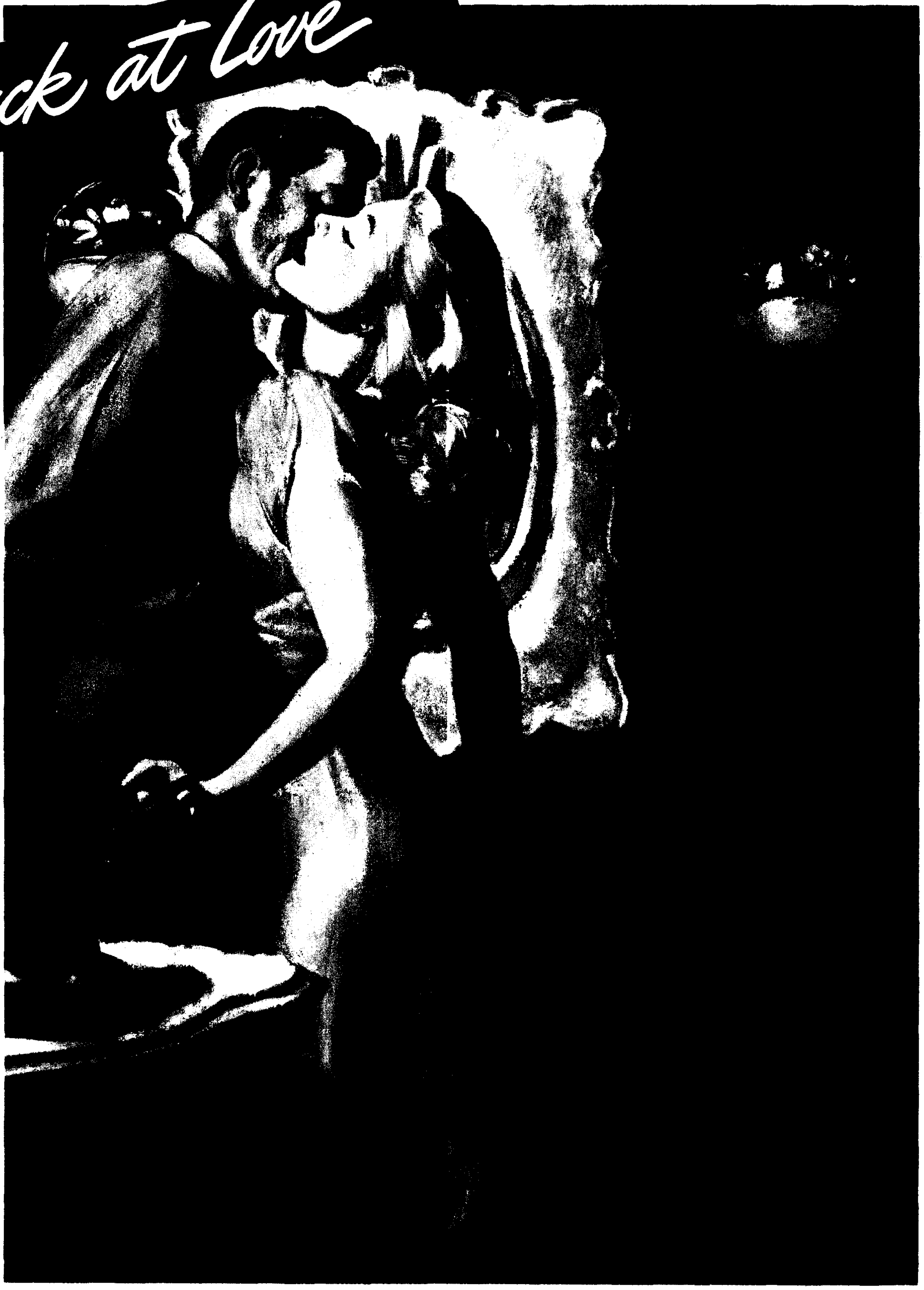
Pinto and I climbed out. Suddenly an old geezer barged over. "Murder!" he bawled

(Continued on page 52)

BY WARE TORREY BUDLONG

Look Back at Love

When Pete came back from the war, he found his home running like clockwork—but what he did to Debby's hard-earned timing would confuse an adding machine



Pete drew her to him and didn't let her go. "If you're going to wear the pants in this family," she said slowly, "then you've got to make me like it"

HOW had he managed to change the house so in fifteen minutes? Debby looked around the living room, with the huge leather case and the duffel bags in the middle of the room, and Pete's garrison cap cocked on the lamp, and his blouse hanging on the ladder-back chair. But that wasn't the important part. The real difference was the excitement that sparked through the house, the queer brightness that shone around the corners, as if the house had pricked into life the minute Pete stepped inside.

He leaned back now on the lounge, his hands under his head and his long legs reaching far in front of him. The crisp cut of his black hair and his new leanness gave him an alert look, but he sat there watching Debby without moving.

"Are you going to pick up *all* the things I take out of my pockets?" he asked her suddenly.

Debby dropped five matchbooks and a pencil on the center table and faced him with that strange new shyness fluttering inside her. "No," she said. "No, I just—"

"Come here, Debby," Pete said very quietly. "Come here and sit down."

Debby went toward him slowly, and the shyness was burned away by gladness. She sat down on the lounge, and his hand on her wrist first steadied her and then stirred her deeper, till she could feel the pulse beating faster against his fingers.

"Stop being a busy little housewife," he told her, smiling slowly. "You haven't been still a minute since I got home."

"You used to say—you wished I'd be practical and efficient," she told him.

"There's a time for everything," Pete said. "Debby—darling—"

He kissed her briefly, and her mouth stung and the stinging spread in widening waves. "This is not the time to be practical," Pete said. He kissed her, not briefly, and the bright waves whirled her high and away.

When at last she opened her eyes, some subconscious guard made her look at the mantel clock. Two hours more—

"Why are you watching the clock?" Pete demanded. "Is that the effect I have on you?"

"I wanted to see how late it was, Pete." She touched his short hair with surprised fingers.

"It's early," Pete said. "It's the beginning of everything. Have you got designs on my first day home?"

"I've got to be at the plant by noon," she said ruefully.

"You crazy? Call your boss. Tell him your husband's home, and this is no day for working."

"He knows you're home, Pete. That's why he gave me the morning off."

"Big-hearted chap." Pete studied her face. "You're serious. Well, my darling, we have two hours before you return to industry. And would you mind concentrating on me, for both of them?"

Debby laughed as he pulled her back close, but she fought against relaxing. If she let go, if she let herself be caught in with him, how could she leave him, even to go half a mile away? And her new efficiency and control were too bitterly won, too precariously held, to trust.

"Stop it," Pete said suddenly.

"What?"

Pete got up and walked across the room. He turned the mantel clock with its face solidly against the wall. He came back and took off Debby's wrist watch, and dropped it in a pocket. Looking at her carefully, he reached out a strong brown hand and, pulling off the confining net, mussed her hair till the light curls sprang free.

"That's better," said Pete.

He took her back again, and her breath caught and she moved closer.

"Much better," said Pete.

He took charge of events most competently, and Debby stopped reminding herself to be a responsible person, and neither of them paid any attention to the time. But with some mysterious monitor keeping track, Pete finally stood up and walked away from her. He tossed her watch into her lap.

"It's almost twelve," said Pete.

Debby pushed back her hair. "But it was ten o'clock just a few minutes ago—"

"Thanks for the compliment. Now what the hell am I going to do all afternoon?" He moved restlessly over to the duffel bags, and then he kicked one of them.

"Walk me over to the plant, Pete." She got up, trying to pull together the pieces of the day. "You can talk to the personnel manager."

Pete stared at her blankly. "The way I feel right now, a personnel manager would be the last straw. Debby—do you have to go?"

Debby hesitated only a moment. Then: "Honestly, I have to go, darling," she told him. "We're on a rush job. Till we get this laminated glass turned out, we're holding up a whole shipment of planes."

"Can't fly planes without windshields," Pete murmured. "How soon can you quit the job?"

"Quit? My job?" She swallowed and began again. "Did you expect me to stop working as soon as you came home, Pete?"

"Of course," he said. "For heaven's sake, Debby—"

She saw the clock again, and scooped up

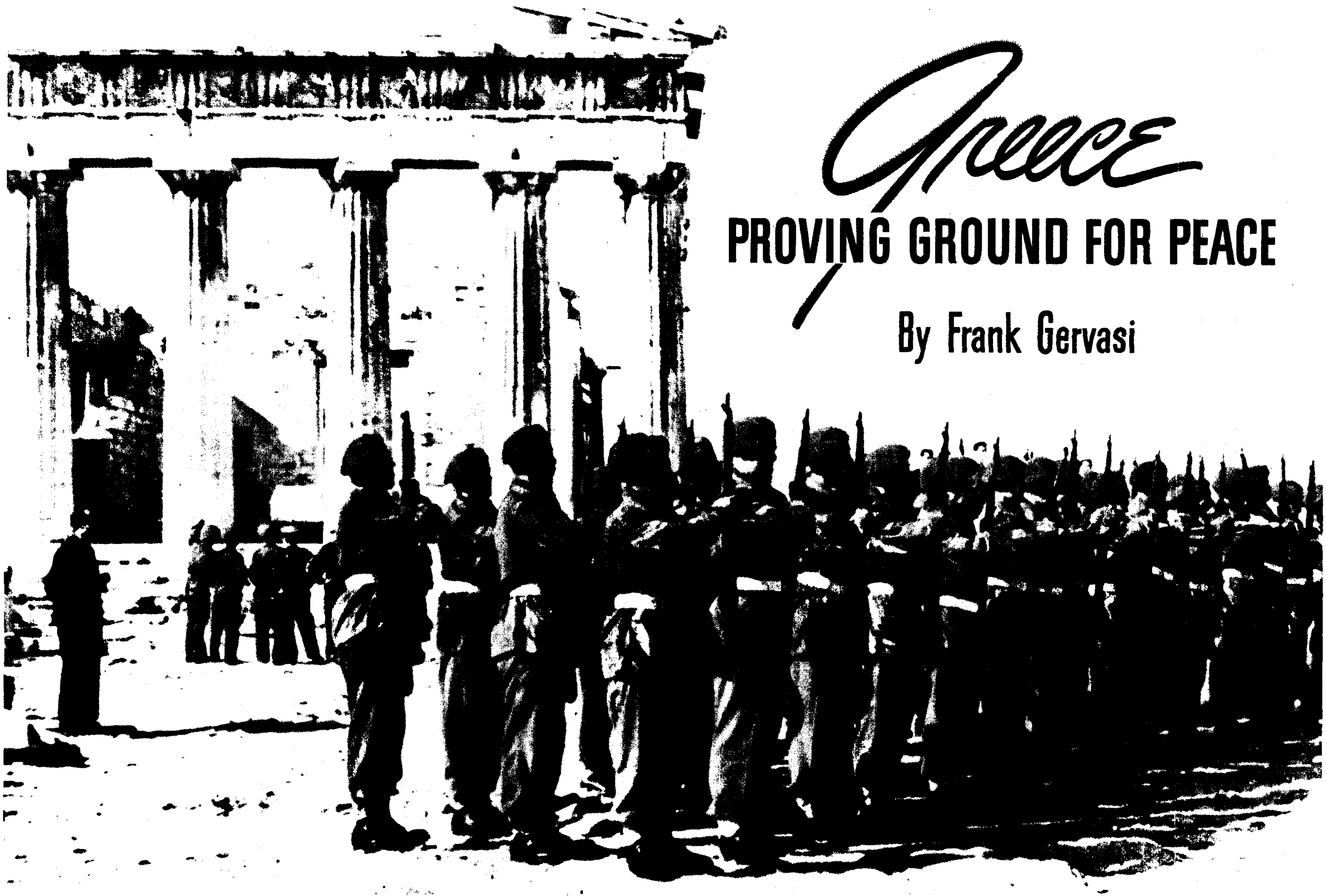
(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED BUELL

Greece

PROVING GROUND FOR PEACE

By Frank Gervasi



BRITISH COMBINE

After four years of conquest, the Greek flag flies again over the Acropolis as British paratroopers line up in front of the Parthenon

The only thing in Greece that isn't wrecked is the spirit of her people. But Greece is the arena where the rival interests of the great powers meet. Decisions made there can build a lasting peace or prepare another World War

RADIOED FROM ATHENS

A LONE Nazi soldier hauled the Swastika down out of the morning sunshine on the Acropolis on October 12th, and Athens, with hardly a window broken to show it had known four years of war, was liberated. ELAS (Greek People's Army of Liberation) guerrillas had saved the power plant from the German demolition squad and the city has light for its cafés, hotels, homes and movies, and power for the trams that grind and clang familiarly in the streets.

Marathon Dam was spared, and water runs out of taps. Midtown shops have fine Swiss watches, French jewelry, English cigarette lighters, native needlepoint and plenty of cheap Czech junk souvenirs to sell, and Athens is the same dazzling capital that peacetime tourists knew.

If you don't watch yourself and judge postwar Greece by what you see within a radius of a thousand yards of the opulent Grande Bretagne Hotel, you won't see the extent of the misery the Huns left behind them. Many—including some of the very persons sent here to relieve the country's distress and to help the Greeks reconstruct their nation—haven't left the comfortable core of Athens with its bars and restaurants where, in the midst of hunger, you can buy good steaks and good French wine. They share the opinion that conditions aren't as bad as they had expected.

This incomprehension of the true situation isn't limited to debunking the Greeks' physical sufferings. It extends to political and economic fields. Myopia concerning the exact nature of the Greek uprising against the Germans (which is dangerous to the country's future as a democratic nation) also exists, and in high places. As matters stood nearly a month after Athens was freed, only the tolerance, vitality and willingness to co-operate of the Greeks could prevent a repetition of the Allied Military Government debacle in Italy, by the Allied Military Liaison, its counterpart in Greece where the actual government remains in Greek hands.

On the credit side of the ledger was the presence of Lieutenant General Sir Ronald Scobie, probably the only strong man in all Greece today. As boss of AML, charged with the double duty of chasing the Hun out of the country and relieving and rehabilitating the nation, he seems determined that the name of AML won't smell as bad as AMG did. He's a tough, energetic and good soldier. But unfortunately the problems involved aren't merely military; they are political and economic, and therefore, social and human, and General Scobie is neither a politician nor an economist.

Here is how the Greek tragedy unfolded politically and economically following the departure of the Germans on October 12th. That day the Nazi commandant, General Felmy, laid a wreath at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier before the Royal Palace in a gesture as phony as the money the Nazis had the Bank of Greece print for them the day before—two-billion-drachma notes—to help buy their way northward, and as useful to the population as so many cigarette coupons.

Felmy drove away well guarded through the empty streets. For some minutes there remained the familiar wartime silence of the dead city that Athens had become. Then there were shouts and finally a full-throated, triumphant roar. Athenians, confined to their homes by three and a half years of curfews, blackouts and terror, spilled into the streets. They grabbed Felmy's wreath and tore it to bits.

The town has not been quiet since, for shouting and singing, parades and demonstrations and rare but ominous sounds of revolver shots are almost continuous. As the days passed, it became increasingly evident that the Athenians celebrated not only the end of four years of war but, belatedly, the end of the four years of tyranny they'd known before that during the dictatorship of John Metaxas. He was Mussolini without the osprey feathers and the oratory.

Adage with a Vengeance

There's an old Greek proverb which says "*Sira sou, sira mou* (Your turn, my turn)." Their turn, people believed, had come. They expressed this conviction in their demonstrations, in slogans on their banners and scrawled on the walls of buildings. It found voice in their songs and in the speeches of their leaders. They literally shouted it from the housetops loudly enough for their favorite Allies to heed.

They knew who their friends were and yelled "Long live Churchill" and "Long live Roosevelt," and carried crayon drawings of Stalin aloft with the Red flag and the flags of the Allies. They also yelled "Down with the king!" They mean King George of Greece, whose flag flies over the royal palace but nowhere else, unless it's carried at the risk of trouble by the supporters of EDES (Greek Democratic National Army), the nationalist royalists of General Napoleon Zervas, or by small gangs of other nationalists. These yell embarrassingly for the return of the British-held island of Cyprus and extension of Greece's frontiers at the expense of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia.

It was clear that the crowds knew their friends and equally their enemies. Among the latter they numbered residual Fascists of the Metaxas regime, collaborationists, profiteers and outright quislings like John Rallis, the last Greek accorded by the Nazis the privilege of being prime minister. He organized the hated Security Battalions which were financed and armed by the Germans ostensibly to maintain order but actually to make war on ELAS formations which are the Partisan bands of the National Liberation Front—EAM.

Rallis, at sixty-five, a red-faced, corpulent man with a monocle, is the Pierre Laval of the Greek tragedy. He's a moderate royalist. With Laval it was Pernod; with Rallis it's *ouzo*, its equally pernicious equivalent. With some fifty other state officials—collaborationists of various degrees of guilt—he's on ice in Averoff Prison awaiting trial. He complains of how cruelly he's being treated, although while he was being interviewed, his guards brought him a sumptuous lunch such as you might buy at a high-class restaurant in New York but which ordinary Greeks haven't seen for years. Only black-market sharks, enriched by the war, could afford such a meal.

Like Laval, Rallis says he acted according

Their scrawny shanks draped over a bag of meal, two Greek boys, who never got enough to eat under the Nazis, watch the unloading of a relief ship

ACME

Money-changers sell drachmas in the streets as Greece suffers one of the worst inflations in history

INTERNATIONAL

to the dictates of his conscience when he suppressed Communists—with the help of 4,000 German rifles and at a cost of hundreds of ELAS lives. About 12,000 Security Battalion members were rounded up by the British and held in a sort of protective custody in camps. Prime Minister George Papandreou seems, however, to have convinced the British that about eighty-five per cent of those paid killers were really not quislings but good Greeks who only did what they did because they were hungry. There is a good prospect that all but a small number of Security Battalion members will be released.

Like Laval, too, Rallis believes he will be vindicated. If the trend among Greek upper middle classes in the royalist aristocracy and those marginal well-to-do grifters and grafters who profited out of the Nazi regime asserts itself strongly enough, he might go free. These regard the EAM, whose marchers filled the streets for days, whose delegations stand under the palace balcony and demand "work and bread," as roused by Communists. They ignore its strongly democratic character: it is composed not only of Communists, but of the Popular (democratic) Party, the Popular Democratic Union, the Republican Union, the Agrarian Party and the disillusioned elements from among the liberals and even the royalists. The Communists in EAM number no more than ten per cent.

I've talked with the Communist leaders, as well as with other party chiefs. The Communist program is about as Bolshevik as the party platforms of our own Democrats or Republicans.

If deep, dark doings are going on between the Greek Communist Party and the Third Internationale, I wasn't able to discover them. But I was able to ascertain this fact: Greek Communists and so-called left-wingers are as aware as anybody else of the increasing Soviet influence in the Balkans and they fear Russian Pan-Slavism, which means the political and perhaps physical presence of Russia on Greek frontiers with Yugoslavia and Bulgaria.

But the myth that the EAM is Bolshevistic and threatens to impose a new tyranny of the minority on Greece persisted in spite of demonstrated tolerance of EAM members toward EDES groups which were allowed to march in their main parade recently, royalist flag and all.

Hungry though they are, EAM members haven't raided black-market restaurants, haven't lynched profiteering merchants or robbed market places of what little food they contain. Republican though they are, they haven't torn the royalist flag down from the palace. And they've co-operated completely with British authorities by providing labor for the difficult job of unloading mercy ships by hand in Peiraeus, where German demolitions and our own bombs rendered the port useless.

The EAM with its large, well-armed army was powerful enough to have seized the government before the Allies arrived and the national government was installed. The ELAS was found to have substantially more than an estimated 40,000 troops—probably nearly 60,000. It could have put its own National Liberation Government of Free Greece into power. The EAM, instead, promised to co-operate with the national government then in exile, in which the National Liberation Front held only five out of twenty-three seats. It did so, confident that its objectives could be attained through "free elections freely held."

What will happen if the present government falls, and an attempt is made to restore the king without a plebiscite, or to impose a military dictatorship of some kind with the help of the EDES, nationalist and royalist groups and hand-picked pro-monarchist troops brought from the Middle East, is easy to forecast. There will be bloodshed.

EAM factions are willing to submerge their own interests for the sake of unity and order until elections can be held, they told me. But they also made it clear that they will fight if any effort is made to rob them of the rewards of years of struggle against the Germans and their own quislings. Such was the political chaos the Germans left in their wake. Directly related to politics and militating against any lasting solution of governmental problems was the nation's ruined economy.

Conditions More Grim Than Expected

The economic misery of the country and its consequences in terms of human suffering were found to be far worse than was anticipated. It was known that inflation was bad. It wasn't expected to be as tragically close to what it was in Germany at the end of the last war. Greek inflation was, if anything, worse, for it began long before we arrived, and experts saw no solution for weeks and perhaps months. Greek inflation was the worst booby trap the Germans have planted anywhere thus far.

Their method was simple. They siphoned food and all consumer goods they could lay their hands on out of the country. Normally Greece imported about a million tons of food a year. No food came in except the bare minimum permitted to enter through the Red Cross, which saved the lives of seven tenths of the Greek population after the famine of the winter of 1941-1942. A Salonika railroad official checked off 52,000 ten-ton carloads of foodstuffs and commodities bound for Germany in one year alone. That's not counting what went by other routes or was pilfered by the Italians.

Every German soldier sent packages home containing food—even onions—and loot from the shops. It's impossible to estimate the extent of this form of looting, but over three and a half years it must have been considerable.

Upon arrival in Greece, each German soldier received ten occupation marks, and each officer one hundred. With this money the Germans raided shops. In Salonika when shopkeepers refused to accept funny money, twenty were hanged. Storekeepers took the money.

The Germans fixed the legal rate of the mark at fifty drachmas. They cleverly created a demand for the occupation marks by insisting on getting marks for change whenever they bought anything. The law of supply and demand took over; storekeepers, in order to have change on hand for their Nazi customers and to avoid trouble, bought occupation marks at high rates. Occupation marks therefore were worth more in drachmas than their face value.

Now the real dirty work began. A Reichsbank delegate was installed in the Bank of Greece. Daily he demanded huge drachma payments to meet the occupation costs. Then he called in occupation marks and paid them off at eighty drachmas for each fifty on the pretext that the drachma had lost value, and that the Germans' own fake money was worth more.

When the Greek government, however, tried to pay off some of its assigned debt to *(Continued on page 46)*

Ragged guerrilla soldiers provide a snappy guard of honor as Lt. Gen. Scobie, British commander, and M. Papandreou, Greek Premier, land in the liberated country

BRITISH COMBINE

Flowers are strewn in the streets and civilians cheer wildly as the British troops move forward into Corinth in the wake of the fleeing, hated Germans

INTERNATIONAL

ANNIE OAKLEY IN A BOX

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD EDES HARRISON

Our Superfortresses can bring as many as ten guns to bear on a single target, if that should be necessary, with murderous accuracy. This story of the mechanical fire computer shows why Jap fighters failed to stop a single B-29

A FEW weeks ago our fighter planes were batting Japanese out of Pacific skies at an average of about six for one. That was a most excellent score for fighters, indeed, and proved again that American aerial gunnery is the best in the world.

About that time, reports were coming from China on the accuracy of the B-29s on their October raids on Formosa and they gave fresh evidence that gunnery in the superbombers is really extraordinary. The rate at which they have literally massacred the best fighters the Japanese have to send against them is a military secret. But the Jap score is no secret at all. In truth, it isn't even a score. It's zero.

Our airmen could scarcely conceal their joy, but they kept their fingers crossed. They knew that in aerial warfare nothing is likely to be perfect forever. Nevertheless, as of October 19th, the B-29s had gone on 13 missions involving hundreds of bombers and not one of them had been shot down as a result of fighter-plane action. Fourteen of the big ships had been lost, it is true, but the losses were due either to antiaircraft fire or operational failures.

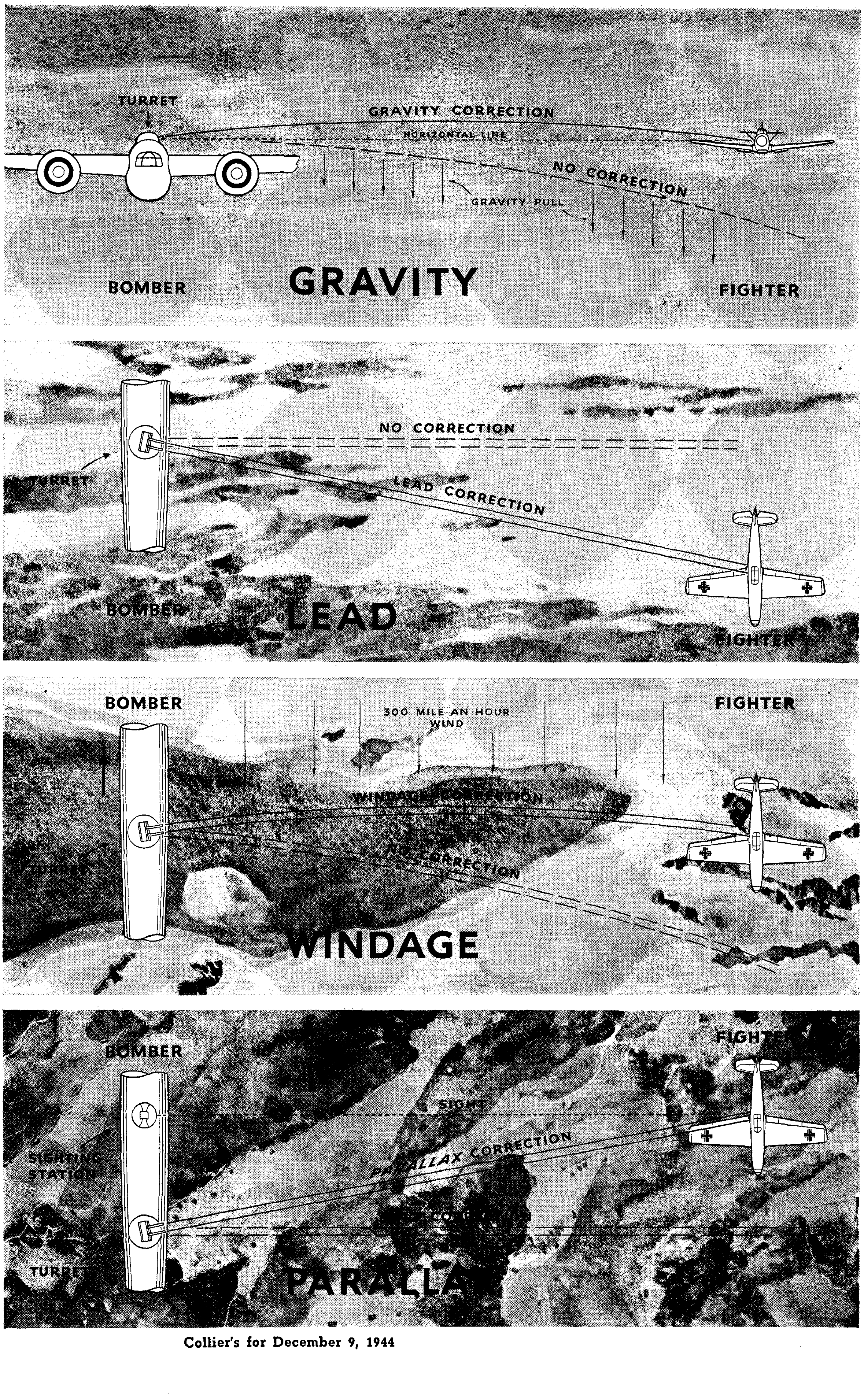
That sounds like murder by magic, and, in a way, it is. But you've got to remember that no trick of magic is better than the magician who performs it. The magicians in this case are the gunners of Major General Curtis E. Le May's Twentieth Bomber Command. The instruments of their lethal legerdemain are remote fire-control computers that come in little black boxes and operate something like comptometers, or calculating machines. They are what this story is principally about.

The boxes are more intricate than the bomb sight. Up to now they have been more secret than radar. In hands as expert as those of Le May's gunners, they give our big bombers the ability to throw a greater concentration of fire with greater accuracy than any other airplane in the world. It would be possible for one B-29 gunner to fire as many as ten guns at a single target, but the Japs attack in groups, and anyway it would be a waste of ammunition because fewer guns suffice to destroy their fighters.

Before we pry the lid off these boxes let's look at some of the problems of aerial gunnery. We can compare it to quail shooting. The hunter knows where the birds are, a dog having found the covey. When the birds flush, they fly at 28 to 38 miles per hour. The hunter, his feet firmly braced, fires and—as often as not—misses.

In the case of "Betty" shooting (the "Betty" is a two-engine fighter-bomber which the Japs have employed against B-29s), the gunner on the defending bomber is moving at well over 300 miles an hour. The enemy is

(Continued on page 44)



Aerial gunnery is the world's most difficult shooting. These diagrams show why. Gravity (top) tends to drag a shell under the enemy. Lead (second) is another factor. Several seconds elapse while bullet is in flight. During this time enemy travels to new position. Pilots therefore shoot ahead of him. Due to the speed of the gunner's plane, a bullet is launched into a 300-mile wind. This pushes it off course (third diagram) unless corrections are made. If gunner is sighting from one spot and remote control guns firing from another, distance between the two must be allowed for. This is parallax, shown in bottom drawing. Since gunners can't accurately make all these corrections in a split second, they are being provided with a magic black box which performs this tough job for them

SHAKESPEARE ON THE JUNGLE CIRCUIT

BY LT. (j.g.) ROBERT WALLSTEN, U.S.N.R.

How one of America's great actresses, Judith Anderson, and her Overseas Unit 297 brought beauty and dignity and laughter to the boys in the Pacific —a story that will bring a lump to your throat

THE crude billboard standing near the jungle amphitheater which we had been using variously for movies, boxing, wrestling and the usual G.I. stage shows bore this announcement:

SATURDAY NIGHT! NO FIGHTS
JUDITH ANDERSON SHOW
4 GIRLS!

From the start, the thing defied reason and took on a quality of fantasy that still, now that I have returned to the real world of ordinary naval duty, has me gasping. That Judith Anderson should arrive in the Southwest Pacific Area at the head of a USO unit was unusual, but not surprising, since she had played in Macbeth with Maurice Evans in Hawaii a year ago. But it was surprising that orders should have arrived directing me (who had formerly acted with Judith), in sober naval form, to join the unit for its stay in New Guinea—and there began this incredible adventure.

I joined the USO Camp Shows troupe, Overseas Unit 297, in Lae and traveled with it to Nadzab, Finschhafen, Saidor, Biak, Owi, Hollandia, Wakde, Maffin Bay, Aitape, then over to Cape Gloucester where a storm of volcanic ash blackened the air and the food and the people, and finally to Oro Bay. My first sight of Judith started the ball of amazement rolling. Remember I was accustomed to thinking of her in the scarlet satin of The Old Maid, in the blue train of Come of Age, in the silver of As You Desire Me, in the regal trappings of Lady Macbeth or Gertrude. And there she stood, in a khaki shirt and khaki pants.

I never became accustomed to the picture of Judith—who as mistress of an exquisite California home set a gourmet's table, whom I'd visited in New York at the Hampshire House or the Plaza—now laundering and sewing and ironing, standing in line for chow, wolfing bully beef from a mess kit, bouncing in jeeps and command cars over roads that were frequently perpendicular or pitted with shell and bomb craters, acting in the mud, rain, blinding sunlight and dust. Not to mention her calm, the calm of all four girls in the troupe, when they gave a show punctuated by the air-trembling boom of howitzers and the answering zing of machine guns. Or Judith's sang-froid when a large rat crawled onto the stage as she and I were taking a bow after a scene from Macbeth.

"Obviously a lover of Shakespeare," was her comment.

Glamor Invades the Battle Zones

It was altogether an amazing troupe to be barnstorming New Guinea. There was a brilliant young accordionist-singer, Anne Triolo; another charming singer, Helen McClure; a handsome and accomplished violinist, Shirley Cornell. Originally, the unit had had a single male member, a pianist. He was replaced by a 19-year-old Gieseking, Pfc. Paul Parmalee, discovered in a hospital detachment. This lad has already played solos with important orchestras, and once his duration and six months are over and he is released from dispensing atabrine in chow lines, concert halls should be welcoming him.

The show was a trail blazer in many respects: the first to boast a top-flight dramatic star; the first assembled on the theory that soldiers would be entertained by and grateful for beauty as well as laughter; the first to go so far forward into the battle zones, within sight and smell of parts of dead Japs and hillsides seared away, palm trees decapitated by bombardment. They were the first girls to set foot on Biak, nosing out the Bob Hope troupe by a few days.

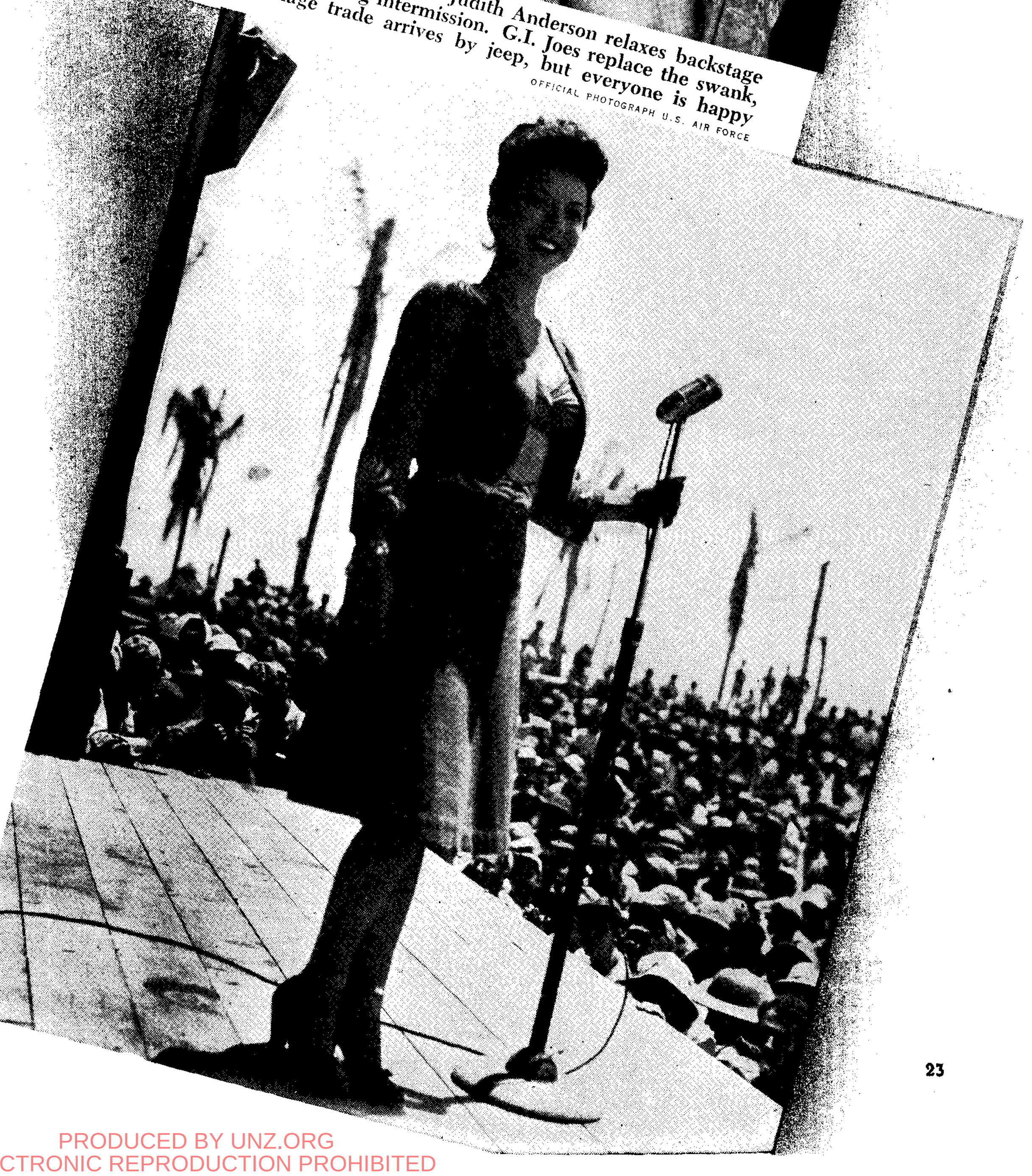
The program ran a wide gamut all the way from Shakespeare to swing, and it stopped off en route at Kern, Cole Porter, John Latouche, Bach, de Falla and Gershwin. It was very definitely a "class" act; and the carriage trade descended on it, in jeeps, command cars, trucks, bulldozers, carrying their own stools or crates or sitting on the damp logs or ground, thousands strong.

Although we had no fanfare of publicity, such as preceded and accompanied a few other shows, the G.I. grapevine got to work, inspired by the arrival of white girls who

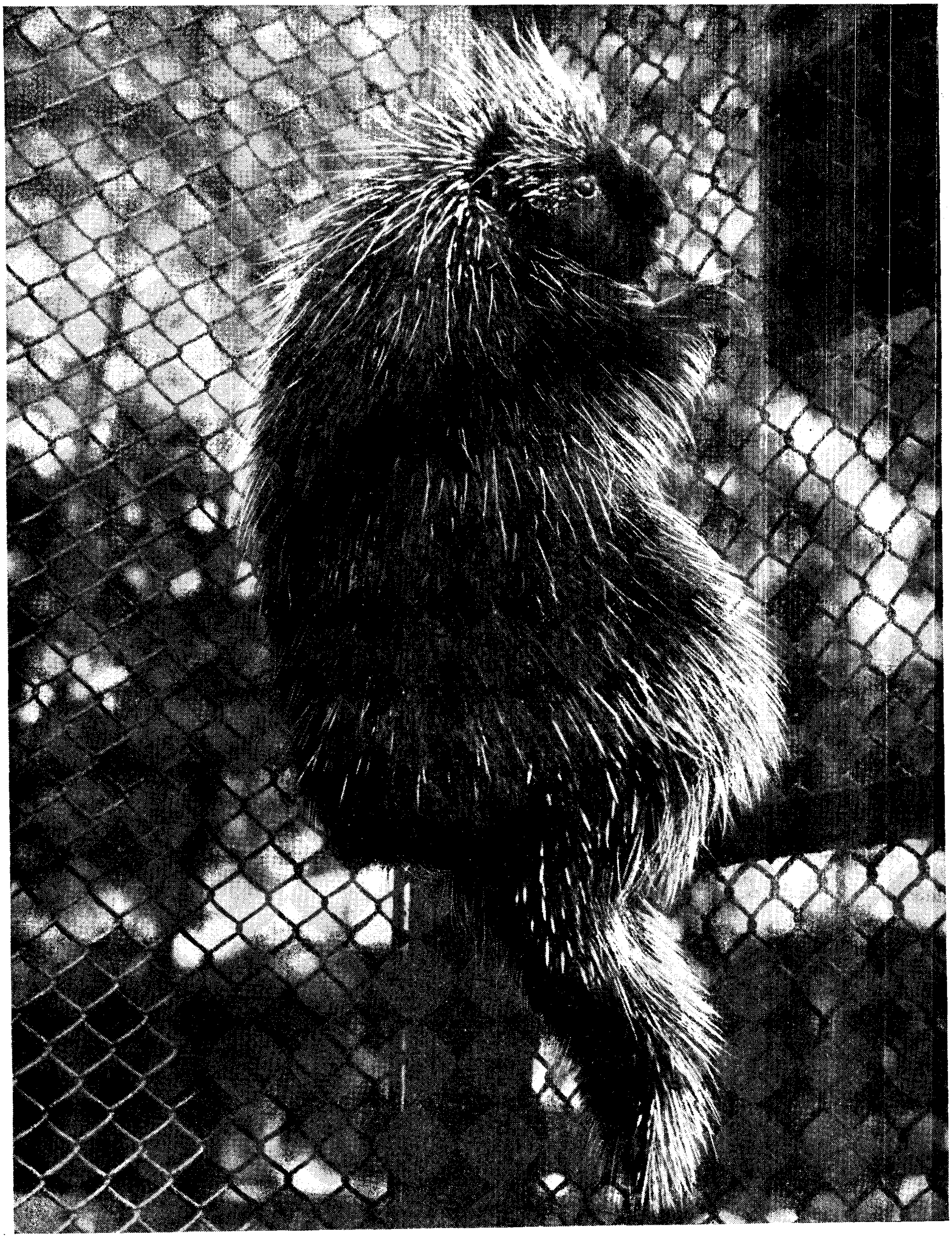
(Continued on page 26)

Far from Broadway's glittering lights, Actress Judith Anderson relaxes backstage in a South Pacific Army theater during intermission. G.I. Joes replace the swank, svelte first nighters; the carriage trade arrives by jeep, but everyone is happy

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. AIR FORCE



Surrounded by grinning American soldiers, curvaceous Anne Triolo is bombshell of show. Aficionados in New Guinea often arrived at 3 P.M. to get seats for 7:30 performance



Porky IS A CLOWN

By Gilbert A. Lathrop

If you catch him young enough, and treat him right, a porcupine will make a fine pet. But don't try to pick up a strange one in the woods

PORCUPINES don't throw their quills. They don't chew down trees unless there is none of their natural forage of weeds and grass available. Then they merely eat the bark from spruce or pine trees. No matter what they've done to your summer place, they really cannot be said to be destructive animals.

The one you saw on your mountain vacation that time seemed about the dumbest creature you ever met; and the slowest. Remember how he curled up in a needled ball and remained immovable while you prodded and poked him with a stick? He didn't make a sound; might as well have been dead for all the symptoms of life he showed. And that about sums up the average opinion of the well-known porcupine. I know it was mine, till I met Porky. Now I'm convinced that Mr. Porcupine is one rugged individualist!

It started with Ranger Gorsuch who used to patrol the Gunnison National Forest in Colorado. Like prairie dogs, bobcats and coyotes, porcupines come under the general classification of detrimental pests, although the porcupine used to be protected in some states because he was the only wild animal that could be easily killed by a human lost in the wilderness. Understand, the Forest Service doesn't want to exterminate the porcupine completely. They merely want to maintain a nice balance.

So Ranger Gorsuch didn't hesitate that day early last spring when he came upon a waddling, fat old porcupine. Orders were to kill. It was when Ranger Gorsuch went to inspect his trophy that he discovered he hadn't snuffed out all the lives of that particular porcupine. When he rolled her over he found signs of abundant life under her hide. Ranger Gorsuch makes no pretense at being a surgeon, yet the results of his surgery are almost classic. Through a Caesarean operation he delivered a tiny black ball of animate life that immediately began whimpering and squeaking and grunting; a black ball of soft fur with quills soft as the fur itself. A pair of blue eyes owlishly surveyed him while he ascertained that the two tiny brothers or sisters were beyond saving.

Tucking the whimpering, squirming mite of an animal into his saddlebag, Ranger Gorsuch headed toward Gunnison. Those quills—soft as hair when the baby porcupine was delivered—had become hard and sharp as needles long before he reached his destination.

In the office of Forest Supervisor M. J. Webber, Porky, by this time really hungry, made such a pest of himself that Mr. Webber picked him up and carried him down to a local hardware store, hoping the owner might see publicity possibilities in the tiny creature and make him into a window display. But one of the employees, a tall, soft-spoken fellow who has a tender spot in his heart for all wild animals, volunteered to adopt the baby and try to "raise" him on an eye dropper.

From there on, the story belongs to Slim Wenecke. Slim felt himself growing attached to the baby porcupine as he carried him toward home. Porky grunted, cried, squirmed and hunted for something from which he could get food. At home, Slim placed the baby on his lap, warmed some milk and without diluting it, filled an eye dropper. Porky got one microscopic taste of the milk, and his tiny front feet, shaped much like human hands, froze around the eye dropper while he proceeded to feast and purr like a contented kitten. Slim fed him until his little belly was round and hard. Then Slim put him into a box, and Porky curled into a ball and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion.

An Addition to the Family

When Porky was wide awake and whimpering for more liquid nourishment next morning, instead of being dead, Slim's heart was completely won. Porky was adopted then and there, not only by Slim but by the whole family, including the dog and the cat. For a couple of weeks, Porky subsisted solely on milk from the eye dropper and the juice of dried fruits.

The day Slim acquired him, Porky was about the size of a kitten just before its eyes open. But he gained weight, and in an amazingly short time was waddling all over the house, following Slim about like a clumsy puppy, falling over cracks in the floor, climbing into boxes and turning them over with himself, and generally getting into mischief like any healthy baby.

Within a couple of weeks, Porky was eating tender blades of grass and dandelion blossoms, plucking them and holding them in his front paws while he sat up like a little cub bear. About that time, Slim discovered Porky's greatest weakness—bread and butter. Give Porky a piece of bread and butter, and he'll stop any kind of play to feast. Grabbing the bread in his front feet, Porky sits up and begins eating, turning the bread with each bite until it is as round as a dollar. That's one time Porky doesn't want to be disturbed. Touch him and he gives little grunts of displeasure. Leave him alone and he purrs.

Although his fur is literally full of needle-sharp quills, Porky never attempts to use them. Porcupines strike with their tails and their heads, when attacked by predatory beasts. They then roll themselves into formidable balls, well knowing they're quite safe. A few predatory beasts learn to flip the porcupine on his back. This way, he can be dispatched without resultant danger of quills.

It was the porcupine who held the wolverine to a natural balance. The wolverine was the most formidable of all predatory animals. The largest mountain lion or bear would leave a kill on the appearance of the stumpy beast. But the wolverine was a glutton, and his diet was wide as the country through which he roamed. To him, a fat porcupine was just another appeasement for his gnawing hunger. He didn't even trouble to roll the porcupine over. After repeated doses of quills, the barbed shafts finally worked into the brain of the wolverine.

(Continued on page 41)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY YLLA-RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

This is a tire in bloom

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

You're looking at a cotton boll, and you're probably wondering what the tie-up is with automobile tires. There's plenty . . . for as you know only a part of the tire on your car is rubber. The rest is largely cotton fabric.

This fabric gives your tire that all-important tensile strength. That's why Goodyear is also a big name in cotton . . . as a grower (has large acreage under cultivation) . . . as a buyer (has bought more American cotton than any other tire manufacturer) . . . as a research worker (is constantly working through the Goodyear Research Laboratories with planters throughout the South).

And Goodyear owns and operates huge textile mills, where carefully graded cotton fibers are converted into Goodyear's famous low-stretch Supertwist cord.

This constant control over raw materials — and constant improvement in manufacture — help explain why it is true today — as it has been for more than 29 years — "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

A pioneer in rubber — natural and synthetic — Goodyear also is an experienced worker in fabrics, metals, chemicals, and many other vital fields . . . today acquiring new skills that will bring you better products tomorrow.

Buy War Bonds

Buy for Keeps

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Supertwist—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

THE Heroes

VII

CHRISTODOULOS TSIGANTES

IT WAS within the power of Greece to make terms with Italy in 1940, but rather than accept vassalage, a nation of 7,000,000 rallied its half-armed legions against the might of Rome. Freezing men dragged artillery through the snowy passes of the Pindus range, and, from the peaks, women and children rolled boulders down on the invaders. Charging with bayonets and knives, citizen soldiers drove Mussolini's crack regiments into panic-stricken flight and ended forever the myth of Fascist invincibility.

Once again the Greeks were offered a choice when Germans and Bulgarians massed for the rescue of the demoralized Italians, and a second time they chose battle instead of submission. A stand made more gallant by its hopelessness, for not even high-piled bodies could stop the roll of Panzer divisions, and burning villages turned night into day. Entering Athens, the triumphant Nazis ordered a young sentry to lower the flag that flew over the Parthenon. The boy obeyed, but leaped over the parapet with his country's colors wrapped about him, "God save Greece," his dying shout.

When a whole people are heroic, how can distinction be made? And yet the brothers Tsigantes—John and Christodoulos—as much as any others, symbolize the unfailing courage of a race that draws its traditions from Thermopylae. Both soldiers, they first came into notice in 1935 when patriots fought for the republic against the restoration of monarchy. Venizelos, that great liberal, fled to France in the hour of defeat and died an exile, but every possible humiliation was heaped upon the brothers. Stripped of their swords and uniforms and publicly drummed out of the army, they were paraded through the streets as traitors to the king.

Bitter years now followed—years of persecution and poverty—but when Italy struck suddenly and treacherously, the two disgraced men were given back their swords and put in positions of command. Their courage and military genius played no small part in the Albanian victories, and when they gave ground in Thrace and Macedonia, Germans and Bulgars were made to pay a heavy price for every inch of advance. At the end, when Greece lay prostrate, Christodoulos escaped to join the Allied armies in Egypt, while John remained at home to keep resistance alive.

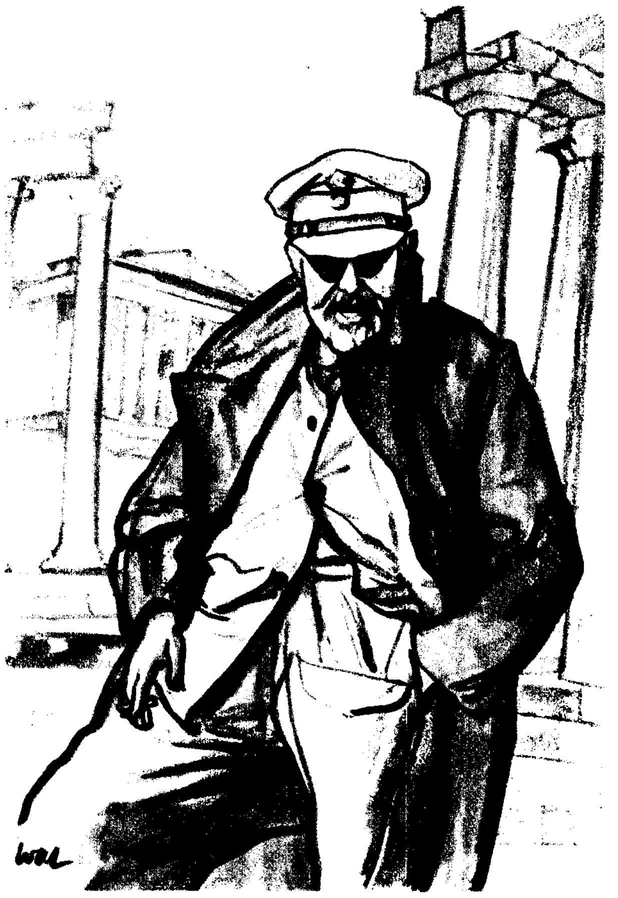
The Germans, with Italians and Bulgarians trailing like jackals, lost no time in laying waste the land. With massacre too slow a process, famine was employed as a measure of extermination, and in Athens alone two thousand a day died of starvation. Gaunt scarecrows fought in the streets over scraps of garbage, and in the open fields women crawled on all fours in the search for roots that their babies might not suck at dry breasts. Not a family but faced the ghastly choice of deciding which child had the better chance to live.

No task ever seemed more hopeless, and yet in the ashes of this vast despair, John Tsigantes found sparks that he blew into flame. Slowly at first, and then faster, he gathered about him fierce, desperate men who had lost home and family, and soon his guerrilla bands were plunging down from the mountains in wild forays that struck terror in the conquerors and lifted the hearts of the people. An underground was brought into being, and in every city and town secret groups organized for sabotage and even attack.

Germans, Bulgars and Italians hunted John Tsigantes with tireless ferocity, killing and torturing to gain information, but it was not until March, 1943, that they ran him down in an Athens suburb where he had come for a conference. Preparing as for an assault on some walled city, the Gestapo ringed the house with tanks, machine guns and whole regiments and then shouted a summons to surrender. The answer of John Tsigantes was to come out with revolvers blazing, and five enemies lay dead before he himself fell bullet-ridden. All Greece knelt at news of his passing, and in Cairo the Greek government in exile lowered flags in honor of him who had died "on the battlefield of Athens."

And what of Christodoulos? Reaching Egypt in the spring of 1941, he sounded the call for recruits and organized some three hundred Greek officers into the Sacred Band, vowed to fight as long as one remained alive. Others poured in from Greece, and such was their daring that they became known as the Suicide Brigade. As Rommel was beaten back, Montgomery used the Greeks for spear thrusts, and in the final drive it was Colonel Christodoulos Tsigantes and his Sacred Band that stormed Gabès and held it against overwhelming odds until joined by the Free French.

Then in swift succession followed Sicily and Italy, and, as a reward for heroic exploits, the Greeks were detached for service in the Aegean and given the honor of leading in the great drive for the liberation of their motherland. Side by side with the British they swept from isle to isle, and when the Germans confessed defeat and fled, it was Colonel Tsigantes and his Sacred Band who led the march into Athens—again the "violet-crowned city of song"—and raised the blue and white flag to its old place above the Parthenon. And John Tsigantes, alive in the love of a people, marched with them. . . . GEORGE CREEL



PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Shakespeare on the Jungle Circuit

Continued from page 23

were not nurses; and *aficionados*, in ponchos against the inevitable New Guinea rain, began arriving as early as three in the afternoon, for a seven-thirty show. Once a large part of the amphibious force in LCIs came ashore to see the production. And once we played aboard a ship, with the blistering hot quarterdeck as our stage and sailors hanging from ports and gun mounts and ventilators.

Then there were the repeaters, the boys who trudged miles from one area to another to see the show again; the boy who rushed backstage in Aitape and cried, "Remember me? I caught the show in Finsch, and came again tonight."

But most affectionately remembered of all were three telephone linemen in Maffin Bay, who attended one matinee and, finding all seats taken, clambered up a telephone pole and watched the show from there. For the rest of our stay on that rugged beachhead, on arriving at a new place for a show, we'd look aloft and there they would be, waving.

The evening entertainments were only part of the job; the girls spent their afternoons in the hospitals, split into three echelons so all wards were covered. Judith visited and soothed and brought hope and laughter to the severest battle casualties. I saw doctors, with tears in their eyes, thank her when a boy who had been blinded by dynamite laughed for the first time when she described herself to him in ludicrously unflattering terms.

As in any theatrical tour, there were crises aplenty, here intensified by isolation, exhaustion and the climate; the day when Anne's accordion went up in flames and was, in an instant, a charred ruin; the countless times when Shirley's violin strings snapped at the wrong moments, or when the Guarnerius itself came unglued at the seams and had to be repaired with surgical clamps; the day Helen bit on some hard candy from a K-ration tin and lost part of a molar. And always the Army provided serviceable substitutes, whether musical instruments or new teeth.

Every move seemed a major military operation, from the moment when the four girls, in evening gowns and high heels, were hoisted into the command car. It was an impressive retinue that set off nightly through rain or dust; and pedestrians en route to the show stopped to gape, grin, cheer and whistle.

The most vital crisis was, naturally, the plight of four women in a man's world. There is no provision for the problems of the weaker sex at these jungle battle fronts. The routine never ceased to be a hilarious embellishment of all Chic Sale ever conceived: the urgent whisper; the conspiratorial inquiry; the reconnaissance party which ascertained that the scrim-walled three-holers were unoccupied; the procession of flashlighted evening gowns and the obbligato of giggles; the discreet guard, who stood a little distance away, whistling or humming, with his back turned; the return of the task group, in a bumping column, its mission successful.

Soldiers Are Not Forgotten Men

It was the unscheduled things that kept us on our toes. The time when Judith mentioned to the vast dark amphitheater that she'd heard that the men of this particular division had been away from home thirty-odd months; and a voice from the circle whose circumference you could only estimate by the firefly twinkle of distant cigarettes called out: "Glad to hear somebody knows it!"

Judith replied softly, "The world does, darling." There was a moment's silence, and then applause.

That was it, the reassurance these four women provided. That was their great contribution, more than anything else, more than the songs, and the music and the laughter, more than reminding men grown used to the sight of weary, uniformed nurses how well-groomed girls in dresses looked. It was a reminder that the world did know; the obliteration, even for a moment, of the soldier's suspicion that he is a forgotten man.

That was why this was a rare and wonderful show: Because it added up to something more than its component parts, high as their quality was. Hovering over the program, almost palpable and provided largely by Judith's own warmth and sincerity and honesty, was a feeling of gratitude, of humility, of affection for the men who were fighting or the men who were just waiting around in boredom. They quickly recognized it.

You could see that in the clouded eyes as Judith recited Latouche's Statue of Liberty, with its simple statement of what being an American means. You could feel it in the hush that followed her words, "May the Lord make His face to shine on you; good night, and God bless you." You could watch it, frequently, when Miss McClure sang The Lord's Prayer, at the end of the evening, and one, then two, then whole groups, rose and uncovered, silently, till ten thousand men were standing with bared and bowed heads. And you could read it in their letters: *their* gratitude for being treated like sentient human beings, their relief at being asked to entertainment not conceived in condescension, on the theory that G.I.s want only smut.

Not that everybody, always, liked every moment of the show. Anne Triolo was obviously the soldiers' dream girl; they adored her, and with good reason. But there was the muttered comment by one corporal, as the notes of Shirley's violin fell on the silent darkness: "Put that gal in a pair of tights and I might enjoy the music."

Or the time when Judith, as Lady Macbeth, gave forth with that classic tongue-lashing:

"Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself: hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely?"

A shout came from the dark periphery: "You tell him, sister!"

Our conclusion is inevitable. The magnificently courageous and uncomplaining men need more than movies and more than the burlesque kind of entertainment, even if performed by big names.

The people who assemble the overseas programs and who apparently think they are conferring a great boon when they are only high-lighting the suggestive should realize this.

Perhaps they judge by what many servicemen do on leave. But fighters in the jungle are very different, no longer swaggering wolves seeking to prove their virility by drinks and brawls. Circumstance has brought them to the essentials; they are thinking about living and dying, having seen death in some of its most agonizing forms. So they have less veneer, less pose, than at any other time in their lives.

They are, in the main, boys from small towns and farms, decent, conservative, pious—and homesick. When women come from home to entertain men, they want desperately to see the image of their sweethearts, their sisters, their mothers.

Many already have a taste for music or literature. Many others acquire it, when properly exposed, like the extremely rugged boatswain's mate who said to Judith, "Listen, ma'am. I've just heard about this guy Shakespeare and I've never heard about this guy Macbeth—but I *like* it."

Certainly their entertainment should include escape in laughter. But as many of them told us or wrote us, they are grateful, too, to be reminded of the dignified things, the beautiful and civilized things for which they are fighting. The first steps in that direction were taken by Judith Anderson and Overseas Unit 297.

THE END

U.S. COAST GUARD
"CANADA DRY"
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
NEW YORK

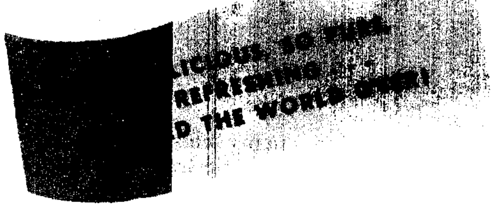
To the Ladies

These gallant young women are dedicated to the service of our country. WAVE, WAC, SPAR, Marine, Cadet Nurse—they know that every ounce of work and loyalty is urgently needed now. They and millions of other Americans are putting all their hearts and energies into the fight for Victory. To them, Canada Dry, "the Champagne of Ginger Ales," an old family friend, says: Keep up the good work!

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

Just as soon as conditions permit, we hope to be able to fully meet the ever-increasing demand for Canada Dry Ginger Ale... and again make "The Champagne of Ginger Ales" available to you in the handy 5¢ individual bottle.


ICIOUS, SO THIR
REFRESHING
D THE WORLD OVER!

1-Want a Quick, Clean, Comfortable Shave EVERY TIME? Then-try Palmolive Brushless!

2-Want a Face so COOL you need no After-Shave Lotion? Then-try Palmolive Brushless!

3-Want a Fast, Smooth Shave, even with Cold or Hard Water? Then-try Palmolive Brushless!

4-Want a Shave that Allows no Stinging, no Biting, no RAZOR BURN-Even with Tender Skin? Then-try Palmolive Brushless!

Only **PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS Guarantees* You *4-Way* Shaving Comfort!**

*Yes, only Palmolive Brushless guarantees you *4-way shaving comfort!* That's because this easy-to-spread, greaseless cream wilts whiskers fast—makes tough beards easy to cut even with cold or hard water. And *at the same time,* Palmolive Brushless lubricates your skin—cushions your face against your razor. You shave without scratching, scraping, or Razor Burn! Your face stays cool, comfortable—you need no after-shave lotion. Try it and see! You get shaving comfort—*4 ways*—or, mail carton top to Palmolive, Jersey City 2, New Jersey, and we'll refund your money!

Look Back at Love

Continued from page 19

her hat and bag from a chair. "I've got to run. Talk on the way. Come on, Pete."

She talked fast all the way to the plant, but she couldn't catch up with the way things were sliding under her feet, and she couldn't get to a meeting place with Pete. He said yes and no, but they weren't in the right places. He looked as disturbed as she felt.

"I thought you could get a job at the plant, too," she said finally. "It would be fun working together, Pete. I thought you could line up a job, soon as you got home, and then you could float around for a couple of weeks before you started."

"I can float around for a couple of weeks, all right," Pete answered. "But why are you rushing me? To get me tied up in a job?"

"You always told me to be efficient—" she began.

"You said that before," Pete interrupted her. "Efficiency is fine, but you've got hold of the wrong handle."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said despairingly, because the big windows of the plant were just ahead, and there wasn't time to ask questions. She added, "Al says timing is what counts. He says you've got to hit a job fast and hit it hard."

"Al ought to write mottoes and frame 'em," Pete remarked. "Who's Al?"

"Quincy Allen, the personnel manager. He's been swell to me. He's taught me how to work."

"Well, bless his heart!" said Pete in a thoughtful tone.

"Come meet him, anyhow," Debby said as they turned into the building. Maybe Pete and Al could work out something together, she thought hurriedly. She wasn't getting anywhere talking to Pete, but maybe Al could fix things up about a job. She saw Pete raise an eyebrow at the gold "Personnel Manager" lettered on the door.

"Mr. Allen, this is my husband."

Allen, a thickset redhead with a habit of shooting his words out like BB shot, shook hands thoroughly with Pete.

"Glad to know you," Allen said concisely. "Your wife's doing a fine job here. What sort of work did you do before you went in the Army?"

"Commercial art," Pete said briefly.

"Oh," said Allen. He brightened. "Well, we'll soon teach you how to make glass. We've got a fine training school here."

"I'm not sure what I'm going to do, Mr. Allen," Pete said warily. "I just got back."

"We'll find a place where you fit," Allen promised him briskly.

"Now look—" Pete began on a rising note.

"I've got to go," Debby said hastily. "See you a little after four, Pete." She wanted badly to kiss him goodby, but there was Al looking brisk, and after all, it was only goodby for four hours.

"'By, Debby," said Pete. His tone was warm but his face was noncommittal.

IT WASN'T till she was back at her table, her fingers racing, that she remembered with horror that she hadn't got any lunch for Pete. She wasn't hungry herself, but to forget—on his first day home! He'd think she was just as bad as she used to be, always forgetting to start meals on time, always still dressing madly when it was time to go somewhere. That was no way to show him how she'd improved while he was away.

She pulled herself away from thinking of Pete, because her work demanded precise attention. But all the afternoon a deep excitement throbbed in her, and as four o'clock drew nearer, her fingers were not so sure. He was home—he was home to stay—and the night lay ahead for them.

When at last she was on her way home, she had to speak sternly to herself not to run. But when she reached her own front path, she did run.

"Pete—" she called from the hall.

"Here, Beautiful," he answered from the living room.

He caught her up on her toes as she entered. "Kiss me, wage slave."

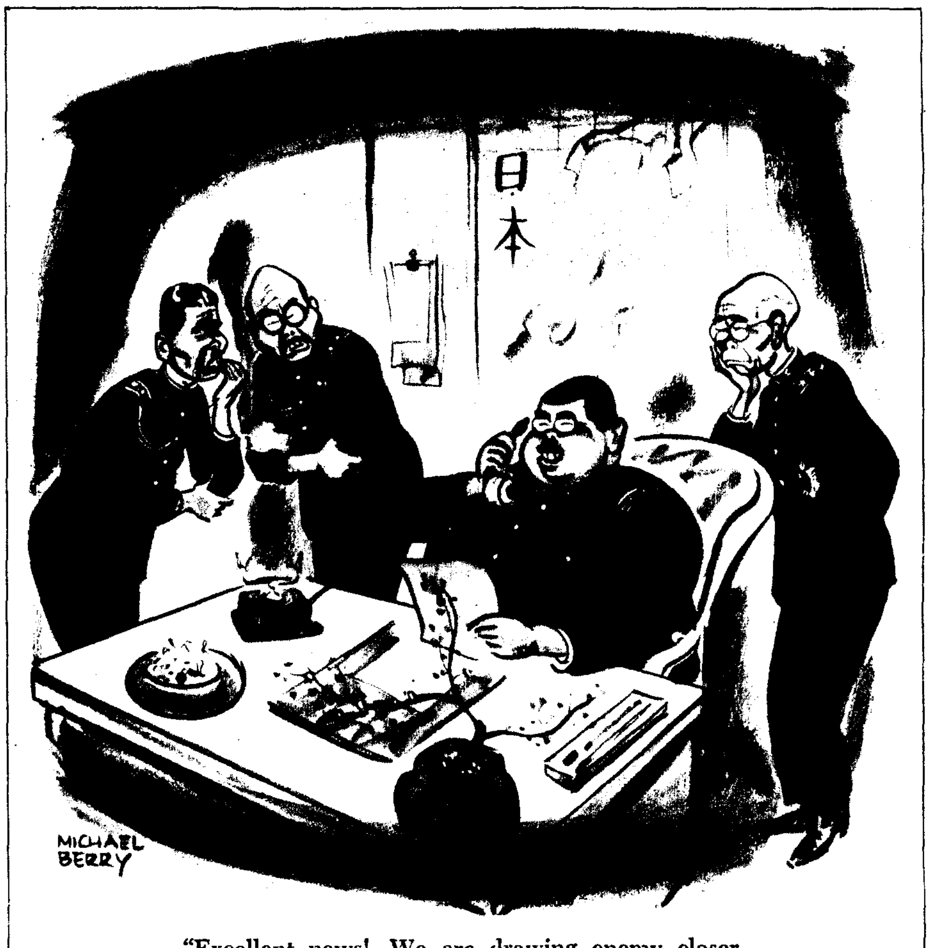
"You haven't forgotten how," she told him, after she'd obeyed. "How'd you get along, Pete?"

"Fine," he said. "I fried some eggs and—"

"No—" she interrupted him. "I mean, how'd you get along with Al?"

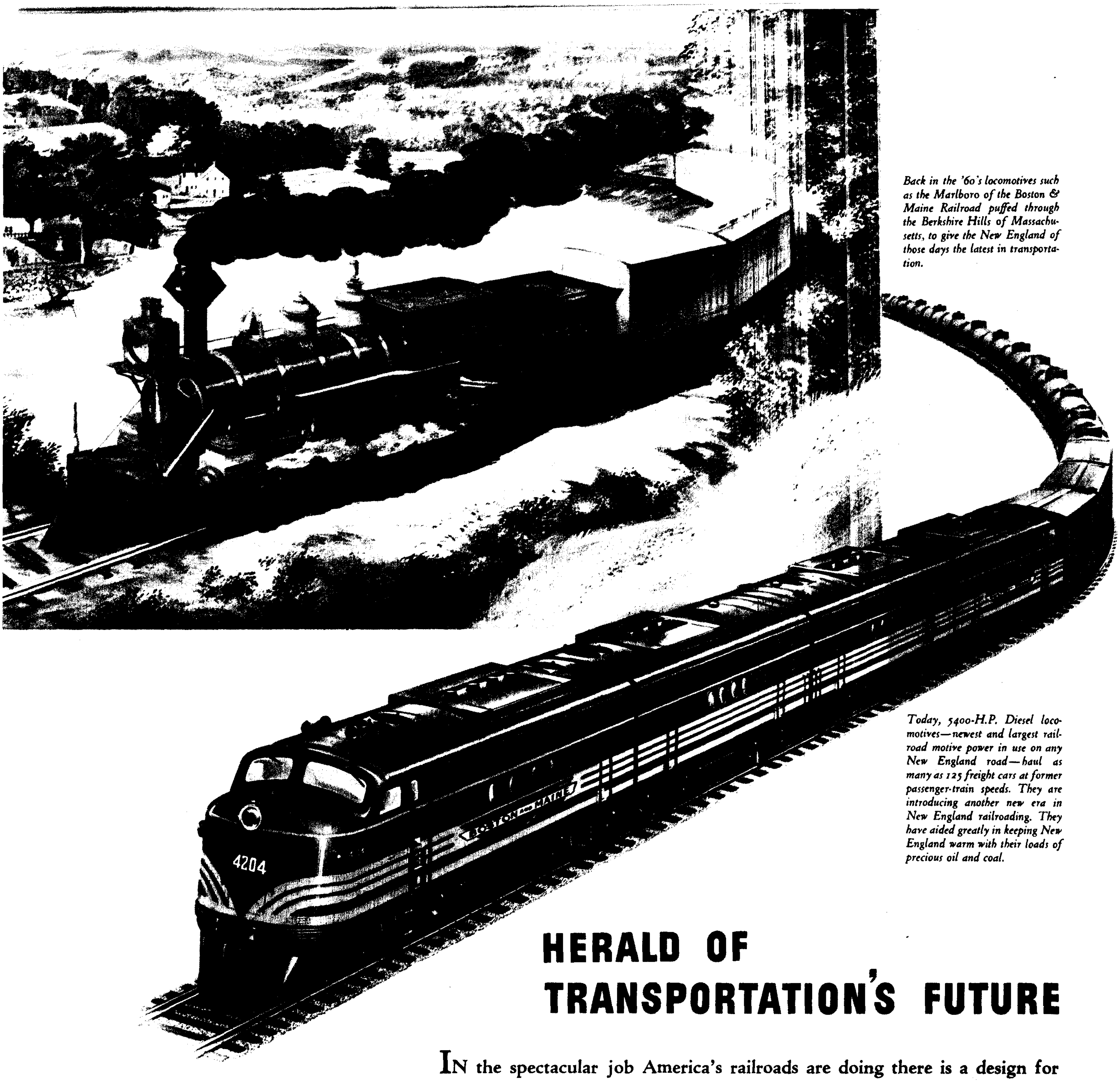
Pete moved her a little way back so he could look at her face, but he still held on to her.

"We were very polite to each other," he



"Excellent news! We are drawing enemy closer and closer to Japan, luring him into gigantic trap"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY



Back in the '60's locomotives such as the Marlboro of the Boston & Maine Railroad puffed through the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, to give the New England of those days the latest in transportation.

Today, 5400-H.P. Diesel locomotives—newest and largest railroad motive power in use on any New England road—haul as many as 125 freight cars at former passenger-train speeds. They are introducing another new era in New England railroading. They have aided greatly in keeping New England warm with their loads of precious oil and coal.

HERALD OF TRANSPORTATION'S FUTURE

IN the spectacular job America's railroads are doing there is a design for finer future transportation. It centers upon the performance of the General Motors locomotive. Part of this performance lies in this locomotive's work. It is quick to get away—carries through its job with few or no stops for service—gets there on clipped schedules. In run after run these locomotives are hauling heavy freight faster than passengers were carried a few years back. These achievements are elements in railroad progress. They are forerunners of a great new era of transportation efficiency in the days which lie ahead.

KEEP
AMERICA STRONG
BUY
MORE WAR BONDS

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

LOCOMOTIVES . . . . ***ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,*** *La Grange, Ill.*

ENGINES . . *150 to 2000 H.P. . . . CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio*

ENGINES . . . *15 to 250 H.P. . . . . . DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.*

Naturally Good
BUY
BOTTLED BY QUALITY BOTTLERS EVERYWHERE UNDER LICENSE OF MISSION DRY CORPORATION
MISSION ORANGE
Naturally Good

Return Empty Bottles Promptly

Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

assured her. His tone was even, but his eyes questioned her.

"But didn't you—don't you like him, Pete?"

Pete considered. "He seemed an all-right guy. Did you expect us to start a beautiful friendship in fifteen minutes? Deb—why do you rate Allen so high?"

Debby swung eagerly into telling him. "Pete, you should see the way he gets things done. He knows how to pick the right man for the right job, and he's nice to the girls but he's never silly with them, and he makes the girls feel they can be as good workers as the men. He's—he's sort of dynamic, Pete. I mean he's—"

"I get it," said Pete. "You mean dynamic. Quite a guy."

He let go of Debby slowly, and over his arm she got a suddenly good view of the living room, and blinked at it. A shockingly striped burnoose trailed over the lounge, and a lump of lava sat on the love seat. Oddments of clothing scattered over the floor. A string of blue glass beads, a lot of shiny buttons, and what looked like Nazi aviator wings lay on the table.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing at a block of scrap iron.

"Piece of an antipersonnel bomb," he said. "You have the softest hair—"

"You haven't. It prickles. Pete, will your wave grow in again?"

"My what?" he exclaimed, outraged.

She untangled herself and walked over to the burnoose, shaking it out and folding it. So many months her house had been silent and spotless and precisely neat, this giddy disarray seemed vaguely wrong, even as she accepted it.

Pete held out the blue beads. "There wasn't much to bring you, where I was. Souvenirs, anyhow." He grinned at her and she smiled back, remembering.

When they'd got engaged and after they were married, too, every place they went to became mysteriously important; as if they'd loved each other so much, that any place they went took on a secret charm. And they'd collected things from each place: a pink shell and a piece of quartz, a pale yellow jug, a bronze dog that Pete said was so ugly nobody else would give him a home, pine cones once, menu cards, and a small wooden sign that said "Three miles to—" and the rest had been broken off.

"That's our best souvenir," Pete had said about the sign. "Three miles to—anywhere." And he had solemnly hung it over the mantel.

FOR a moment, Debby looked back wistfully at those crazily carefree days, when week ends and evenings meant time to have fun in, and Pete and she went spinning on as if the fun could never stop. That was before Pete went off to war. That was before he had told her she was in charge now, and she'd have to grow up.

He'd clicked away from her with that new taut rhythm, the last time, and turned to salute her crisply, and then he had gone on, down the steps to the train, out of sight. He was changed then, by more than a uniform and a military manner.

And now—he was still different, but she couldn't be sure how. She wanted to keep pace with his mood, but she seemed to be always getting out of step.

Pete was digging in a bag for something else to show her, and she looked down at him, wondering why everything wasn't easy and natural, the way it used to be. Nothing should go wrong, the very first day; but it had happened, so it could happen again.

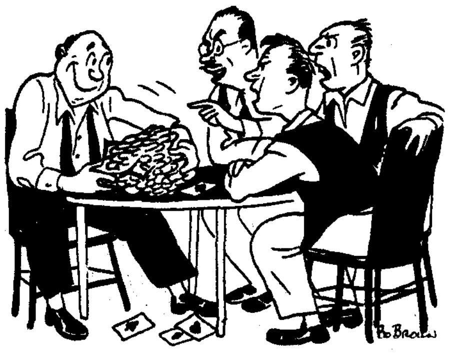
"Here he is," Pete said suddenly, straightening. He was holding the ugly little bronze dog. "You said he'd be my luck, and he was. Where'll he live now?" He wandered around the room, placing the dog one spot and another, standing back to study the effect.

Suddenly she wanted to sit down on the floor, and rummage through the bags with him, and have the foolish kind of fun they used to have. But there was dinner to get. She pulled herself unwillingly into line.

"I've got to start dinner," she told him.

"Dinner?" he said vaguely. "I've been eating all afternoon."

"People will be coming in to see you, this evening, Pete."



BO BROWN

"Buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

"Phone 'em," Pete said cheerfully. "Tell 'em all we're not at home."

She wondered if he'd got irresponsible in the war, while she stayed home and got responsible. Nothing was adding up right.

"We can't," she said. "We've got to be sensible, Pete."

"You get sensible about the damnedest things," Pete said. "And I'm warning you now, lady, if I hear the word 'efficient' just once more, I'll howl like a wolf."

But he helped her put everything away, and they ate a hasty dinner and were ready, sedately sitting a foot apart, when the first guests arrived. People swarmed over Pete, more people came, and their voices rose joyously and bounced back off the walls.

Debby kept listening for Pete's voice, through the others. She kept on greeting guests and untangling knots of people, and it was a long time before she could join him.

Pete was talking to her Aunt Laura. Aunt Laura belonged to the do-a-thing-at-all-do-it-well school, and she looked it, with her sharp eyes glistening behind rimless glasses, her hair sternly pulled back in a knot.

"You don't worry about the whole war while you're fighting," Pete was saying. "You just do whatever job—"

"Precisely," Aunt Laura said as he drew breath. "We at home get the real picture of the war." She gave Debby an approving smile. "Well, Debby?"

"Hello, darling," said Pete. "You been hiding under a pillow?"

"Debby is a good hostess," Aunt Laura told him. "Hasn't she turned into a wonderful little woman, while you were away?"

Pete started to answer, and Aunt Laura swept on: "Debby used to be such a careless child. But now—" she drew herself up proudly, "now—I think she is getting more like me, every day."

Pete gave Aunt Laura one startled glance. "Do you?" he said. He looked back and forth, from Debby to Aunt Laura, with two little wrinkles beginning to show between his eyebrows.

"She's so beautifully efficient," said Aunt Laura.

Pete opened his mouth for the wolf call, then closed it again as some more people flooded in.

Debby was caught in the whirl once more, and Pete lost her until Quincy Allen arrived, and she hunted him out and drew him aside.

"Al's just come," she told him.

"Now the evening's begun," said Pete.

"Listen and stop clowning, Pete. Why don't you really get acquainted with Al, darling? He can help you to get a good job that you like, and—and be an important person—"

"Important like Al?" asked Pete. "Dynamic, you mean?"

"Well—" said Debby, not sure how to handle that one.

"So you want me to be like Al," Pete said. "I could dye my hair red, for a starter."

"Get really acquainted with him, for a starter," Debby said, plunging in again. "Give it a try, Pete—and let him tell you about the plant, and jobs, won't you?" She led him over to Allen, and Pete didn't answer, but he went along.

"Hi, I've been looking for you," Allen said to Pete, with a slow grin.

"How about looking at me over a drink?" Pete said, grinning back.

THAT was a wonderful start, Debby decided relievedly, and she wanted to stick around and watch progress. But someone said the punch bowl was empty, and she didn't have time to think till the party was over.

She didn't have time to think then, either. Pete closed the door on the last guest, took a long breath, and began turning out lights.

"It took us a long time to get here," he observed, taking a firm hold of Debby's arm with one hand and clicking the hall switch with the other. "A long time, but you can always count on a day ending sometime."

They went upstairs, with the light in the upstairs hall sending long streaks of shadow down the stairway. Pete stopped under the light, lifting her face, looking at it closely.

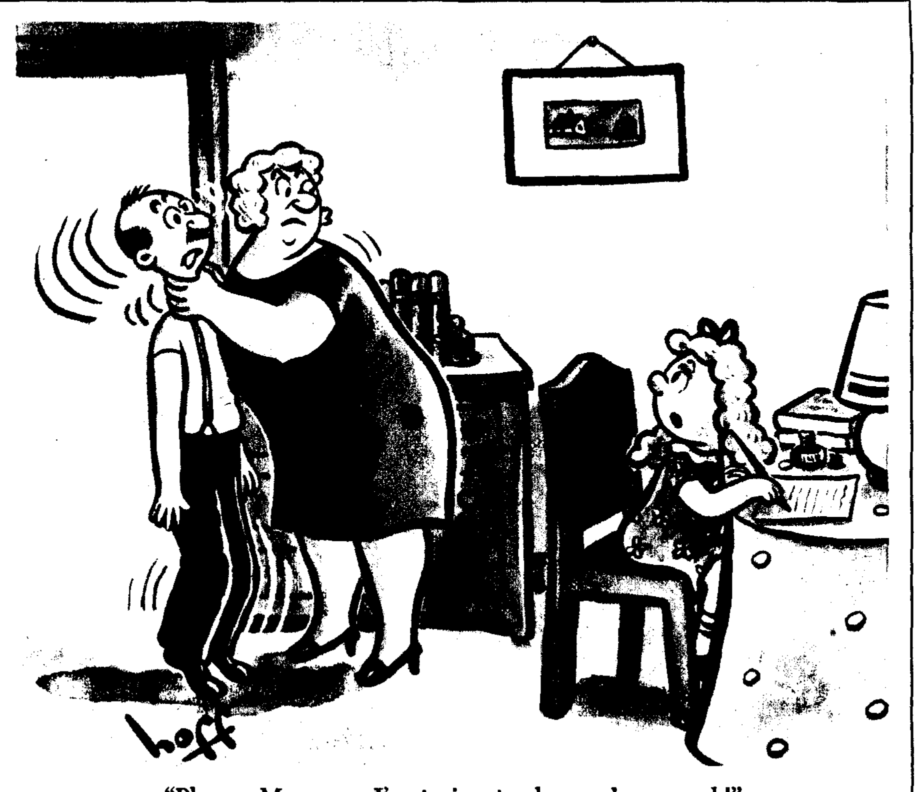
"Right this minute," he said, "you don't look like your Aunt Laura at all."

"No?"

"Right this minute, you look as if you were in love with me."

"How strange!" said Debby, and her knees melted under her as he suddenly pulled her close. "Pete—it's been so long—Pete—"

So there was no more need for Debby to be practical, that night, and she certainly



COLLIER'S "Please, Mommy—I'm trying to do my homework!" SYDNEY HOFF

Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

16 YEARS AGO the first De Soto cars rolled off the line. De Soto grew up in a tough decade, with a tough creed: "Make a better car or get out of business." Engineers gave De Soto a long list of brilliant "firsts," among them floating power, fluid drive, superfinished parts, safety-steel bodies. And De Sotos sold fast. When war came, we had a bigger job. Bomber sections, airplane wings, guns. Other war materials pour out of De Soto factories. Meanwhile, we're glad we built De Sotos to endure—and thousands (who know that 7 out of 10 are still running) will be glad to decide on De Soto.

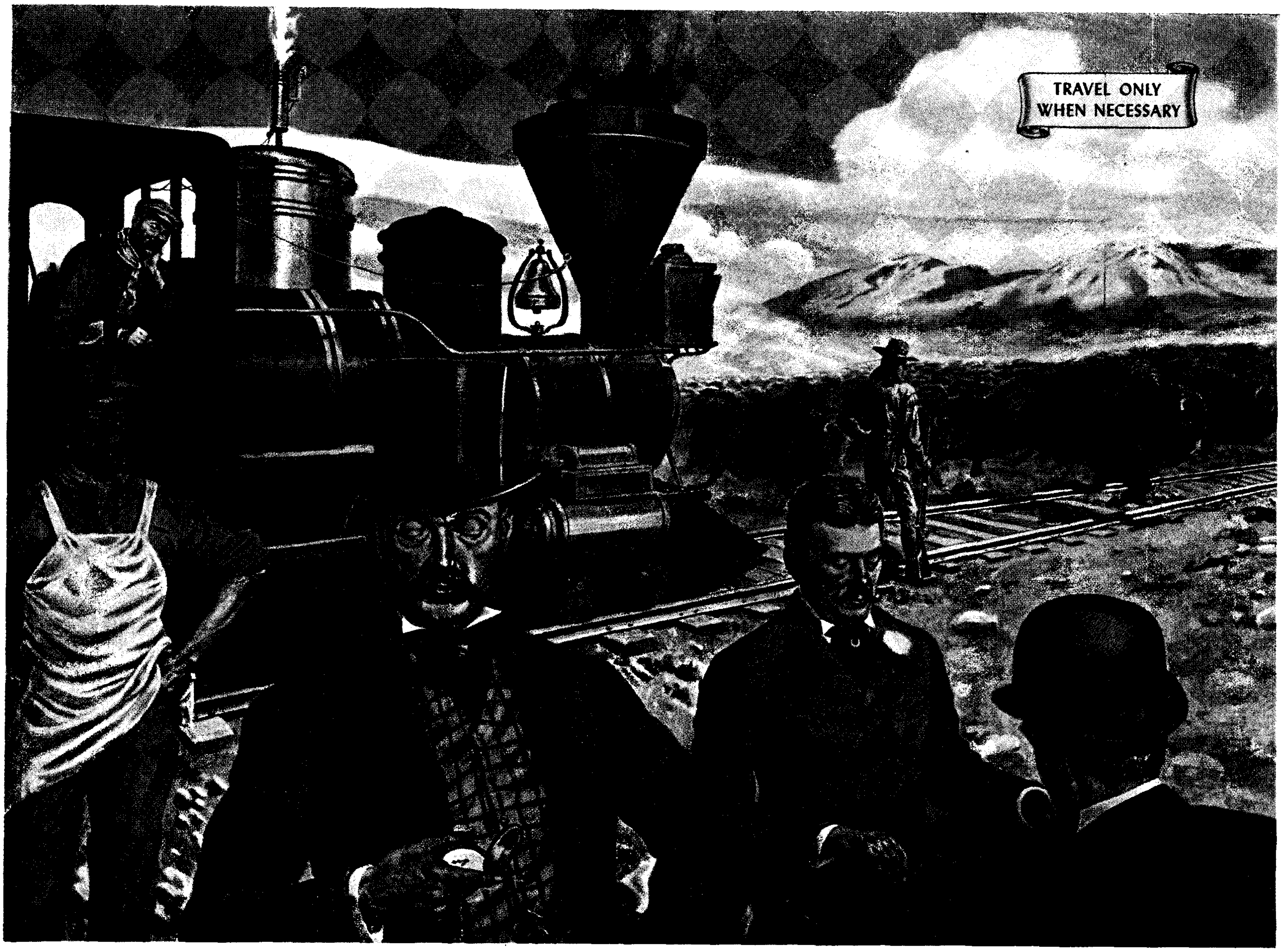
DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in on Major Bowes, every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

De Soto

Designed to Endure



When Buffaloes Stopped the Iron Horse

...TRAVELERS WERE PATIENT

Remembering the hardships of the stagecoach and covered wagon days, travelers once looked upon the new woodburner trains as solid luxury...

Despite choking smoke, bumpy roadbeds; no electric lights, no berths or dining cars . . . despite delays of hours on end when great herds of migrating buffaloes marooned them in the middle of an endless prairie, travelers were cheerful and understanding.

Today, if the train, plane or bus is late, if reservations are hard to get or we can't squeeze into the dining car, we can still take comfort in the fact that America is moving at a pace that has astounded the world.

When this war is won, the transportation facilities of our country will have hung up an incredible record for efficient movement of fighting men and freight—and civilians, too. Meanwhile, public opinion is agreed that we should not travel unless absolutely necessary and, if we must go, take inconveniences cheerfully and patiently—like good soldiers.

* * *

Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of:

Rubber • Aluminum • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

BUDWEISER
BEER

Like so many other worthwhile products, Budweiser may not be available every time you call for it. People everywhere have discovered that only Budweiser tastes like Budweiser. That is why they continue to ask for it. That is why it is the world's most popular beer.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© 1944

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

didn't try. And when she first woke up next morning, she lay still for a long luxurious moment, knowing only that if she put out her hand, she could touch Pete.

Then the eternal warning clock caught her eye, and she'd overslept. She was in the middle of the floor before she knew she'd got there.

"Pete, we overslept."

"Uh?" said Pete. "What's matter?"

"We overslept," said Debby, rooting for clean underwear like a terrier.

He chuckled, and the chuckle grew to a full-sized laugh.

"What's so funny?" Debby demanded.

"You."

She was still half asleep, and busy stringing up her nerves for a mad rush, and his amusement didn't help. "I'll be late to work," she said curtly.

"The end of the world," said Pete. "Hey—you haven't kissed me yet."

She attended to that so hastily his eyebrows went up and stayed a while.

"You'll have to get your own breakfast," Debby said, her mind racing on ahead. "But it won't happen again. Oh, Pete—did you and Al talk about a job for you?"

"No," Pete said concisely. He swung out of bed and crawled into his green robe, and jerked the cord tight. "Maybe I won't work at your plant."

"But, Pete—" She paused in her rapid dressing.

Pete interrupted her. "Debby, will you go manage your job, and stop trying to manage me?" . . .

They were out of step again, Debby thought miserably as she raced down the street. Pete was just plain baffling. He'd given her orders, when he left; and she'd carried them out; and now he didn't seem to like the results.

All day, every time she had a minute free from work, she went on worrying at the problem. And when she went home, she had come to decision. She'd go ahead and turn out a perfect job, meals on time, no more oversleeping, careful attention paid to what Pete seemed to want. Since he got back, she'd been all mixed up, half wild with excitement, half doggedly practical. Now she'd click out a perfect job.

She made up her mind, and she delivered. "All we need," Pete observed once after breakfast, as Debby washed dishes, wrote a grocery list, and dusted, in a neat mixture of activity, "all we need in this house is one of those buzzer systems. Ringing at every quarter-hour. I told you I'd do those dishes, honey."

"They're done," she said cheerfully. If she allowed him to help, she'd be slipping.

"I want a week or so more, to drift and get my bearings," Pete was saying. "They dug all the shrapnel chunks out of me, but I still remember how they felt."

"Of course," Debby said, pausing on her beaten track to touch his shoulder. "Of course, take it easy, darling. And our bank account is fine."

"Debby—" His hand caught hers. "Debby, let's go for one of those all-day walks, Sunday. Take our lunch, the way we used to do."

"Oh, yes," she said, looking back at the days when everything was fun, when all that mattered was that they were in love. Then she caught herself. "Pete, Sunday is when I do all the extra things. Pressing and sewing—they'll get ahead of me, if I don't keep on the mark. I can't go, Pete—"

"Sure," Pete said, his hand dropping from hers. "Sure. I was just having a try."

DEBBY didn't know how much of Pete's discontent was about her, and how much was his adjustment, coming home. Everybody said, "Don't ask the men questions when they get out of the war—don't probe at them." But just the same, she knew very well he wasn't happy, and she went on worrying about it, and tried to help in the scattered times when emotion pulled them close and problems were forgotten.

She mentioned Al and a job at the plant again, cautiously, and the results were poor, so she didn't try that again. Pete had got a horrible impression of Al, she decided. He practically shouted, when she suggested having Al over for dinner.

"Don't you see enough of the guy all day?" Pete wanted to know.

But she had also mentioned to Al, one afternoon, that she wished he'd drop in some time, now Pete was home. This made her a little nervous when she remembered it, considering the way Pete seemed to feel about Al.

So the afternoon when Al caught up with her just as she reached her own house, and turned in with her, she had a slight attack of stage fright. Pete was down on his knees on the porch, busy with sandpaper where the paint had flaked.

"Hello," she said. "Here's Al, Pete."

"Oh—hello," said Pete, unfolding and standing up, unsmiling.

"Thought I'd stop in for a minute," Al said, and there was a bad pause.

Pete looked at Allen directly. "Did Debby build a fire under you, to come around and offer me a job?"

Allen said mildly, "Three quarters of the gang working at the plant are women. How far do you think I'd get, if I let them build fires under me?"

"I don't want a job at the plant," Pete said.

Allen slanted a quick look at him and began to grin. "Well, you've got that off your chest," he said. "Who was that fire built under, you or me?"

"Um," said Pete. "Cigarette?"

"Thanks," said Allen.

Debby stood there, watching the ritual of package and match. This was no time for her to take the stage, she decided.

"From what Debby says about you," Pete remarked to Allen, "you do a rugged job at the plant."

"From what Debby says about you," Allen returned, "you must be Superman."

"Don't women do the damnedest lot of talking?" said Pete.

"Lord, yes," said Allen fervently.

They stood there considering this fact about women, companionably, and Debby kept her mouth shut.

"Why don't you come over and park at our place some night?" Pete asked.

"I'll do that," Allen said. He nodded at Pete, and Pete nodded back, and Debby wondered how it had all happened so fast. She said goodby to Allen, and watched him walk away.

"I thought you didn't like Allen?" she said finally to Pete.

"I like him swell," Pete said. "You threw him at me the wrong way, is all. And besides—I've got a job of my own, now."

"Oh, Pete, that's wonderful! What?"

"Airplane designing," he said. "At the plane plant over in Clayton. My drafting is going to come in handy. Now I can work on some of the ideas about planes that I picked up abroad."

"You didn't tell me you wanted to do that," she said slowly. "You didn't—"

"We haven't had much time for long chummy talks," he answered. "I only got the job yesterday. I was waiting for a good time to tell you about it. Debby, I'm starting work tomorrow. Now—" He looked at her intently, and his words were very clear. "Now for heaven's sake, you can stop being a time clock, Debby."

"What do you mean?"

"You can give up your job, Debby. We'll have plenty to live on, with what I make." He waited, watching her.

SHE was bewildered at the swiftness of this. "I don't want to go back—to a housekeeping vacuum," she said slowly. "I've got used to being different, Pete." She couldn't stop the appeal in her voice. "I used to be sloppy-shiftless. You said you wanted me to change."

"I didn't ask for—all this," he retorted.

"All what?"

"Your kind of superefficiency," he said with sudden savage force. "I can't make love to a robot. Oh, I admit you forget about your damned program once in a while. But what kind of a home do we have, anyhow?"

"The kind you asked for," she shot back at him.

Pete's shoulders stiffened. "Listen, never mind who asked for what. Here's the point." He paused, and his eyes gave no quarter. "I'm starting work tomorrow. Now you can go back to being a wife again, if you're interested—in being a wife."

He left that last challenge hanging in the air between them, and turned and went down the steps. From the path he called, without looking back, "I'll be back for dinner." Then he went on, with those long strides taking him away.

Debby stood where he had left her, and hurt and fear and anger struggled in her, but anger was strongest. So he didn't want any more efficiency, after he'd asked for

Says Which?

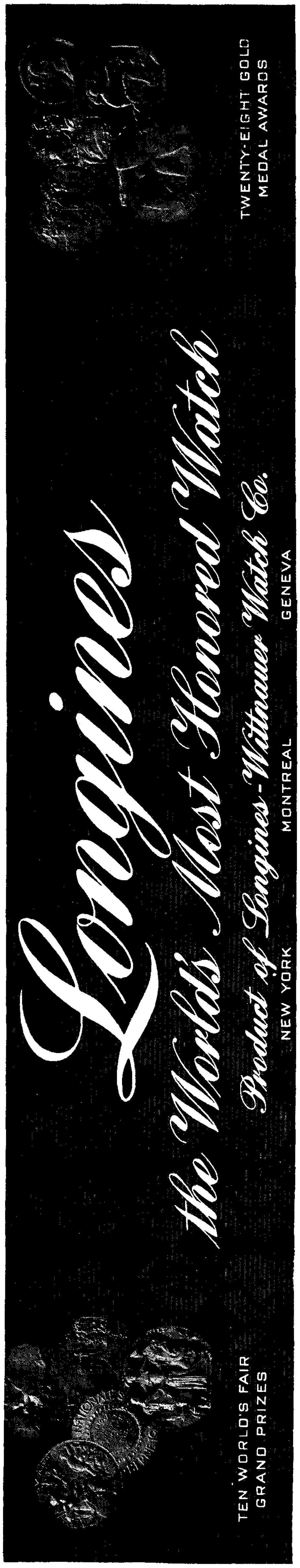
II

Here are fifteen sayings by famous Americans. Some are of historic significance. All are—or should be—known to everybody familiar with American history and tradition. See if you can match each saying with the name of its author, which is included in the list below. Twelve correct would be a good score on this test. Answers on page 72.

1. **It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory.**
2. **I have not yet begun to fight.**
3. **You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold.**
4. **Always leave them laughing when you say goodby.**
5. **We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.**
6. **Hitch your wagon to a star.**
7. **I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country.**
8. **A national debt, if it be not excessive, will be to us a national blessing.**
9. **The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.**
10. **A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country is good enough to be given a square deal afterward.**
11. **Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.**
12. **We have met the enemy and they are ours.**
13. **There's a sucker born every minute.**
14. **I would rather be right than be President.**
15. **The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated.**

Henry Clay, Theodore Roosevelt, John Paul Jones, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mark Twain, Nathan Hale, Grover Cleveland, Phineas T. Barnum, Commodore Oliver H. Perry, William Jennings Bryan, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, George M. Cohan, Charles C. Pinckney.

CLIFF MACON


Longines
the World's Most Honored Watch
Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co.
NEW YORK MONTREAL GENEVA
TWENTY-EIGHT GOLD MEDAL AWARDS
TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES

No curative power is claimed for
PHILIP MORRIS
but—
PHILIP MORRIS
ENGLISH BLEND

An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in an authoritative medical journal.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

it. So he told her to do something and then bucked the results.

The anger drove her on. She'd show him. She'd revert to type in a big way. She'd give him the works, and he'd hate it.

By six o'clock, their dinner hour, she'd got a lot accomplished, and when Pete came up the path, she was ready for him.

Pete stopped short when he saw her. She was painting the front porch, in a pair of slacks she'd dug out of the attic, and a paint-smeared shirt. The only reason there was no paint in her hair, was because she had tied her head up in a kerchief. But there was green paint on her hands, and green paint on her face; she'd seen to that.

"Now what?" said Pete, staring.

"The porch was dreadful," she told him brightly, with a cheery wave of her brush that made him jump fast. "So I thought I'd do it, while you were out of the way."

"Oh!" said Pete, taking in the slacks.

Debby painted on gaily. "How's it look, darling?"

"Green," said Pete. He lighted a cigarette and stood watching her.

"You won't get it finished tonight," he said finally, cautiously.

"We can use the back door," she answered. She had carefully locked the back door, before she put the paint on the front porch floor.

"When's dinner?" asked Pete.

"Oh, darling—" She put the old-time shocked horror in her voice. "I never looked at the clock, Pete. I haven't touched a thing for dinner. Can you bear it, or are you starved?"

"I can stir up something," he said, still watching her warily.

Debby made her tone apologetic. "You wouldn't mind phoning for some groceries, would you, dear? Whatever you want for dinner."

"Nope," said Pete, and there was sudden brisk cheer in his voice, too. "Don't you worry about a thing, my darling. You go right ahead with your painting, and I'll tend to the groceries."

Debby stopped in the middle of a stroke to give him a quick dubious glance. He didn't seem annoyed enough at all the mess.

But Pete wasn't looking at her. He was strolling around to the back of the house. And he was whistling as he went. He returned quickly.

"Back door's locked," he reported. "You got the key?"

"It's in my handbag."

"Where's your bag?"

"Oh, Pete," she said. "It's on the hall table."

"Oh," said Pete in his turn. He rocked back and forth, watching her, and he'd begun to whistle again. It made her nervous, to have him taking everything so well.

"Well, I'll go in through a window," Pete said, still sounding pleased with life. He added as he went off, in a careful tone, "Just like old times."

DEBBY waited for him to get inside. It had taken her an hour and a half to get the house all messed up the way it used to be, but she'd done it thoroughly. If there were anything he wanted, she was quite sure he couldn't find it.

Pete didn't come back for quite a while, and she could hear him phoning. And his voice still sounded happy. With slow horror, she realized that nothing was turning out right; he seemed to be delighted with the general confusion. But she never could keep up this sloppy way of living—not any more.

When he did come back around the house, he didn't add to her comfort. He looked her over again.

"You look like a mess," he remarked. "But you look like a woman." Then he reached across an area of green paint, and took hold of her firmly by one ear. "Come out of this," he said.

"My ear!" she protested. She tried pulling, but that felt worse.

"Your ear is the only part of you that's not green paint," Pete said. "Come out of this, Debby."

She took a long step over to bare boards, beside him. But he didn't let go. He just got a better grip, a firm hand on her neck. "Now march," he said, taking her along the steps and around the house.

"What's the matter?" Debby demanded innocently.

"Nothing at all," Pete said, and he sounded that way, too. "Everything's wonderful. I've been trying to find out what was wrong ever since I got home. Now, getting a good look at you this way, I've got hold of the contrast."

"What contrast?"

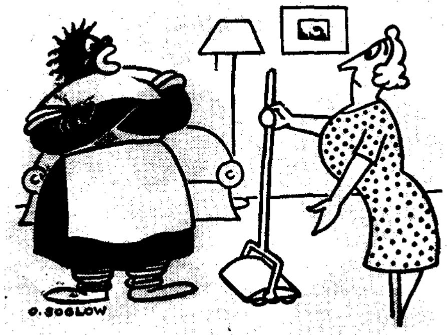
"You baby," Pete said, "dashing from one extreme to the other. Keep walking, darling." His voice was firm but it was tender around the edges, and Debby walked.

HE LED her straight upstairs, and stopped her in front of a basin full of hot water. He pulled off the smeared shirt and dropped it on the floor.

"First, turps," said Pete. He scrubbed her with turpentine, he scrubbed her with soap and water, and she stood still like a little girl, and wondered where her anger had gone. She didn't know where they were headed, but it was all right, because Pete knew.

"You've been home all by yourself, and you got stuck in one gear," Pete said. "You did a swell job, darling, and I was pretty dumb not to catch on sooner to what was wrong. Don't talk, darling." He moved the soap toward her mouth, and she didn't talk.

Finally he stood back, looking her over as she dripped there, wiping his hands on a bath towel. "Now," he said, "I'll give you just ten of those damned efficient minutes of yours, to finish the job."



O. SOGLOW

"—if you'll buy an *extra* $100 War Bond!"

He went away and left her, and he'd got all the paint off, so she only needed six minutes. She put on a thin blue dress, she brushed her hair till the curls tossed loosely, and she left her watch on the bureau.

She went downstairs to him, and there wasn't room for anything in her but joy that broke in bright pieces in her throat.

Pete met her at the foot of the stairs. "You look the way you used to," he said softly. "You look as if nothing mattered, but us."

Debby tried to look back to the past, but it had caught up with her, it was all one time of loving Pete. "Nothing else does matter," she said.

"We'll begin all over again," he told her. "I've just got home."

"And I'll stop my job," she said, offering it to him.

"Work part time," Pete suggested. "Then you'll have everything. Only—you're my wife, first."

He hadn't touched her yet. Now he drew her down the last step, and didn't let her go.

Debby leaned back, looking up at him. "If you're going to wear the pants all the time in this family," she said, smiling slowly at him, "then you've got to make me like it."

"Don't you like it?" he asked her.

She gave a very brief moment to realizing that ever since he'd taken firm hold of her and the situation on the porch, she had let go into contentment. He'd learned a lot, in the war, and she'd have to catch up—but he'd show her how.

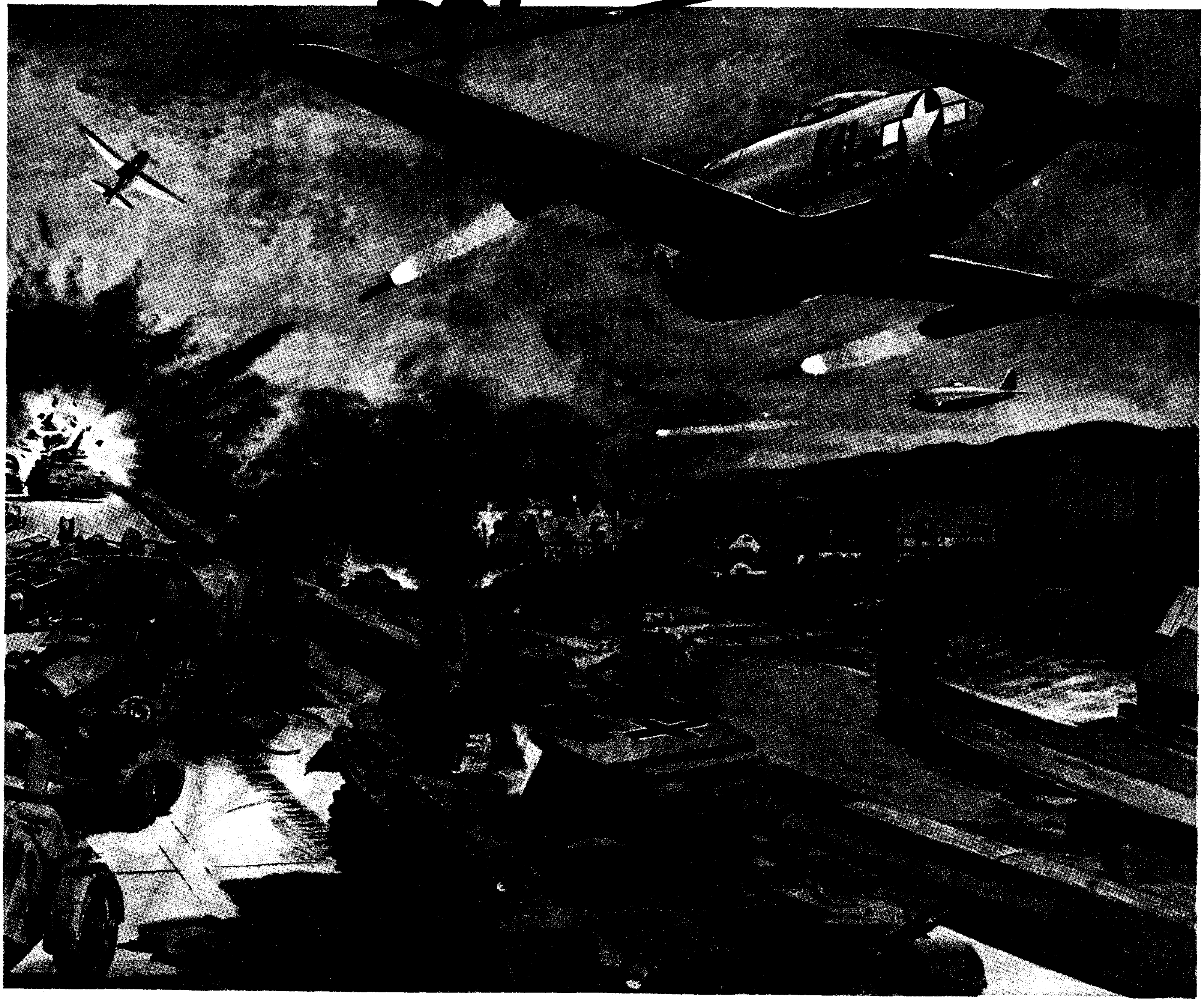
"It's restful to have a man around," she said.

"Oh—it is?" said Pete, tightening his hold.

"No," said Debby, watching his mouth, close above her. "Not restful—just you and me."

THE END

HERE COME THE SKY ROCKETS!



Counterattack! Enemy armored columns lunge desperately toward our lines. Our artillery blasts great holes in their ranks. Yet still they come on! Suddenly the shout is heard, "Here come the sky rockets!" Down . . . down . . . down they dive . . . fighter planes with rocket tubes slung beneath their wings. Now they release their missiles . . . bright flashes of flame streak across the sky . . . the very ground shudders as rockets find their mark. The Axis column falters . . . turns . . . flees. The counterattack is crushed!

FOR many months, Oldsmobile has been working in secret on rocket projectiles for aircraft. Rockets so large and so powerful as to give a fighter plane Fire-Power comparable to a battery of field artillery pieces! Now it can be revealed that these rockets are in production . . . pouring from the Oldsmobile plants *in volume.*

Other types of war equipment built by Oldsmobile include automatic aircraft cannon, cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, high-explosive and armor-piercing shell, precision parts for aircraft engines, forgings for military vehicles . . . high-priority products all, needed on many fronts to keep our fighting men winning!

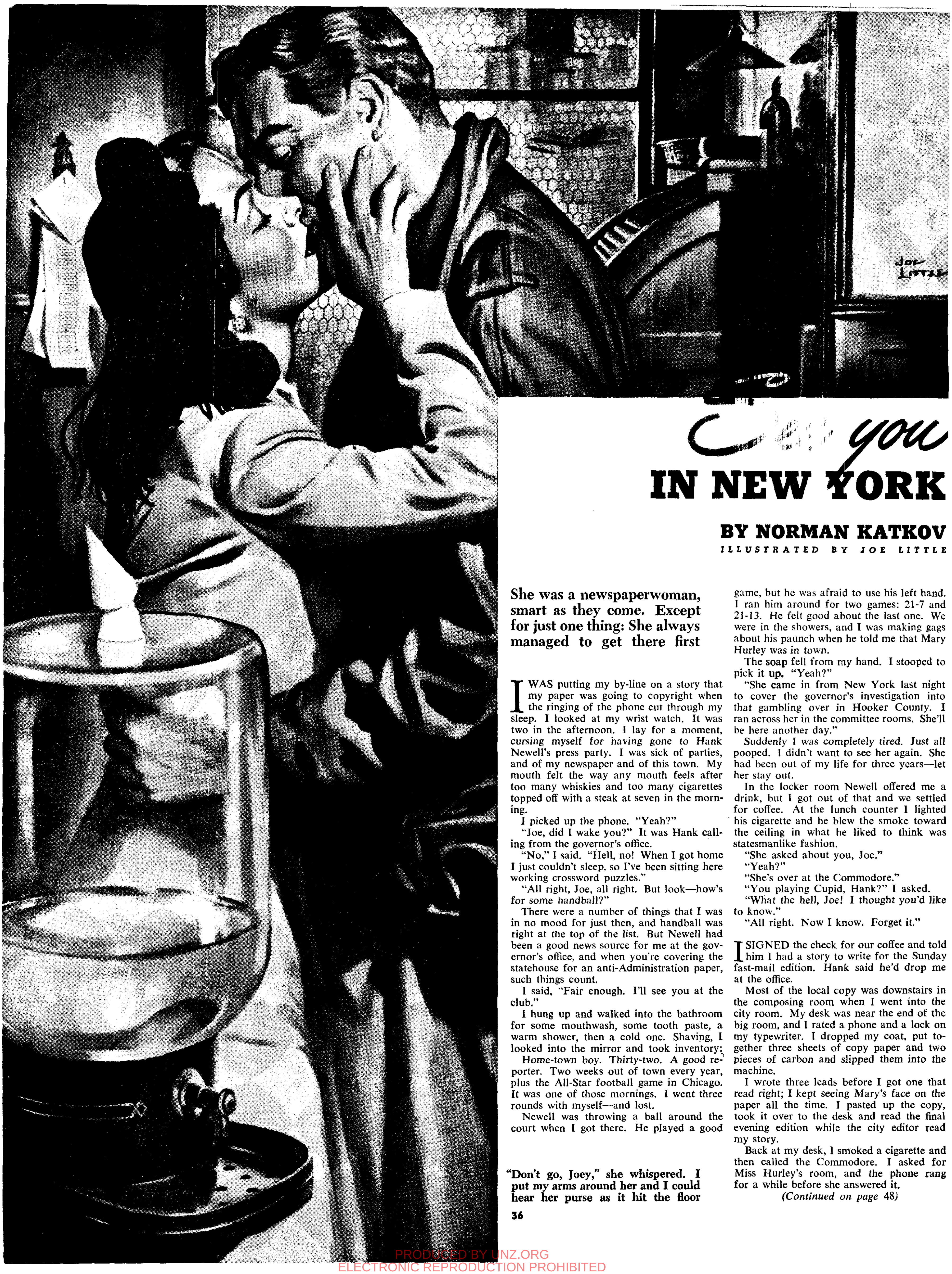
LAUNCH ANOTHER ROCKET!

Put your dollars into the best investment in the world—United States War Bonds—and help provide needed Fire-Power.

BUY ANOTHER BOND!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS! — and that means ROCKETS, too!



See you IN NEW YORK

BY NORMAN KATKOV

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

She was a newspaperwoman, smart as they come. Except for just one thing: She always managed to get there first

I WAS putting my by-line on a story that my paper was going to copyright when the ringing of the phone cut through my sleep. I looked at my wrist watch. It was two in the afternoon. I lay for a moment, cursing myself for having gone to Hank Newell's press party. I was sick of parties, and of my newspaper and of this town. My mouth felt the way any mouth feels after too many whiskies and too many cigarettes topped off with a steak at seven in the morning.

I picked up the phone. "Yeah?"

"Joe, did I wake you?" It was Hank calling from the governor's office.

"No," I said. "Hell, no! When I got home I just couldn't sleep, so I've been sitting here working crossword puzzles."

"All right, Joe, all right. But look—how's for some handball?"

There were a number of things that I was in no mood for just then, and handball was right at the top of the list. But Newell had been a good news source for me at the governor's office, and when you're covering the statehouse for an anti-Administration paper, such things count.

I said, "Fair enough. I'll see you at the club."

I hung up and walked into the bathroom for some mouthwash, some tooth paste, a warm shower, then a cold one. Shaving, I looked into the mirror and took inventory:

Home-town boy. Thirty-two. A good reporter. Two weeks out of town every year, plus the All-Star football game in Chicago. It was one of those mornings. I went three rounds with myself—and lost.

Newell was throwing a ball around the court when I got there. He played a good game, but he was afraid to use his left hand. I ran him around for two games: 21-7 and 21-13. He felt good about the last one. We were in the showers, and I was making gags about his paunch when he told me that Mary Hurley was in town.

The soap fell from my hand. I stooped to pick it up. "Yeah?"

"She came in from New York last night to cover the governor's investigation into that gambling over in Hooker County. I ran across her in the committee rooms. She'll be here another day."

Suddenly I was completely tired. Just all pooped. I didn't want to see her again. She had been out of my life for three years—let her stay out.

In the locker room Newell offered me a drink, but I got out of that and we settled for coffee. At the lunch counter I lighted his cigarette and he blew the smoke toward the ceiling in what he liked to think was statesmanlike fashion.

"She asked about you, Joe."

"Yeah?"

"She's over at the Commodore."

"You playing Cupid, Hank?" I asked.

"*What the hell, Joe! I thought you'd like to know.*"

"All right. Now I know. Forget it."

I SIGNED the check for our coffee and told him I had a story to write for the Sunday fast-mail edition. Hank said he'd drop me at the office.

Most of the local copy was downstairs in the composing room when I went into the city room. My desk was near the end of the big room, and I rated a phone and a lock on my typewriter. I dropped my coat, put together three sheets of copy paper and two pieces of carbon and slipped them into the machine.

I wrote three leads before I got one that read right; I kept seeing Mary's face on the paper all the time. I pasted up the copy, took it over to the desk and read the final evening edition while the city editor read my story.

Back at my desk, I smoked a cigarette and then called the Commodore. I asked for Miss Hurley's room, and the phone rang for a while before she answered it.

(Continued on page 48)

"Don't go, Joey," she whispered. I put my arms around her and I could hear her purse as it hit the floor

ELGINS..BORN OF A FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP NEEDED ELSEWHERE TODAY

Naturally, Elgin . . . with its craftsmen long experienced in the making of precision timepieces . . . with a factory that's the largest fine watch factory in the world . . . was early called upon for service in America's war effort.

Elgin skills and equipment could produce many types of timing devices and precision instruments needed by our fighting forces on land, on sea and in the air.

Wholeheartedly doing *that* essential work, Elgin has been unable to replenish its jeweler-friends' stocks of these fine American-made watches for men and women.

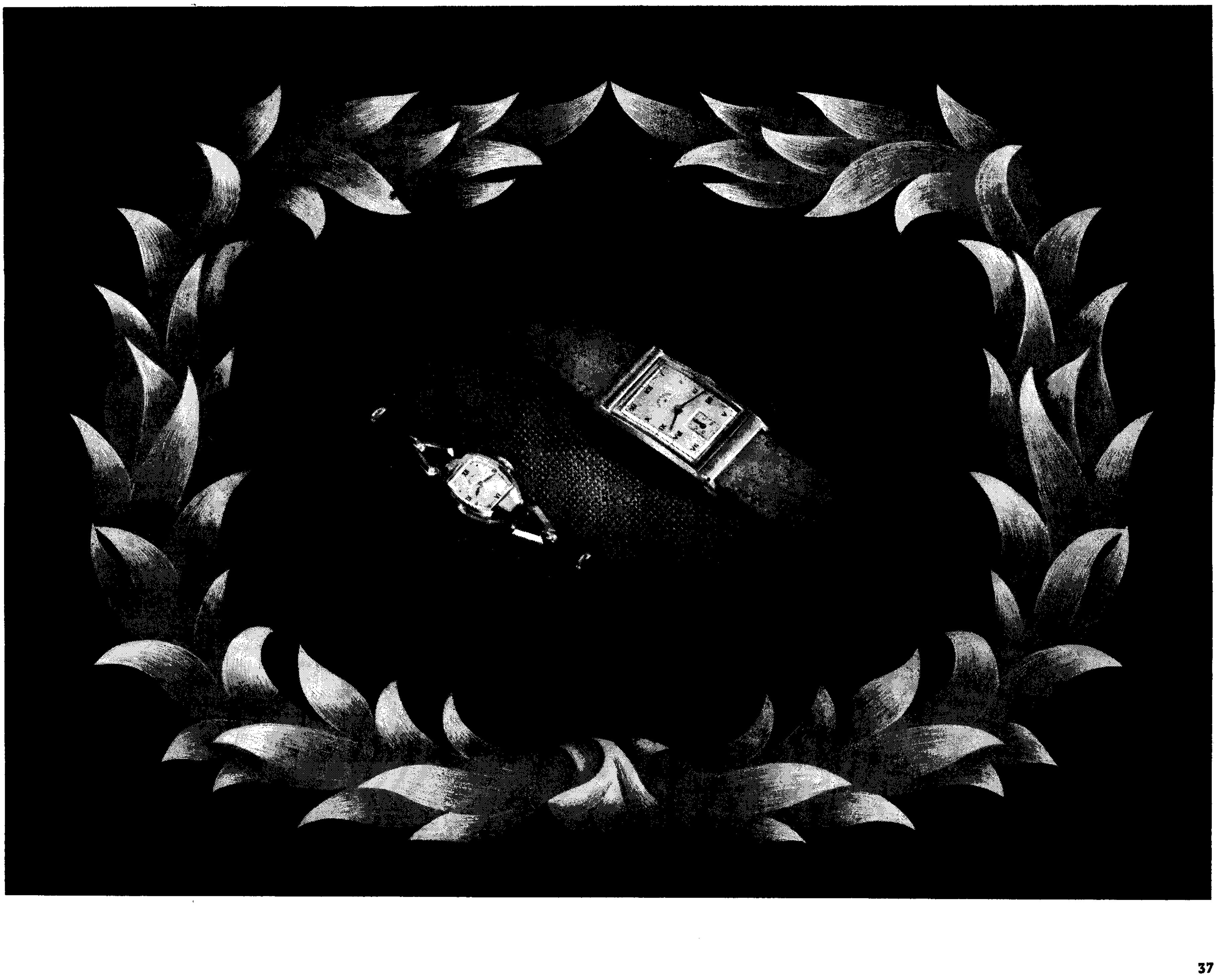
You'll see plenty of foreign-made watches trying to take the place of the Elgins whose reputation you know and respect. But hold fast to your desire for a truly superb watch. There are still *some* Elgins available and you may be able to find one.

If you can't, remember this: When victory is won, Elgin craftsmen will again devote their skills to the creation of watches distinctively styled and certain to advance the Elgin tradition for precision accuracy. *You'll be glad you waited for an Elgin.* Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Illinois.

New radio show — "Keep Up With the World With Elgin" — Sunday nights, 10:30 EWT — the Blue Network

ELGIN

America's own Distinctive Watch Word since 1865



IF IT'S FRIGIDAIRE
IT'S DEPENDABLE

"The war has proved how wise we were to choose a Frigidaire Range and Refrigerator!"

Make Food Fight for Freedom
by Keeping
the Home-Front Pledge

Frigidaire is proud of the millions of Frigidaire products, made in peacetime, now serving their users so well, so dependably, in so many helpful ways.

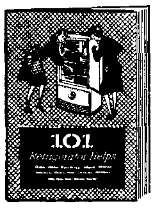
Never before was *the faithful service* of your range and refrigerator more important. For now, when food fights for Freedom, all of us must make our share go farther, last longer.

In millions of homes Frigidaire Refrigerators, by preventing food spoilage, are guarding family health ...reducing waste. While Frigidaire Electric Ranges help their users serve more nutritious meals and save them many hours for other tasks.

Even more important — they're giving this help *dependably*. Hundreds of letters tell us that now, when they're needed most, these ranges and refrigerators are providing the same reliability day in and day out which other Frigidaire products are giving in so many homes and business establishments throughout the land.

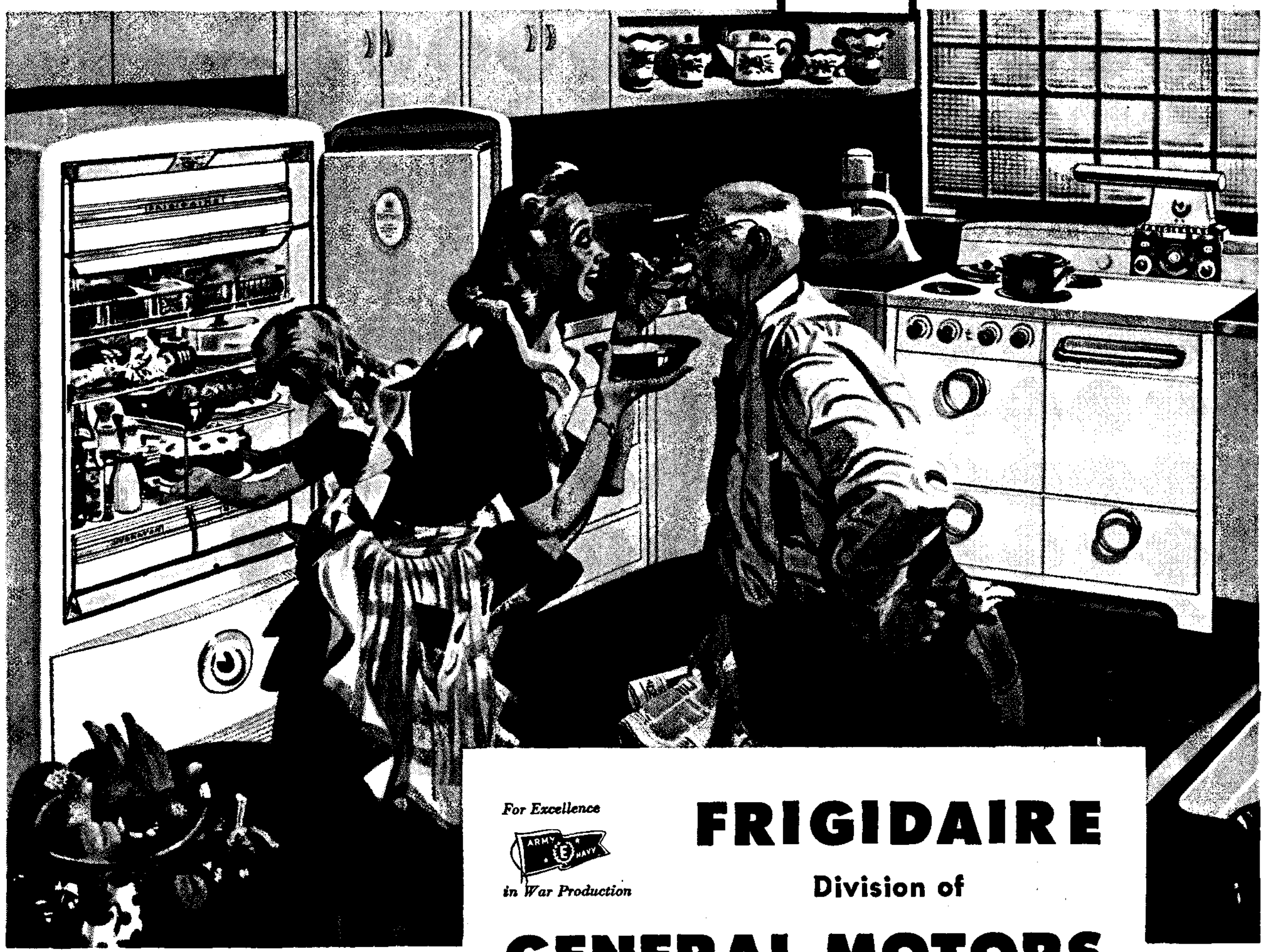
To continue to make Frigidaire products America's first choice is our goal for the future. Plans for this have already been worked out in detail. Their fulfillment must await final Victory. But one thing is certain: *There will be more and better Frigidaire products for more people — and in their making, more jobs for more men!*

Get This Free Booklet From Your Frigidaire Dealer!



"101 Refrigerator Helps" — filled with helpful new hints! For the users of every make of refrigerator! 36 pages of timely tips on the care and use of your refrigerator! Get your free copy from any Frigidaire Dealer. Look for his Frigidaire store sign; find his name in classified telephone book; or write Frigidaire, 272 Taylor St., Dayton 1, O. In Canada, address 118 Commercial Rd., Leaside 12, Ont.

Listen to
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
Every Sunday Afternoon, NBC Network



Working together as a team, under today's difficult conditions, the Frigidaire factory and a nationwide organization of dealers and servicemen are safeguarding the dependability of all Frigidaire products, including Refrigerators and Electric Ranges like these.

For Excellence
in War Production

FRIGIDAIRE
Division of
GENERAL MOTORS

Peacetime builders of
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS • RANGES • WATER HEATERS
HOME FREEZERS • ICE CREAM CABINETS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS
BEVERAGE, MILK AND WATER COOLERS

Close Call at Leyte

Continued from page 11

the first beachhead. Thousands of G.I.s in sweat-soaked greens were tugging and hauling ashore more thousands of tons of ammunition and supplies.

"Just look at that," the general said. He stopped to point around him with the stem of his corncob pipe. "This is what I dreamed about that night I had to leave Manila. This is what I envisioned over at Bataan and when I was ordered out of Corregidor. This speed-up of our campaign to avenge Corregidor and Bataan and to give freedom to the Filipinos could only have come through unceasing work by American G.I.s—just like this."

We walked along a few steps farther in silence. He began again: "There's just no other army in the world that could have jumped its schedule ahead the way these boys did—to have brought along everything we originally planned we'd need."

"Did we have all the ships the Navy promised you for the later operations?" I asked.

"Yes, we did. How Admiral Kinkaid and his staff did it I'll never know. You've got to hand it to the Navy for putting us back in here. Nobody but average American Army and Navy G.I.s can claim the full credit for making this Philippines invasion.

"Without the supply job these boys did, all the planning my staff and I might have done or the ideas we might have had never could have been completed. I take my hat off to G.I. Joe afloat and ashore," and he took off his battered, leaf-encrusted cap—the one he wore at Corregidor—and waved it at some surprised boys who'd just landed from an LCVP. They got quite a kick out of finding MacArthur on the beach ahead of them, his pants soaked from wading ashore.

What actually had happened to put him securely back in the Philippines was this: One of the MacArthur plans was to follow the invasions at Palau and Morotai by medium-sized operations northward. This would have given Lieutenant General George C. Kenney's Far East Air Force land-based planes a series of fields from which to cover the then programmed major invasion of Mindanao. The invasion of this southernmost of the Philippine islands would also have been supported by a small number of CVEs—the small-sized aircraft carriers—acting as a screen to prevent planes from Luzon from attacking the landing force.

The next stage called for the establishment of more airfields in southern Mindanao, from which to inch safely northward under the umbrella of land-based bombers and attack planes. Leyte Gulf was programmed all right, but some months away. This was the old-school, "safe way" of returning to the Philippines.

How Americans Fight

But all this was changed. In less than ten days, MacArthur had several choices worked out. He picked the most daring, and his action is indicative of the way Americans have fought from the day of our War of Independence. We've always taken advantage of the breaks. And the break in this Philippines invasion came in mid-September.

It developed out of the diversionary and protecting air action Admiral Halsey's carrier-borne planes gave to the Palau invasion. Halsey and his carrier striking force worked over the Jap air bases and harbors from the southern string of Jap islands, across Formosa, and right on down through northern Luzon to the central Philippines area, and it is air history that these carrier pilots tallied over 1,000 planes, nearly 200 Jap merchant ships and a few small war vessels.

This air blow was so crushing when analyzed by Halsey on his mid-Pacific flagship that he immediately queried Admiral Nimitz and suggested that now was the time to keep slugging the Jap in the Philippines. He had the Jap air force groggy. Why wait two or three months longer before trying to get into the central Philippines? "Keep punching" is "Bull" Halsey's motto. He argued: Why wait and have to do it all over again? The idea was studied by Nimitz and MacArthur and quickly submitted to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington. It was accepted as sound, with only one "if." That was: If General MacArthur and Admiral Kinkaid of the Seventh Fleet felt they could speed up their preparations and be ready to go.

Admiral Daniel E. Barbey, one of the original American amphibious warfare experts who helped plan the North African invasion and who, up to the Philippines invasion, had pulled off fifteen successful landings in the Southwest Pacific, was called back from his Morotai operation by destroyer and plane. Could he stage this invasion based on guerrilla and naval air information? And if he felt it could be staged now, quickly, how many rehearsals would the men need?

Uncle Dan is as aggressive as Bull Halsey and a man with long-range vision who said: "The Navy can land any body of troops and their supplies anywhere in the Pacific today and get them ashore—and that goes for Japan. From there on, it's the timing and the G.I.s' fighting ability that will determine whether he stays ashore."

Kinkaid, Barbey, Lieutenant General Walter Krueger, commanding the Sixth Army, and General MacArthur were bothered by only one thing: air support for so great an undertaking. To jump 1,500 miles to the central Philippines now meant they'd have to go without General Kenney's Fifth and Thirteenth air support until they were able to get sufficient air strips to handle the long-range fighters and bombers. Until then, the invasion fleet and force would be at the mercy of Jap land-based planes from Formosa, Borneo and Hainan, unless the Navy could put in enough large and small carriers to keep the Jap back for nearly twenty-five days. Well, hadn't Secretary of the Navy Forrestal said we have over one hundred carriers in the Pacific? That should be enough to hold the Jap counterattack back for ten days before the invasion, seven days after the first landings, after which some of the air strips should be ready, and another eight or ten days following until land-based day and night fighters plus medium and heavy bombers could pick up the offensive from the carrier pilots.

A KISS WITH EACH $100 BOND
G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

"Buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

This strategy was viewed in naval headquarters as the most daring maneuver in the history of naval or amphibious warfare, but Nimitz and Halsey felt they could pull it off. MacArthur had full confidence that, once ashore, his G.I.s would handle themselves so expertly they'd have the landing strips ready on schedule. In other words, MacArthur and Halsey put themselves out on the end of a 1,500-mile limb, and the Japs had a fifty-fifty or better chance of cutting them off.

The combined American forces depended on surprise and upon the knowledge that the Japs expected MacArthur to land on Mindanao, 500 miles south of where this Leyte blow would come. The Filipino guerrillas under Colonel Kangleon in Leyte and Samar were queried on the size of the Jap force in his area. Kangleon reported something over one large Jap division, or about 24,000 Japs, of which perhaps one half were service troops. Lieutenant General Shiro Makina was the commanding officer, and MacArthur had a personal score to settle with him for the brutal march from Bataan. This Leyte area was open to the sea and also the weakest Jap-held spot at which to hit.

If the MacArthur-Nimitz-Kinkaid force got away with this, it was admitted, in the close circle of planners, that the war colleges would be rewriting their tactical courses.

Admiral Nimitz supplied Halsey with the heaviest U.S. Fleet force, including carriers, that ever sailed any ocean. He gave Kinkaid the largest number of CVEs ever put in one spot to cover the actual invasion and do the first ten days' air-cover job. A rough estimate shows that at the height of the invasion fighting, the United States had some 1,500 carrier-borne planes fighting and available for action. Halsey's job was to keep the Imperial Jap fleet north of Luzon and to ground and wreck Jap planes and shipping beginning ten days before MacArthur hit the beach.

The Navy Hits the Jack Pot

Halsey's total from October 9th to Invasion Day, October 19th, was over 1,200 Jap planes, making a grand total of some 2,400 Japanese planes since the pre-Palau attacks, up through the actual Philippines invasion. The grand total of Jap planes destroyed since Palau runs well over 3,000, and no nation can afford to lose that many in a month and a half. In addition, Kinkaid was given six battleships, two of which were newly refurnished from the bottom of Pearl Harbor and anxious to redeem themselves.

The plans progressed at Hollandia, New Guinea, and just before mid-October, ships began to stream out of Humboldt Bay and other areas. Admiral A. D. Struble, just out here from Normandy, took the first force into Leyte Gulf three days before Invasion Day to remove mine fields and underwater obstructions—the Navy's most dangerous mission. He landed the first of the MacArthur forces to secure the landing convoys against Jap electrical signal devices and island shore batteries, and on October 19th our neck was 'way out over the Philippines.

You know the story of the cleverly executed Jap southern fleet action, this traditional Jap maneuver of keeping behind a screen of islands and then coming out to pounce upon a supposedly befuddled enemy like the Russians of 1904-1905. But neither Kinkaid nor Halsey lost sight of the southern fleet or the northern Imperial fleet.

We ashore knew what the result would be if the Jap cruisers and battleships coming through the San Bernardino Strait got in among our carriers, or if other Nip ships of the line got out on the Pacific side of the Surigao Strait where they could systematically shell every cubic centimeter of water and every inch of shore where hundreds of Liberty Ships, LSTs and other transports were unloading the men and equipment we needed to contend with the more than 225,000 Nips who are opposing us throughout all the islands. If the southern Jap fleet clipped Kinkaid, and if Halsey's northern force couldn't keep the Jap carriers behind the Jap Okinawa islands, we on the beach were clay pigeons.

On the night preceding the battle of Surigao Strait and Leyte Gulf we thought the Nips would attempt to attack during the night or early dawn.

I got aboard a Navy PT (patrol torpedo) boat just at sunset and we headed down south from Tacloban to the Surigao Strait. All we had between us and the Jap fleet was a few torpedoes, some rapid-fire antiaircraft and machine guns and our plywood hull. But it wasn't to be our lot to get the first crack at Hirohito's destroyers, cruisers and battleships that came the next night.

Our contribution to the Jap defeat—if any—was to spot many swift-moving shadows which we couldn't contact except electrically, probably Jap PT boats on reconnaissance just as we were. As we'd hug the coast before patrolling the twelve miles of the strait to the tip of Mindanao, Jap blinkers, like fireflies on the hillsides beside us, would flash signals to someone somewhere regarding our whereabouts. All night long we'd fire flares to catch sight of Jap PT boats, but no luck. We stopped any number of Filipino sailboats and searched them carefully for Jap observers or spies carrying messages of our strength to Jap intelligence officers south of

WEAREVER
Zenith

WEAREVER
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
14K

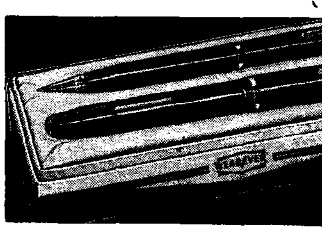
By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

$1.95

TELESCOPE PRECISION
achieves effortless smo-o-oth writing

A triumph of precision and design! That is the brilliant Wearever Zenith pen. Its workmanship has been compared to the precision with which an astronomer's telescope is blueprinted, machined, assembled. Examine its 14-carat gold point...its exclusive "C-Flow" feed...observe its sleek beauty. Then feel the revelation of its easy smo-o-oth writing. Made by David Kahn, Inc. (Established 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in fine gift box $2.75



Shoulder Muscles Sore

from unusual exercise?

For prompt relief rub in

Absorbine Jr.

Don't let the misery of muscles sore from unusual exercise make you feel mean and grouchy. Get gratifying relief as thousands have done for over 50 years. Rub sore muscles with cooling, invigorating Absorbine Jr. Use just a few drops! Rub in well. Soon you feel a mild, pleasant "glow"—pain and stiffness ease. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy—at all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts

For Christmas

Smokemaster

The Pipe that sidetracks moisture

Any pipe smoker will appreciate your thoughtfulness in giving a Smokemaster. For this pipe is truly exceptional . . . Offers a feature no other pipe has. Smokemaster *sidetracks moisture from the smoke passage.* A pipe cleaner in the stem absorbs the moisture as fast as it forms. Smoke is never contaminated by harsh, biting juices. The fine flavor of the tobacco is enjoyed at its very best.

Why not select your gift Smokemasters now? Many handsome models of native briar at leading dealers.

Pat. No. 2,166,537

Smokemaster, Custom-made $1.50
Smokemaster, Standard $1.00

In all popular models. At leading dealers

Briarcraft, Inc., 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

us. We found some suspicious-looking and -acting Filipinos, but the other Filipinos on these slovenly boats maintained that they were loyal. We found no messages on paper on these ragged sailors, so we let them go.

At dawn we returned to Leyte Gulf with a tense, high-voltage feeling generated out of blinker lights, shadows blacker than the night and unwarranted number of these native craft moving stealthily about.

Eighteen hours later, the Jap lightning struck. We watched the great flashes from the south all night long. At the same time Jap planes bombed and strafed Tacloban, Palo and the ships in the harbor. As the critical twenty-four hours arrived, would the carrier-based planes be able to withstand and fight off the traditionally superior land-based air attacks supported by enemy seapower?

All next day, October 24th, over at the narrow peninsula air-strip across the bay from Tacloban, tired but fighting-mad carrier pilots flung their planes down across the bumpy, almost unusable runway. They had to, even though the Army engineers hadn't anywhere nearly finished working on it. All of our American carriers were under close Jap naval gunfire and air attack. Some of the carriers were crippled and two were officially admitted sunk. The bleary-eyed boys off these carriers braked their planes to a dusty halt, hauled themselves out and pleaded for bombs, ammunition and gasoline. Everyone, including correspondents, pulled, wheeled, dragged and lifted until our backs nearly broke.

Generals of the Front Line

General Kenney was working right alongside. He was a one-man Far East Air Force, representing his boys down in New Guinea awaiting the all-clear signal to get up here to help us. General Kenney, covered with dust and grime, was a driving force along that beach-edge air-strip all day and half the night. He handled gas supply and kept the shoestring strip free when planes crashed. He directed the filling up of bomb craters when we were attacked, which was only seventeen times that day. Kenney kept men on their feet when they thought they couldn't lift another ounce of gas or ammunition. Right alongside him was Major General Mitchell, U.S.M.C., the Marine general who led the Marine pilots down in the Solomons. The Marines had their man on the job, too.

"You couldn't have an operation without the Marines," he shouted during a brief lull.

Everyone shouted even when there was no roar of motors. General Mitchell was field operations officer, getting the planes in and off in a semblance of order; advising the pilots, calming them down as much as he could when things got bollixed up. These carrier boys would take off from their flat-tops, attack the Jap warships less than fifteen miles away, until out of ammunition, then streak for our air-strip. There we'd pull the flak and bullets out of them, bandage up the pilots, reload the guns, tack on bombs, and the red-eyed boys would somehow get those stubby, clumsy-looking planes in the air and back out again to take another crack at the Nip fleet. If possible they'd land on a carrier and then repeat the performance. It was these flat-top pilots—the boys from the half-pint carriers—who turned the trick.

"If it hadn't been for those fighter-bomber pilots and their crews, and those steady G.I.s and everyone else ashore along that air-strip and those ack-ack guns," Admiral Kinkaid told us on his flagship next day, "it could have been drastically serious—and I don't mean maybe."

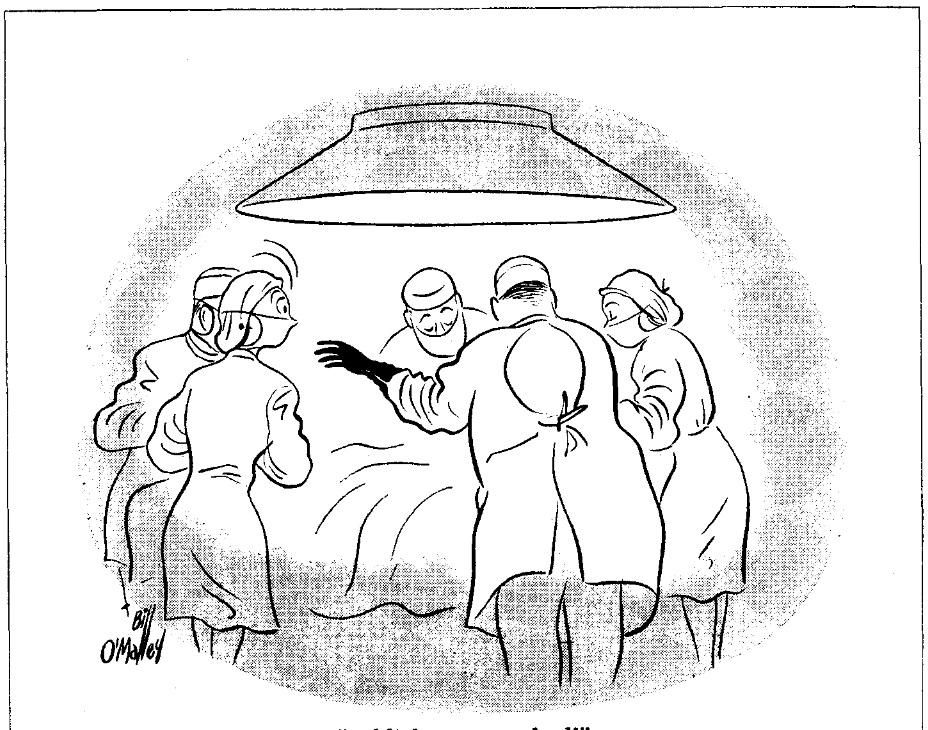
No one said much about the seriousness of it all during those hectic two days of the 24th and 25th, but there wasn't a person in the area who wasn't offering a short prayer between shorter breaths, either from working to keep those planes in the air or racing to the nearest foxhole. We knew if the Japs clipped us here, our return to the Philippines wouldn't be pulled off again for months. If we won this battle of Leyte Gulf and could cripple this southern segment of the Jap fleet, it might mean we would be sitting in Hirohito's driver's seat a lot sooner than planned.

This feeling of uncertainty, even in the highest quarters, continued right on up to the time the Mosquitoes, the night fighters, the A-20s and the long-distance bombers began to rumble in. You could hear thousands of Filipino-Americans cheer when the first B-17 roared low over Tacloban circling for its tricky cross-wind landing on the G.I. elongated strip.

What happened aboard the carriers and cruisers and battleships only sixty-five miles off Leyte Gulf is the heroic story of the boys who sat there and took it for a while and then began to dish it out. I know what it feels like to be in the middle, and it doesn't feel good. I had no responsibility. MacArthur and Kinkaid must have felt worse. But Nimitz, Kinkaid and MacArthur, aided by their advisers, knew what they were doing when they took the long chance and coolly tagged the Nips out—Halsey to Kinkaid to MacArthur in the season's most agile triple play.

All the devices used to make this invasion take hold on the beach: (1) The combination of Central Pacific and Southwest Pacific invasion landing techniques; (2) the direct frontal attack instead of in-line transport unloading tactics; (3) the full-daylight H-Hour and many other differences from the usual technique, although successfully pulled off by Uncle Dan Barbey's Seventh Amphibious Force, are dwarfed by the Naval battle and the speedy cleanup of the demoralized Jap forces on the islands of Leyte and Samar—springboard for what's to come Manilaward.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Niblick—er—scalpel!" BILL O'MALLEY

It's holiday time . . . a time that calls for the very finest in wines. Widmer's stocks are insufficient to fill all demands . . . but here's hoping you'll find what you want.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

BLAZING WITH MORE BRILLIANCE

Ecstasy $300†

The extra brilliance of Multi-Facet Diamonds is achieved by forty extra light-reflecting facets. To see Multi-Facet Diamonds is to know they are epic. To possess one, is to surpass a dream. Yet Multi-Facet Diamonds cost no more than many which seem pallid by contrast.

- Multi-Facet Diamond Rings, $75 to $7,500,† tax included.
- Send for "The Story of a Diamond", Postage 10¢

*MULTI-FACET**
40 EXTRA FACETS
DIAMONDS

LOUIS A. ROSELAAR CO., 551 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 17
Four Generations of Diamond Cutters
*Pat. U. S. Pat. Off. Entire Contents Copyrighted

Porky is a Clown

Continued from page 24

To get back to Porky: He hasn't the look of intelligence you'll find in the eyes of a well-trained dog. In fact, Porky looks pretty stupid. His eyes are dull and black. But somewhere behind them lies intellect of a sort. One evening Slim was romping with him. During their tussle, a quill got into Slim's arm. He felt the slight prick of it and started to pull it out. But Porky beat him to it. The little fellow grabbed Slim's arm in his front feet and went to work on the quill. Slim says Porky worked so gently he did not feel it. Porky extracted the quill, gave Slim a look of reassurance and went on with his playing. Nearly everyone finds this hard to believe, but Slim swears it's the truth.

One Saturday evening Slim carried Porky down and put him in the window of the hardware store. In the window was a sand pile and a child's wheelbarrow. Porky immediately noticed the crowd gathering outside the window, so he proceeded to put on a show for them. He picked the toy wheelbarrow as a stage prop. He would climb into the barrow and it would turn over with him. Slim would set it back upright. Porky would try to climb into it again. Tiring of that, he did one of his best and clumsiest dances.

The first time I tried to photograph Porky I posed him against a grass background. He went through his whole bag of tricks but the pictures were failures because his dark coat blended with the background. A week later I returned and posed him against a light background. Porky ate a slice of bread, nursed from his eye dropper, played with the cat and put on a show.

When the last film was exposed, Porky was placed back in his cage where he proceeded to give us a rehearsal of new stuff he'd acquired, but not quite perfected. First he sat up and began twisting the upper part of his body, making a friendly little sound as he did so. He lost his balance and fell flat on his back. The upper portion of his body he tried to twist to the left, the lower to the right. The results were sidesplitting. After a couple of minutes, Porky decided something was wrong, so he turned his whole body the same way at the same time and got back on his feet. And when we reluctantly left him, he sat up and seemed to be trying to tell us to wait a jiffy until he showed us his other stunts.

Slim has had a score of cash offers for Porky, but the little fellow is definitely not for sale.

The End

They Got a Song

Continued from page 13

liberal causes and ambitious social products, the "Yipper," as he has been called since childhood on New York's East Side, finds it very easy to harden his economic cushion to a point of downright misery. He enlarged the hazard of the work on Bloomer Girl by turning down a fortune in free-lance offers, any of which would have softened his cushion no end. But Bloomer Girl was "the baby." It had to be finished. It was costing him money, time, sweat and tears.

With pressure thus established, Harburg's desperation mounted as he and Arlen met at each other's houses more frequently. It was quite casual at first, but approximated a frenzy when they passed the "nibbling" stage and matched phrases of notes against phrases of words.

If you would know which comes first, lyric or tune, you'll not find out from the Harburg-Arlen collaboration. The nightmare was often too confusing to recall. In their case, as in most others, it depended upon the type of song. A straight number will inspire either, while the power of a lyric will always strengthen a melody, and a beauteous melody will move a lyricist to outdo himself. In Bloomer Girl the music for Welcome Hinges, When the Boys Come Home, and It Was Good Enough for Grandma was inspired by the titles and a single agreement on the rhyming meter.

Harburg began song writing later than Arlen, but he has telescoped almost as many triumphs into the shorter period. "Yipsel" was born under the shadow of New York's elevated lines. He knew poverty and squalor while he struggled through P.S. 63, yet he had time to write essays and verses for his school publication. He sold newspapers and lighted street lamps to support himself while attending Townsend Harris High, where he wrote for the Academic Herald in addition to a column for the neighborhood paper, Tompkins Square News.

He toiled his way through New York's City College, contributed to F.P.A.'s column, and went into business. After losing several hundred thousand dollars made in the electrical appliance business just before the 1929 market crash, he turned over a new leaf.

"I had my fill of this dreamy abstract thing called business," he explains, "and I decided to face reality by writing lyrics."

He met Jay Gorney, the composer, and turned out his first songs. Earl Carroll liked them and signed both to do The Sketch Book, which not only opened but clicked. Two days later he was signed by Paramount Pictures as a lyric writer. Thereafter came a string of successes, topped by the stirring song of the 1932 depression, Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—which came right from the Yipper's wounded soul.

Harburg met Arlen in 1934 during J. P. McEvoy's third edition of Americana, and they collaborated on the popular Satan's Li'l Lamb. They hooked up again in Life Begins At 8:40, Ed Wynn's Hooray For What, and, in Hollywood, on the Wizard of Oz and Cabin In the Sky.

"That Cabin picture," the Yipper chuckles. "It's given us more pleasure and revenge—"

"And misery," Arlen adds stoically.

"We wrote a swell number for that picture," Harburg explains. "Worked hard on it, and they threw it out. I got indignant and demanded the song back. They practically threw it at me and might have thrown me with it."

"Then we started the struggle again," Arlen sighs. "Revamping and stewing, arguments, headaches—is it all worth it?"

"How do you like that?" Harburg mutters. "We put this discarded number I Got a Song, in 'the baby.' It's stopping the show every night, and he asks: Is it worth it?"

The End

I Am a Very Descript Man

I am such a dolent man,
I eptly work, each day;
My acts are all becilic,
I've just ane things to say.

My nerves are strung, my hair
is kempt,
I'm gusting and I'm span;
I look with dain on everyone
And am a pudent man.

I travel cognito and make
A delible impression;
I overcome a slight chalance
With gruntled self-possession.

My dignation would be great
If I should digent be;
I trust that my vagance will bring
An astrous life for me.

—Leonard Switzer

77
Frederic Stanley

The team's gotta keep in shape!

You bet it has! After all, a cold or sore throat can play hobb with a flashy quarter-back or a watch-charm guard. So, at the first symptom of trouble, it's Listerine Antiseptic—quick; the coach says so, and there's sound logic behind the decision.

Tests made during a 12 year period showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

This impressive record is due, we believe, to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to kill millions of the potentially troublesome germs associated with colds and sore throat. Doctors call them the "secondary invaders." When body resistance is low they can frequently stage a mass invasion of throat tissue and cause much of the misery and discomfort you associate with a cold.

It is the business of Listerine Antiseptic to attack these germs on mouth and throat surfaces...to help halt such mass invasions before they can cause trouble. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

So, remember! When you feel a cold coming on gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It may spare you a nasty and prolonged siege of discomfort.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

A GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE AROUND
WHEN COLDS AND SORE THROAT THREATEN

The Right Point for the way you write

HAND PICK YOUR POINT FROM 33 NUMBERED STYLES

The world's leading pen makers present 33 numbered Esterbrook Renew-Point styles for personal, precision selection and easy replacement. *Trust your hand* to know which of the 33 Esterbrook point styles *precisely* fits the way you write. And when you have found the right point for your Esterbrook Fountain Pen, you can depend on it for a long life of writing satisfaction. Quality and durability are built into every Esterbrook Pen by craftsmen expert in precision pen making.

NOTE: *Wartime conditions make it impossible for your dealer to maintain a complete stock of Esterbrook Pens and Renew-Points. If you can't find your favorite point number today, it is worth waiting for.*

THE ESTERBROOK PEN CO.
Camden, N. J.

Canadian Representatives
The Brown Brothers, Ltd., Toronto

TO SELECT OR RENEW..HERE'S ALL YOU DO

33 NUMBERED POINTS

Esterbrook
RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

could wear my glasses, so I would wear them to the line until I learned in what order we would fly; then if I were to fly toward the end of the day, I would take my lenses out, and just before my time came I would duck out of sight for a moment and put them back in.

"However, the Wolf and I soon parted company. On my third ride with him—the first two were not so good—I neglected to fasten my safety belt. Mr. Bryan, definitely displeased with my efforts to hold 500-feet traffic altitude, jammed the nose down where it belonged, with a catapulting effect on me because of my unfastened safety belt. I reached for everything in the cockpit and for a split second I was more out of the cockpit than in. But the next day, when it happened again, he decided he couldn't be responsible for any more debates betwixt me and gravity, especially at traffic altitude.

"In a few days I was up for my first elimination check ride with Squadron Commander Dick Weeks. Maybe Mr. Weeks could feel how eager I was; I don't know. But he did a very unprecedented thing: He soloed me on my elimination ride. Happy day! At last I was an eagle!

The Ideal Instructor

"I was transferred to another instructor and then sent back to Mr. Weeks for being too tense and unable to absorb instructions. But liking Mr. Weeks, I could fly for him, and so again he passed me. The third time I came up to him for elimination was after my first solo trip out of the traffic pattern. It seems that I'd committed all offenses possible. I was caught dogfighting with two other cadets, got lost and was one and a half hours late in returning to the field, then came in and ground looped on my landing.

"So Mr. Weeks and I had another ride. But for some reason, I could fly the pants off that plane when he was in the front cockpit. When we got down from the third elimination ride, he told me there was no point in my coming to him every three or four days for elimination rides. From now on, I was to be his student, and every ride was to be a check ride, and if I ever got lost, did any more damage to another airplane, and didn't show progress every ride, I was automatically out. Just before graduation he sent me up with the Group Commander, Mr. John H. Allen, to see what he thought of my flying. He was a nice guy, too, and I could fly for him, and when I finally left Primary, I was recommended as a satisfactory student.

"Then it was off to Basic Flying Training and Cochran Field, Macon, Georgia.

"By now I could wear my contact lenses four hours at a time with pretty good efficiency. I started out with a bang at Basic, and almost ended with a bang. I was the second student in the entire class to solo the basic trainer. I didn't think I was a hot pilot; I thought I was a red-hot pilot, but a very cautious one, because in Basic, if one had the slightest accident, he had to report to the eye surgeon for a complete examination, and I wanted no more to do with eye doctors.

"All went well until we started night flying. The night we were scheduled for our first night flight, my group was flying afternoons. We had cross-countries scheduled for the afternoon, so I had to wear my contact glasses all that time. Then because they wanted to get us right back on the flight line for night flying, I was unable to get to my barracks to take off my glasses. I had supper with them on and went back to the flight line, hoping to take them off there. But my name was on the board to ferry a BT off to the Auxiliary field.

"Things were getting foggy. I had worn my contacts now for six hours. As I did not know with which instructor I would fly or when, I couldn't take a chance on removing my glasses to rest my eyes. I didn't start my flying until eleven P.M.

"Everything was wrong. I had a new instructor, the lights in my cockpit wouldn't work, and the radio would function only spasmodically. The instructor chewed me out, and I became quite upset. After circling in our zone for forty-five minutes, we came down to shoot landings. I made three passes at the field, and each time the instructor had to take over to keep me from piling up the plane. On the third landing, we stopped. I fervently hoped he wouldn't solo me, although I hardly saw how he could after the poor ride I had given him. Yet he said, 'You can go up solo if you'd like to, but I don't recommend it.'

"I still don't know who said, 'I'd like to try it, sir,' but there I was, parked on the end of the runway, waiting for the tower to clear me and send me to my zone. I flew to my zone and required altitude strictly on instruments. I was circling, when out of the night an Army bomber appeared, coming straight at me. With a short prayer (a very short prayer for there wasn't time for more), I dumped the nose in a steep dive to miss it, and then made a cautious recovery. Ground fog started rolling in between me and the field. This was too much. I decided to go down and take my chances on getting into the field without colliding with any other of the nineteen planes in their zones and in the traffic pattern.

"While on the approach for my landing, my prayer was a long one, and it must have been a good one, for I made a perfect landing. I called the tower and told them by radio that the lights and the ground fog were just a bit too much for me. They told me to stay on the ground; flying had been called off. I actually felt weak with relief to be on the ground again and still alive.

"Well, I finished Basic. My 20/100 eyes and I were ready for Advanced Training. Advanced was to be at Marianna, Florida. Right now I could see my wings and bars and, for the first time, I really believed my goal would be achieved. Prior to my first instruction ride at Marianna I had to take another physical, but the boys said this was not a tough one, and I was quite sure I could get through.

"Again the first test was on my eyes. I read the chart—vision 20/15 (so they thought) and proved to them my fine ocular balance, good depth perception and splendid color discrimination. But the doctor became inquisitive. He had me roll my eyes around and look cross-eyed. Then he stopped his examination, looked down at me and said, 'Mister, you've come a long way with those contact glasses.'

"I got cold all over and with a very pleading look, I said, 'Sir, is this as far as I'm going?'

"It was. Fifteen minutes later, everyone on the post knew about that 'Flexman guy' who got to Advanced wearing contact glasses and had gone undetected for more than seven months."

An Eye for Romance

But the Army down at Marianna Field proved it had a heart. They generously concluded that anyone who wanted to fly as badly as Flexie should have a chance, so steps were taken to get him a commission and a rating as a noncombat Army pilot. He had to wait seven weeks for that red tape to unwind, and having nothing but light duties to perform around the post at his former rank of sergeant to which he had reverted, he fell in love with the secretary to the commandant of cadets. Then the bad news came: He couldn't have the commission or the rating because he didn't have sufficient hours in the air.

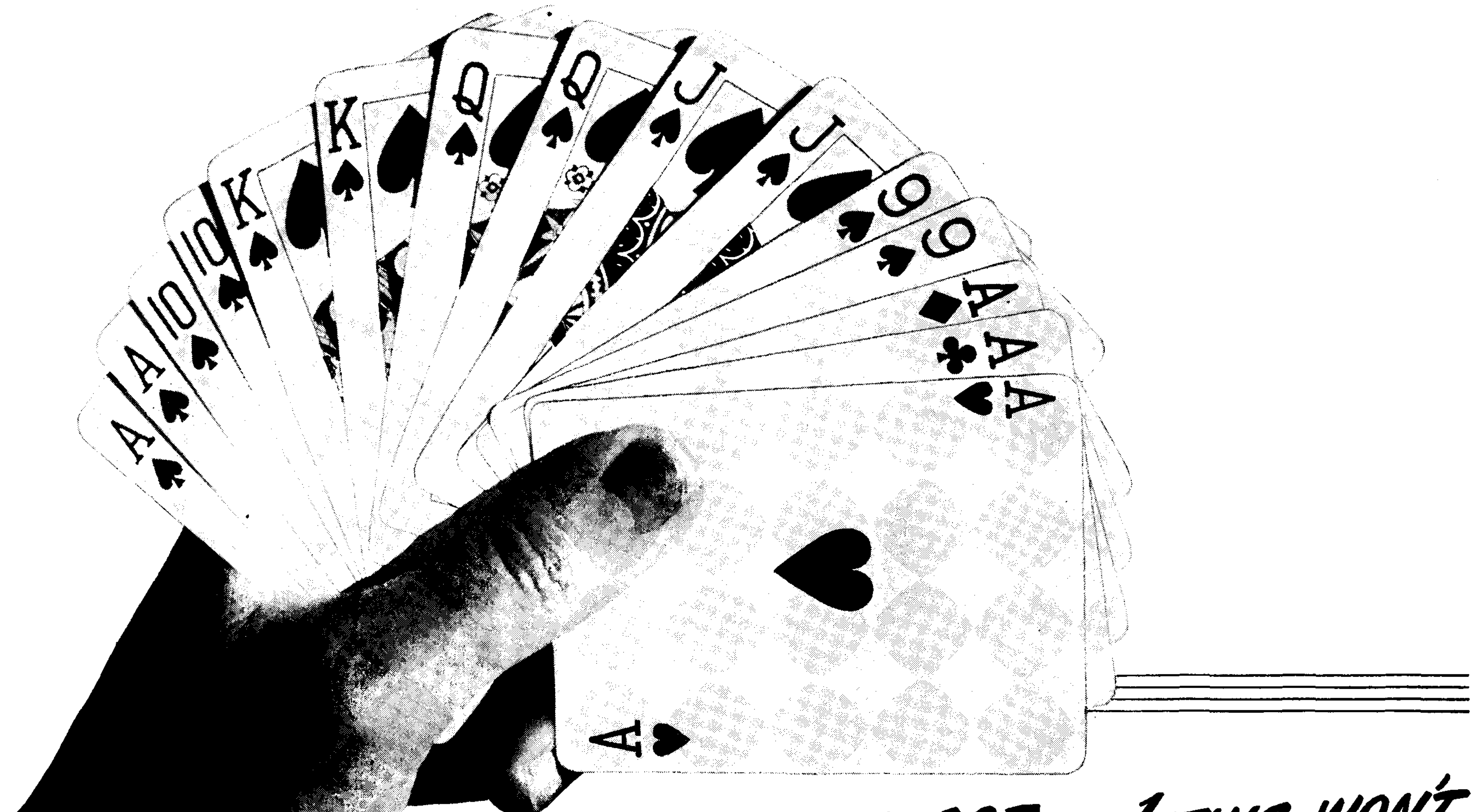
But still the Army's heart beat warmly for determined Mr. Flexman. They had devised a scheme whereby he would be transferred to the Enlisted Reserves and would return to Southeastern Air Service, where he received his primary training, as a Civilian Flight Instructor for Army cadets.

That was a year ago. Flexie, now 28, has taught many cadets to fly and has flown more than 1,000 hours, wearing his contact lenses, which he now is able to use for twelve hours at a time.

"Every time I think of washing out as student," he says, "I look in the mirror and see myself sitting in that back seat as a cadet, hoping against hope that I'll get through. None of my boys washed out in Basic or Advanced Training, and I have had neither solo nor dual accidents chalked up against my record.

"And, by the way, I married that girl."

THE END



IT'S 182,210,020,025 TO 1 THIS WON'T HAPPEN...

These are the odds mathematicians figure against ever holding a pinochle hand like the above. But it *can* happen. In fact, William J. Huske, noted card expert and bridge authority, has held such a hand *twice*. Yet, despite his good fortune in pinochle, in the course of thirty years of tournament bridge play he has *never* held a perfect bridge hand.

BUT IT'S 2 TO 1 THIS WILL!

If you play cards (and 4 out of 5 Americans do) whenever you play . . . wherever you play . . . the odds are more than 2 to 1 that it's with brands made by The United States Playing Card Company. For that's the percentage of their popularity over all the other brands combined . . . a popularity they have earned as quality favorites . . . top values in every price range.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY, CINCINNATI 12, OHIO

Blue Ribbon
PLAYING CARDS
A. DOUGHERTY
TALLY-HO
Aristocrat
High Finish
No. 92
CLUB SPECIAL
Bee
PLAYING CARDS
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO.
BICYCLE
RIDER BACK
PLAYING CARDS
CONGRESS
Playing Cards

The United States Playing Card Company makes cards noted for their "snap," durability, handsome designs and finish. Brands include Congress, Bicycle, Tally-Ho, Blue Ribbon, Aristocrat, and many others. Look for these quality brands.

Rely on Reliance
Thanks Old Timer...
Reliance UNIVERSAL PAJAMAS

UNIVERSAL
Shirts and Pajamas

Rayon Fabric
BY VERNEY

More than just a name—THE VERNEY tradition is to produce the best in fine rayons by modern methods. A tradition to IMPROVE through research, for the years to come.

As exciting to give as to get, Universal shirts and pajamas top the thoughtfully planned Christmas list. Starlight's gleam is captured in their soft, sleek *fabrics by Verney* . . . yet Universals are so practical, durable and reasonably priced that thrift is well served, too.

Featured by better stores everywhere in quantities as large as Reliance's military obligations permit.

WAR BONDS—*Buy Them Often and Keep Them*

Reliance
UNIVERSAL

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.
New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave., 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Kay Whitney Frocks • Universal Pajamas and Shirts
No-Tare Shorts

Annie Oakley in a Box

Continued from page 22

likely to be moving in the opposite direction at about the same speed. Thus, the two planes may have a relative speed of greater than 600 miles per hour.

Under such conditions, how is it possible ever to hit an enemy? The gunner can't spray the air with bullets and hope for the best, because he hasn't enough ammunition.

In the movies you see the grim-faced hero, white muffler flying, fix the cross hairs of his gun sight on an enemy plane. He presses the trigger, and the enemy bursts into flame. Gunners in our Air Forces always like this one. They know that if they fired directly at an enemy, they would hit nothing but thin blue air. While the bullet was traveling to the enemy, he would be traveling to some other spot.

Aerial gunners, like duck hunters, are taught to lead. They must calculate—and in the B-29 many of the necessary calculations are performed for the gunner mechanically in the little black boxes—where an enemy will be in a second or so, fire at that spot in space, and let the enemy run into a hail of lead. You can imagine how accurate the fire is in airplanes where, lacking fire computers, the gunner must make his own guess on how far he must lead his target. A competent authority estimated that, in these cases, only one out of every 1,600 shots would find its way into the hide of an enemy plane!

Until the computer was developed and our gunners were trained in its use, aerial gunnery was lagging behind other aeronautical developments. Pretty soon we'll see how it caught up—and in a hurry. But before we do, look at a little background. There were some halfhearted attempts to add guns to planes as early as 1909. That year the Wright Brothers conducted a test for the Army at College Park, Maryland. A plane passenger carried a machine gun on his lap and took a few shots at the ground.

The passenger managed to hit the ground all right, but otherwise the test wasn't too convincing. During the first year of the World War, planes were used for observation only—although pilots did shoot at one another with pistols, purely for sport. In 1915, fixed machine guns were added, which could be aimed only by aiming the plane.

At the start of the present war, some planes had flexible guns, some of them enclosed in turrets. The pilot kicked the turret around with his feet—at the same time trying to steady himself while firing a balking machine gun. Power turrets came next, then Sperry-built apparatus to help aim guns. Even with all these improvements, it was evident that bombing planes didn't have all the protection they needed.

Close Range Meant Sudden Death

Enemy fighters were death on bombers, if they could get close enough. The only hope of keeping them off was to train dozens of guns on them from a series of bombers flying in formation. Any bomber that dropped behind was a dead duck. More effective long-range fire was needed—fire that would begin to kill before fighters could close in.

Such an achievement posed difficulties that seemed insurmountable. How was fire to be controlled and made deadly accurate from an airplane that was likely to be bumping around in rough weather, with a gun kicking like an infuriated steer and at a target moving at a relative speed of more than 880 feet a second?

A whole host of factors go to work on a bullet the instant it leaves the muzzle of a gun. Gravity, for example. Fire directly at an enemy 1,000 yards away, and gravity will pull the bullet downward so it passes well under his plane.

Wind is another factor. When a bullet leaves the gun on a bomber flying 300 miles an hour, it is, in effect, launched into a 300-mile gale. This tends to push the bullet back behind the enemy.

Lead is a third factor. This accounts for the distance the enemy will fly while the bullet is moving toward him. It takes an antiaircraft shell 15 seconds to rise to 20,000 feet. In this time an enemy plane travels over a mile! A bullet fired from a machine gun on a bomber may take a second to reach the path of an enemy. In this time the enemy will have flown the length of a city block.

Here is another of many factors: Suppose you have remote-control turrets, as our new bombers have. This means that the gunner is sighting from one position in the plane, the guns are firing from another. There has to be a correction for parallax—the distance between the sight and the gun.

No gunner could correct for all these things by guess. So fire beyond 1,000 yards was pretty much a waste of ammunition. Waiting for an enemy to get closer was dangerous business.

If we were to build really big bombers, we had to have a new conception of fire control. Cost of the bombers and the large numbers of men aboard made it imperative. This was the situation the Army Air Forces faced when we began building the giant B-29. We had to have aiming devices for guns which would perform with deadly accuracy.

Needed—A Mechanical Brain

The B-29 is equipped with remote-control turrets. The gunner sits in a comfortable, well-armored spot in the plane. As he moves his sight on an enemy, the guns—placed in another part of the plane—move mechanically into firing position. The advantages of this new arrangement are apparent. The gunner is well away from the noise and vibration of his guns. He doesn't have to sit in a cramped, exposed position as he does on present models. Although remote-control turrets simplified the problems of the gunner, they complicated the problem of firing. A man was sitting in one position, shooting from another.

What was needed was a mechanical brain for the guns; a computer which would calculate, almost instantaneously, windage and gravity and the enemy's speed and direction.

It had to do everything done by the bomb sight and by the sighting devices used on antiaircraft guns—and then some. In the case of the bomb sight, the target is stationary. In the case of antiaircraft, the guns are placed solidly on the ground. But fire-control apparatus to aim guns on planes had two mobile elements. Both the plane that was firing and its enemy were moving, and at terrific speeds.

Offhand, you would say no solution was possible. There appeared to be too many variables. Density of air, for example, had to be considered. A bullet moves more rapidly through thin upper air than it does through thick air at lower altitudes. Speed of the plane carrying the gun is another—since the plane imparts its forward motion to a bullet that is fired from it. Temperature is still another factor.

The problem was laid in the laps of General Electric engineers. Could they build a mechanical brain to compute gunfire? And could they make it compact enough to be carried on a plane? Could it be arranged so that the gunner would aim his sight, not at some spot in space—but directly at the enemy and, after he had turned a couple of dials would the brain calculate where the enemy would be a second or so hence, and train the guns in this direction?

General Electric assembled a staff of its most brilliant men: mathematicians, radar experts, electrical engineers, production men, draftsmen. Altogether there were sixty men in the group—nearly all in their mid-twenties.

The problem was broken up. One group worked on gravity factors affecting shells in flight. Another worked on lead. They rigged up electrical circuits of tubes, coils; fastening them to boards with thumbtacks. This was the "breadboard" stage of the problem. Months of day and night work went into this fundamental attack. Eventually they came up with the answer. The problem could be solved. A computer could be built, which would quickly solve complicated mathematical problems—problems that would require hours for solution by pencil-and-paper methods.

Circuits were spread over enough breadboards to cover a sizable city lot. All this maze of wires had to be compressed into a minute space—a small black box. It was like packing in a brief case enough clothes for a round-the-world trip.

Production men entered the picture. They simplified, cut corners, made one piece of equipment do half a dozen jobs. They made wooden models of the computer and accounted for each cubic inch of space. It shrank in size until it was no larger than a hatbox and weighed only a little over a hundred pounds. Like the bomb sight, it was portable. It could be placed in a heavily armored coffin in the plane, and plugged in like a bridge lamp. This portability was a big point. If a computer was damaged or got out of order, a new one could be installed without tying up the plane.

Since speed in production was essential, General Electric enlisted the aid of seventeen subcontractors—makers of sewing machines, cameras, business machines, clocks. Each built a section of the intricate mechanism.

We can't tell you anything about the machinery in the black box. But you have never seen anything as impressive as this electrical brain.

To get a clearer idea of how the computer works, step into one of the new B-29 bombers. The computer is plugged into the electrical circuits between gun turrets and gun sights. Each turret has its own computer.

Remember we said the little black box is something like a calculator, or to take a simpler illustration, an adding machine. If you give the adding machine the wrong numbers to add by pushing the wrong buttons, if, in other words, you give it wrong "information," your answer is going to be wrong. Similarly, if the B-29 gunner does not make the proper dial setting on his computer, his guns will miss the enemy. Certain "information" is "built" into the computers. For example, they are set to take into account the effect of gravity on .50 caliber aircraft ammunition. But certain other factors which must be considered in bringing guns to bear on an enemy plane are variable and this information must be "fed" to the computer by the gunner.

When all of the variable gunnery factors have been fed to the computer, when in other words, the gunner has made his last dial setting, the instrument, in an instant, makes the necessary mathematical calculations, and one or more gun turrets in the big bomber begin to swing mechanically along the course of the incoming fighter.

If the gunner has fed the right information to his mechanical brain, that enemy plane and its pilot shortly will cease to exist, unless, of course, the flier should have a sudden change of heart and should peel off while still out of range.

There are five variable factors which our B-29 gunners must feed to their computers. One of these is altitude. Air friction, as we have observed, affects the arc of a bullet. Friction diminishes as altitude increases and the air becomes thinner. A second variable is the drift of the bomber in the wind. A third is speed of the bomber plus speed of the attacker, or in other words, the speed at which the planes may be closing. The fourth and fifth factors are distance of the enemy from the bomber when first sighted and the angle of the fighter's approach.

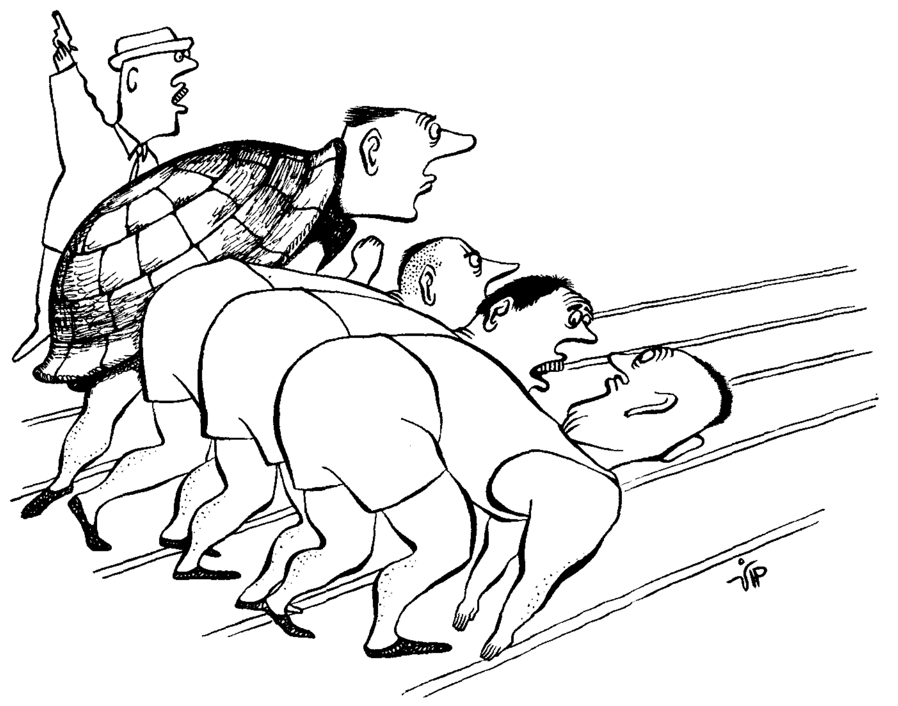
As the bomber approaches an area where fighters are likely to be encountered the navigator will give the gunner the wind drift and, unless conditions change, he may set his computer accordingly and keep it at that set. Similarly, he may make sets for altitude and for speed of the ship. The gunner now may have only two dial settings to make. When an enemy attack is imminent, the Superfortress is taken over by the engineer who, knowing the altitude, course and speed for which the gunner has set his computer, prevents any of those factors from being changed.

Trigger Thinking vs. Enemy Fighters

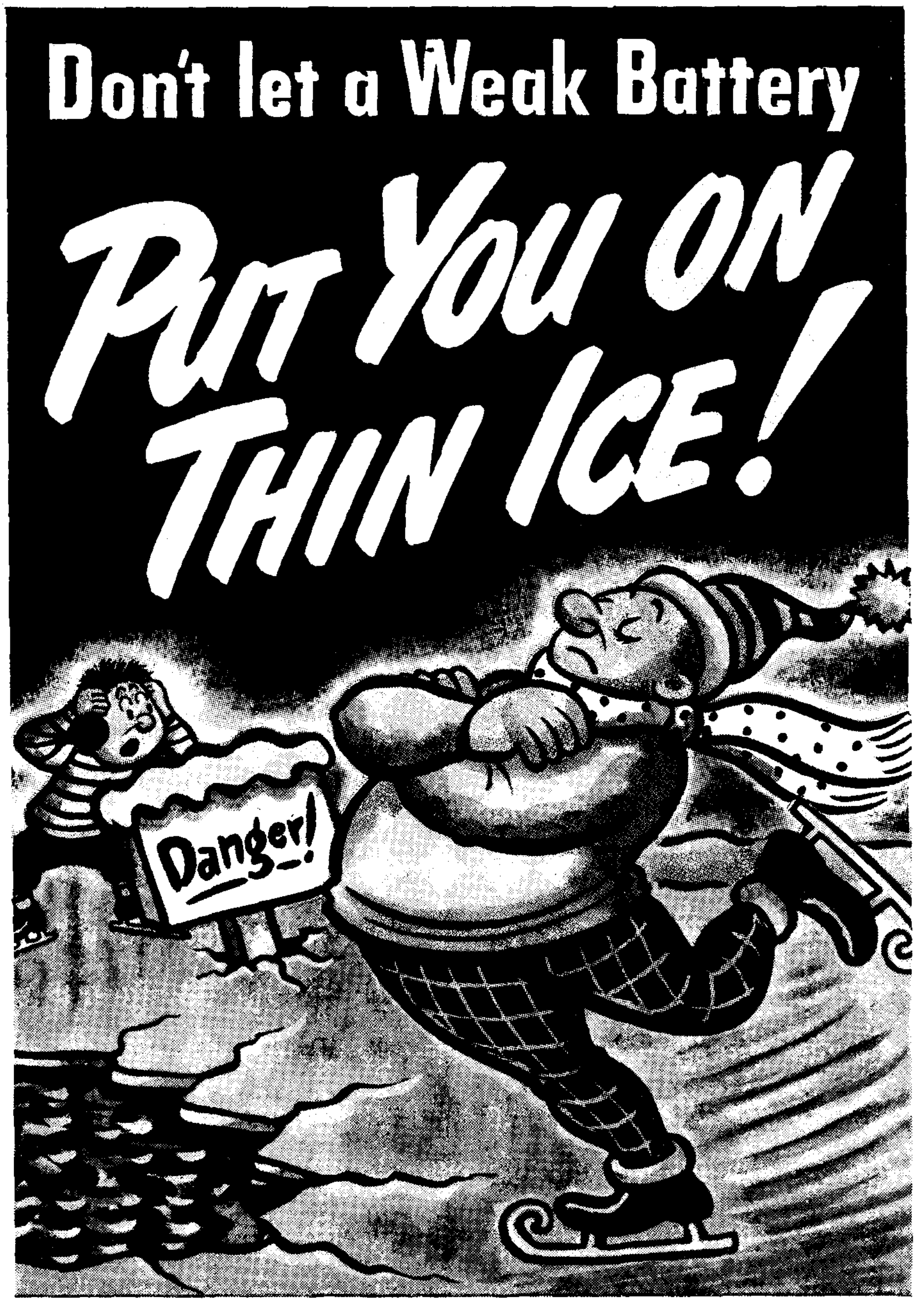
As soon as he sights an enemy plane on which his guns may bear, the gunner, with the aid of instruments, calculates the distance of the fighter from the bomber and the angle of the enemy's approach. This information he imparts to the computer by turning another dial. He also estimates the enemy's speed. He does this quickly because he knows enemy fighter types well. When he identifies the attacking plane he will have knowledge of its speed. He turns his last dial, the computer goes to work and the turrets begin to swing. Now, a split second after sighting his target, the gunner is ready to fire by pushing a button as soon as he thinks the enemy has closed to a point where bullets and enemy are likely to come together. And he can keep pounding away at his Jap with one or more turrets until the enemy moves out of his range of vision. In the unlikely event that the Jap is still around, he cuts out his control mechanism, and another gunner who can still see the fighter takes over.

But supposing the gunner has made a miscalculation somewhere? Suppose, for instance, he was wrong about the distance between bomber and fighter when he first sighted the Jap? In that case, his bullets and the Jap don't meet. Mistakes like that are not too difficult to make. That's why General Le May's gunners, without exception, were hand-picked. Most of them have had months of combat experience in Liberators and Fortresses and on top of that they've been given months of training in use of the computer.

THE END



COLLIER'S "The odd part is he always wins!" VIRGIL PARTCH


Don't let a Weak Battery
PUT YOU ON THIN ICE!
Danger!

Buy the Battery Experts Choose

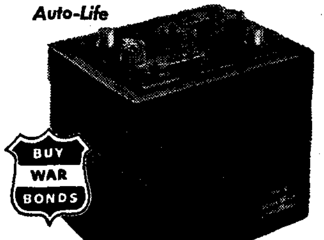
Be guided by the experts who choose batteries for the world's toughest transportation services. For example, the million-mile trans-ocean flying record was established by a Pan-American Clipper equipped with Auto-Lite batteries.

Auto-Lites, too, are specified for service with our fighting forces in tanks, half-tracs, jeeps . . . wherever dependable power counts.

Get the long life . . . the extra power you need. Buy an Auto-Lite battery—specified as original equipment by leading automotive engineers.

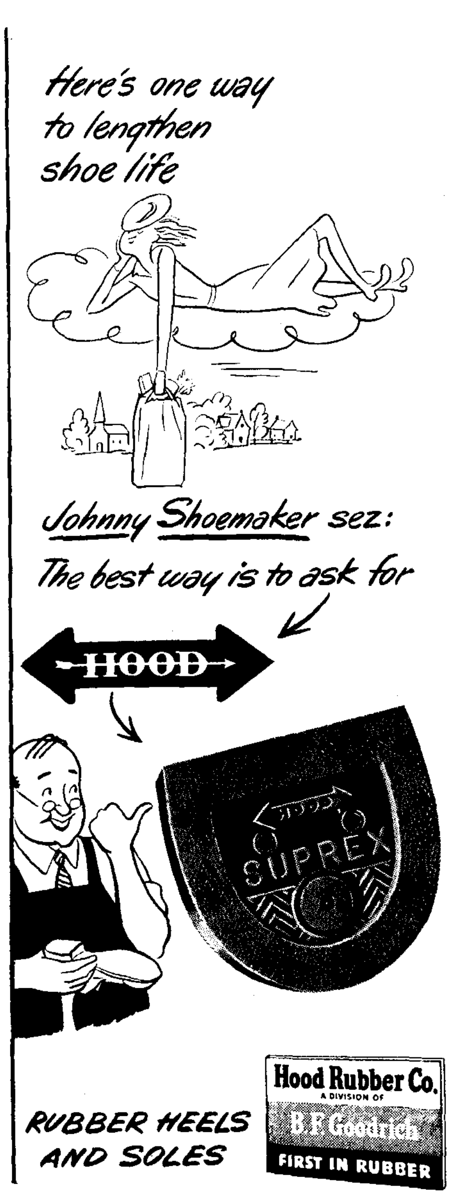
AUTO-LITE BATTERY CORPORATION • TOLEDO, 1, OHIO
Manufacturing Plants at: Niagara Falls • Atlanta • Indianapolis • Oakland • Oklahoma City • Toronto

Tune in AUTO-LITE'S
GREAT RADIO SHOW STARRING
DICK HAYMES
AND GORDON JENKIN'S ORCHESTRA IN
"Everything For The Boys"
Every Tuesday Night . . . NBC Network
Featuring men and women at the fighting fronts



AUTO-LITE
BATTERIES

The Lowest Priced
Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America
only 23¢
Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
IN DUST-PROOF CARTON
Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush



Greece: Proving Ground for Peace

Continued from page 21

the Nazis in marks, the Reichsbank thug refused to accept the money, saying it was illegal to export it. The people learned what was happening. Their faith in their currency dropped. As goods became scarcer, prices rose. Storekeepers closed their shops at one o'clock daily, and in the afternoons they hid their stocks, and scarcity increased. Prices went higher.

Within a few months the cost of living was out of all proportion to wages, and the Germans seized the opportunity this condition offered. They created a black market. Officers sold their own army foodstuffs and small luxuries at huge profits, and the black-market sharks sold goods in turn at bigger profits. Eventually in Greece, as in Italy, the black market became actually the open market. Here, however, German corruption was more deliberate and on a larger scale. Nazi fliers smuggled gold, furs, cameras, coffee, chocolate and sugar into the country to keep it going. Hun soldiery supplied the market with highjacked Red Cross goods in case lots.

Bank Robbery on a National Scale

Simultaneously the Germans started the printing presses rolling. The minimum drachma note printed in July, 1941, was for one hundred drachmas. By October, the Bank of Greece was forced to issue 1,000-drachma notes. Denominations of one hundred thousand, five hundred thousand, one million and five million came out. The presses worked two hours daily, seven days a week at five mints.

By August, 1944, inflation wheels whirred dizzily. Two-hundred-million- and five-hundred-million-drachma bills appeared. On October 11th the Huns had pushed inflation to a point where two-billion-drachma notes were necessary. The Bank of Greece was no longer a bank controlling the mint, but strictly a publishing house. It had competitors. In addition to forcing the circulation of virtually worthless Greek money, the Germans printed counterfeit bills. Wooden cases filled with worthless Greek and their own German paper were found in trucks shot up by ELAS bands.

A side light on what the Germans thought of Greek money and also on the critical lack of raw materials in Germany was afforded by an incident that occurred during the printing spree. Thousand-drachma notes issued in October, 1941, were found to contain cotton threads. Germans bought the notes up in 1943 at 1,500 drachmas each.

Their faith in their own currency gone, the Greeks turned to gold. They calculated all their transactions in gold pounds, of which a considerable number were in circulation. Guerrilla bands were paid in gold by the British, and half a gold pound monthly was allotted to each Greek family harboring an Italian prisoner of war after Italy became a co-belligerent.

The gold pound was worth three trillion, four hundred billion drachmas the day I arrived, but within a week, it was worth nearly five trillions. Shopkeepers couldn't sell anything except for gold. They didn't know what an item was worth in drachmas and they couldn't figure its value readily in terms of dollars or pounds. The situation was merely confusing to foreigners; for the Greeks, it was desperate.

The best-paid workers in Greece at the end of October were the dockhands. They received eighty billion drachmas a day, or two trillion, four hundred billion drachmas a month. But here was the sort of thing the individual worker was up against: One man tried to buy one oka (about three pounds) of olive oil, the rarest of all commodities in Greece, which was once one of the world's largest exporters. The man was quoted a price of five hundred and fifty billion drachmas. But he didn't have a receptacle with him. He went home and returned to the shop with a bottle. The price had gone up to eight hundred billion drachmas.

It cost eight billion drachmas for trolley fare and fifty billions to go to the movies. But such things are luxuries. Athenians walk miles to work and they don't go to the movies. But if they need a doctor, it will cost them as many drachmas as they earn in a month. A single cigarette costs from three to four billion drachmas. I went into the market places of Peiraeus where gray masses of gray men and women oozed through the streets past empty stalls and vacant stores, and priced macaroni at two hundred and sixty-seven billion drachmas, an oka of meat at six hundred billions, and soap at eighty billions per bar.

A man in a threadbare gray suit stopped me when he saw my American correspondent's insigne. He spoke English. He told me he had a sick wife and had been shopping all morning for an egg and that he found one at forty billion drachmas. A dockworker might have afforded an egg if he had wanted to part with half a day's wages. But this man went home without the egg. He was a civil servant. His monthly wages totaled less than half what a dockworker would earn.

In a desperate effort to bridge the gap between prices and wages, the national government, as practically its first official act, was obliged to issue new notes with a face value of ten billions or five times higher than the last notes issued by the Germans. This didn't help the government's prestige much, but it was helpless.

BUY WAR BONDS

ATHENS . . . "What hopes there were of quick victory in Europe should have been dissipated by the limited success of our armies in Holland and the fanatical resolve of the Huns to defend Nazidom mile for bloody mile. Unless Germany collapses inwardly it looks like a gory winter's fighting, costly in life and material on all fronts."

FRANK GERVASI

In order to put the brakes on inflation, the government needed gold to put into circulation a new money issue with reasonable backing. What resources it had were in England and America. The technical and political difficulties in the way of obtaining funds in sufficient quantity to put out drachma notes with enough gold backing to restore the people's confidence were obvious. Only a monarchist or acceptably right-wing government would receive the necessary financial support.

In addition to real money such as gold, sterling or dollars, the government needed quantities of essential consumer goods to reduce the scarcity and thereby cut prices. The smashed port of Peiraeus was already strained by the discharge of supplies for the military operations of Scobie's Third Corps and for AML's relief and rehabilitation program. Besides, the shipping shortage, caused by requirements of other active military fronts, made any immediate large-scale material help impossible for at least another six months.

The outlook is grim for Greece. Its chimneys are dead. Factories like the fertilizer plant where 10,000 normally are employed, cannot resume work until raw materials arrive. Without foreign exchange, the government can't buy abroad and without shipping (although Greece had 2,000,000 tons afloat at the war's outset, much of it in Allied service and now much of it sunk), goods can't be imported. In Peiraeus, 80,000 clamored for work, and idle men were everywhere in the liberated zone, living, like the rest of the people, on that minimum of dried beans, bread, soup powder and canned fish sold to them by the Red Cross. They looked forward to more food from the relief stocks of the AML, but with charcoal for cooking worth almost literally its weight in gold, they had small prospect of hot meals.

Their faith in their British and American allies' ability to provide them with more to eat, with clothing, medicines and security generally, was unquestionable. I heard it expressed by cabinet ministers and intellectuals, as well as by stevedores and unioneers.

The physical difficulties in the way of fulfilling that faith were staggering. They were much the same as the difficulties AMG faced in Italy: lack of transportation, blown bridges, smashed roads, blocked tunnels, wrecked railways, fuel shortage and the black market. But conditions here are far worse. Italy was a German ally. Greece was an Axis enemy. Where there were a hundred trucks, let's say, in Rome, in Athens there are none. The Germans removed even the city's garbage collectors. Greece's roads are practically obliterated, and its railway system, never good, is now a chimera of rusting, torn-up rails, splintered ties, broken stations and junked rolling stock.

For at least six months, until the military phase of the Greek operation is over and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration can bring in its transport, food, building materials and staff, Greece faces a hard future. And what help is forthcoming will be limited not only by the difficulties mentioned above, but also by the inescapable fact that while nations can be stirred to enormous sacrifices and huge expenditures for war, it is difficult to move them to comparable self-denial or extravagance for peaceful reconstruction.

Relief allotments for Greece have been drastically cut by whoever decides such matters at the "high level." Allocations of relief for the whole Mediterranean, in fact, total less at the moment than had been originally planned for the so-called Balkan area, comprising Greece, Yugoslavia and Albania. The significance of this is enormous, for it is here in the Mediterranean that the "vital interests" and "strategic positions" of power politics come into conflict. The great powers are now in the process of "making friends and influencing people."

The shortest distance to men's hearts is still through their stomachs, and it seems a shortsighted policy to limit efforts to reach men's hearts by whatever means at this critical formative period, when, instead of a design for peace, we may be drafting a blueprint for war.

Misinterpretation a Grave Menace

Even more disastrous to the future stability of Europe is the self-evident misreading of popular democratic upsurges in France, Italy, Yugoslavia and now in Greece, as manifestations of a Bolshevik or Communist trend linked to dark maneuverings of the Comintern. That's unmitigated rot, for it has been my experience as an observer in all Mediterranean countries that a true idealistic, simon-pure Communist is as rare as a complete, unsullied Christian or, for that matter, a completely unredeemable criminal.

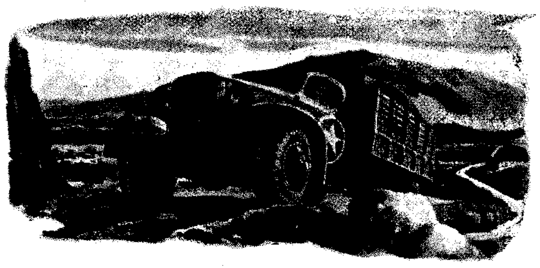
Great Britain requires stability in the Mediterranean to insure Empire communications. A friendly government in Greece is essential to the realization of that stability. Yugoslavia and the Balkans except for Greece have passed definitely into the Russian sphere of influence, with all that that means in postwar trade.

British anxiety to hang onto Greece's friendship is understandable; but obvious British preoccupation over the possibility that Greece will go Red and thus also fall into the widening arms of Russian imperialism is not. Britain ought to open her eyes to the fact that her real friends in Greece are the people who fought and suffered in the name of that democracy for which not only Greeks but many thousands of Britons have fallen.

If Britain fails to do so and backs the wrong horse, as she did in Italy, then she will really lose Greek friendship and thus damage not only her own recognizable interests at this frontier with Russian imperialism but seriously endanger the prestige and power of democracy itself.

THE END

Pint-size husky



This is a story about "Boy Meets Gear." It began in 1934, when Little Andy there was building up muscle he now needs at the wheel of an armored truck. And at General Motors, men were working on a special little gear that turned out to be one of Andy's best friends when war's pinch came. Let's see what happens.

* * *

Ten years ago General Motors engineers were working over a new rear-axle gear that was lighter, stronger—and lower than they had ever used before. Its first purpose was to give your car a flat floor board, a smarter design, and lower over-all height.

It was called the hypoid gear and it did its job well. But it also proved so tremendously strong that it graduated into trucks for heavy overloads and extra duty.

When war struck, the hypoid gear answered the same bugle calls a grown-up Andy did. Because it proved so sturdy in hard use, government engineers wrote it into many of their specifications for trucks and military vehicles.

So when war pictures show General Motors trucks climbing in and out of shell holes, clawing up frightening grades, scrambling through sand banks and mud holes—thank a little driving gear about the size of an apple. It takes all the power those big engines can put out and sends it into the wheels that have taken millions of Andies wherever they need to go.

Here's one of many such examples of American ingenuity that flowered in industry because, in our country, men are rewarded for handling the tough jobs.

This idea helped put our country at the top in conveniences and human comforts. It has proved superior to every other system in wartime. And it holds the certain promise of more and better things for more people in the new world that lies ahead.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

MAKE
VICTORY COMPLETE
★
Buy More War Bonds

Out of the War has come...
This Amazing NEW "Pocket" STOVE
Used by All Branches of the Armed Forces Everywhere
Coleman
Burns the Same Fuel Used in Your Car—White or Leaded

**For Them Today . . .
For YOU Tomorrow**

Today, you cannot buy this new "Pocket" Stove. Originally designed by Coleman, it is exclusively built for the use of the armed forces.

When peace comes, this compact, amazingly efficient stove will double the joy and convenience of millions of picnickers and sportsmen. As easy to carry as a quart-size can of food. Only 8½ inches high, 4½ inches in diameter—yet the "hottest" little cooker you ever touched a match to. Telescoping case makes handy utensils. Ready in minutes for cooking, heating drinks, purifying water. It's the new outdoor stove every hunter, fisherman, camper will want. Grand for backyard steak fries, too—and for hundreds of uses around the home.

FREE BOOK—Write for dramatic picture story of the Coleman "Pocket" Stove on the fighting fronts.

THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE COMPANY
Wichita, Kans. Chicago, Ill. Philadelphia, Pa. Los Angeles, Calif. Toronto, Can.

ARMY E NAVY
for Outstanding Achievement in War Production

Coleman
"POCKET" STOVES—CAMP STOVES—LANTERNS—LAMPS—IRONS

See You in New York

Continued from page 36

"What's the good word?" I asked, keeping it brisk.

"Joey." She could say it the old way. "Joey, how are you? How are you, Joey, and how have you been?"

"I get by. I've been reading your stories, kid, and that book—that book was something."

"Did you really like it? Did you really?"

"You've got it, kid. I always said you belonged in the major leagues."

I don't know why I put an edge to it. Maybe it was like someone in your neighborhood, that you palled with when you were a kid, and then he got to be an All-America or a movie star. As long as he didn't come back, you told people that you knew the guy—Hell, you'd grown up with him! You could have anything you wanted from him. He was your buddy. But if he came home for a few days, then you sulked. You didn't call him—you wanted him to call you. And when he didn't, you put the blast on him: a big shot, a dogger, no time for his old pals.

Mary didn't seem to notice. She said, "Joey, when am I going to see you?"

"How's for dinner?"

"Swell, shall I meet you someplace?"

"I'll pick you up." I looked at my watch. "It's six-thirty. Give me an hour."

THE city editor told me that the governor had scheduled a press conference for the next morning—Sunday—at ten. The jerk was always like that. He couldn't wait until Monday's P.M. papers; he had to give his excellent work to the citizens in Monday's morning papers. I told the boss that I'd make it and come in and write the story for our early edition.

At the Commodore, I slipped into the grill for two fast drinks and then put a stick of gum in my mouth. I walked up to the desk, asked for Miss Hurley's room, and the punk wanted to know who was calling. Mary really was something now; you had to be announced.

She let me wait after I'd pressed the buzzer, and I had to laugh to myself. Here I'd been within an ace of marrying the girl and she was playing games with me.

But it was worth waiting for. I can't tell you what she said, but I'd always been for it. She opened the door—wide—and we stood there like a couple of dopes. I smiled at her and she smiled back, but we were both under wraps. She was a tall girl, and combed her hair back away from her forehead and behind her ears. Damn it, I never could picture her, but I always remembered her eyes: big and brown and gentle.

"Come in, Joey."

She took my coat and I looked around the room and said, "You're really on the gravy train, eh, kid?"

It was some layout: big bed, big cabinet radio, heavy drapes, a desk with her portable on it.

"What do you mean, Joey?"

"I interviewed the Secretary of the Navy here last week. You and the Secretary of the Navy, kid. Those royalties must be piling up."

"That isn't it at all, Joey. My paper gives me a liberal expense account, and I've always liked big rooms."

"You're big time now." I shook my head, smiling, and sat down in a chair near the window.

She walked to the chair and leaned over and put the palm of her right hand against my mouth. She looked down at me solemnly, right into my eyes. I took her hand in mine and then she gave me her other hand, smiling that crooked smile.

"How's my boy?"

"I get by, kid. You know that."

"Sure—you get by."

She dropped her hands and walked over to the closet. "Where'll we go for dinner, Joey?"

"I don't know. Any place. You remember the eating spots in this town."

"Joey, let's go down to the depot." She laughed and clapped her hands together three times, quickly. She was happy now. The grill in the depot was the best spot in town.

I nodded at her. "The depot it is."

Driving down to the station, she put her hand on my knee and left it there. I lighted a couple of cigarettes for us, and she rested her head on the seat and let the wind do things with her hair. I looked over at her once, and she smiled and squeezed my knee.

When we were settled at a table, she put her elbows up and clasped her hands together. She'd never worn nail polish, and she cut her nails square, like a pianist.

"What are you drinking, kid?"

"Whatever you say, Joey."

"What are they drinking in New York now?"

"Joey—please."

I ordered two old-fashioneds and let it go. The waiter came around with the menus and I ordered. Neither of us was a big eater, and I knew what she wanted anyway: a salad, ice cream and coffee.

There wasn't much said while we ate. We talked newspaper and, once in a while, someone would come over and say hello to us. Usually that made me feel good, the big names in town stopping by, but tonight I kept thinking of the people she was meeting, people who really made news. She asked me about the statehouse, and I told her I liked it. I was my own boss and got around wherever and whenever I liked. She didn't ask me where I went from there, because she knew the answer as well as I did. Statehouse was as good as I was going to get in this town.

We talked a little about her book. She'd written it her first year in New York, something about newspaperwomen and the wonderful thing it was working for a paper; how tough it was for a woman, but, in the end, there was really nothing quite like it. The book was what really made her. She was a name now, and her paper was sending her all over the country.

I was digging into my ice cream when I heard Hank Newell's voice behind me. I turned around and there he was with his wife and the governor and his wife. I got up and introduced the governor and the missus and Mrs. Newell to Mary, and Hank said that he and his old lady were just leaving. I asked the governor to sit with us.

BY THAT time, the waiter was there with two chairs, and they were making it a foursome. "You know, Miss Hurley," the governor said, and I could see he had his eye on that senator's chair in Washington again, "I'm really honored that your paper should send you out here."

"You're news, Governor," Mary answered. She had a cigarette in her hand and while he fumbled for a match, she leaned over, so that she was doing him a big favor by letting him light it for her. She hadn't known that trick when she left town. That was one she'd picked up in New York.

"Governor," I said after he'd lighted her cigarette, "we're really small time for Miss Hurley. She used to be one of us—worked for the Journal. Used to be our number one sob sister. But she was always talking about New York, and she made it. Now we're just hicks to Miss Hurley."

The governor passed it up with a short laugh. His wife sat there, not saying a word. I looked up at Mary, but she turned her eyes from me and began talking to the governor again.

"Anybody want a drink?" I looked around the table, but got no encouragement.

"Look, Governor," I said, "you're going to put me in an awful spot with my paper, giving Miss Hurley the dope on your investigation ahead of the poor working press. Didn't you read her book? She says that women have it all over men at getting news. They can use their charm. Don't let her charm you, Governor."

I would have gone on, but his wife said something about a meeting they had to attend. I helped her with her coat, and there were goodbys all around. The governor said that he would see us in the morning.

When I sat down, Mary was playing with her ice cream. "What are you trying to do to yourself, Joey?"

"To myself? I'm not doing anything to myself. Can't you take a rib?"

"Sure, Joey, I can take a rib. But not tonight. Don't rib me tonight, will you, Joey?" She smiled at me.

What could I say?

She was leaning over the table now, the fork between her hands, smiling that crooked smile. "Joey, let's go up to the office."

"To the where?"

"The city room. Come on, Joey, take me up. There's nobody there now; they've got the paper down. Come on, Joey, please take me."

"All right, kid." I smiled back at her, and leaned over and pushed her face with my hand. She shook her head and laughed, reaching for my hand to bite the index finger gently.

"Right here, in front of everybody?" I asked.

She laughed.

THE building was dark except for one light burning in the lobby. I used my key in the door. We took the elevator to the fourth floor; the city room was dark. She was holding onto my arm and, as I moved forward to the light switch, she pulled me back. I turned around but couldn't see her. I could smell the perfume she was using and that wasn't anything you could buy locally, either.

"Don't go, Joey," she whispered, and I could feel her say the words.

I put my arms around her and I could hear her purse as it hit the floor. She put her arms around my neck and played with my hair.

"Joey. Joe boy."

I don't know how long we stood there. You don't look at your watch in a spot like that. I know that she moved away first, and I followed her to the city desk. She slid the palm of her hand over the table, then walked slowly around the room. She stopped in front of the teletype machines with their full rolls of yellow copy paper ready for the next evening's wire.

"How does it feel to be back in the old hole?" I was sitting in the city editor's chair, right in the slot, my feet up on the desk. She came over and sat at my right, in the rewrite man's chair.

She put her elbows on the big round desk, then dropped her arms and leaned over with her head resting on them, looking up at me. That was an old trick of hers.

"Remember, Joey?"

"Remember what?"

"Remember when we were both on nightside, and after the paper had gone down, and everybody gone, then you'd sit there in the slot, and you would be the city editor and we'd get the paper out all over again. Just you and me putting out the local copy, the way *we* thought it should be written."

Sure, I remembered all right.

"Joey, remember the Hansen kidnaping?"

I laughed. We both laughed. That had been five years ago, and we'd really had fun on that one. For once the paper had shaken the moth balls out of its system and really gone to town. The Hansen boy was about twenty-three, and we all knew that the punk deserved kidnaping. His old man was a millionaire, but the kid was strictly wrong. No good at all. Anyway, he was snatched, and they wanted $100,000 for him.

We were all sitting around one afternoon about a week after the snatch when we got a tip that the kid was home. The old man had paid off, and then he had gone to the chief of police, a man who knew what folding money looked like, and asked him not to give out anything to the papers. Well, we peppered that house with phone calls, but it was no dice. I was on the desk, and Mary was writing some Sunday stuff, and about 3:30 she came over and whispered something in my ear.

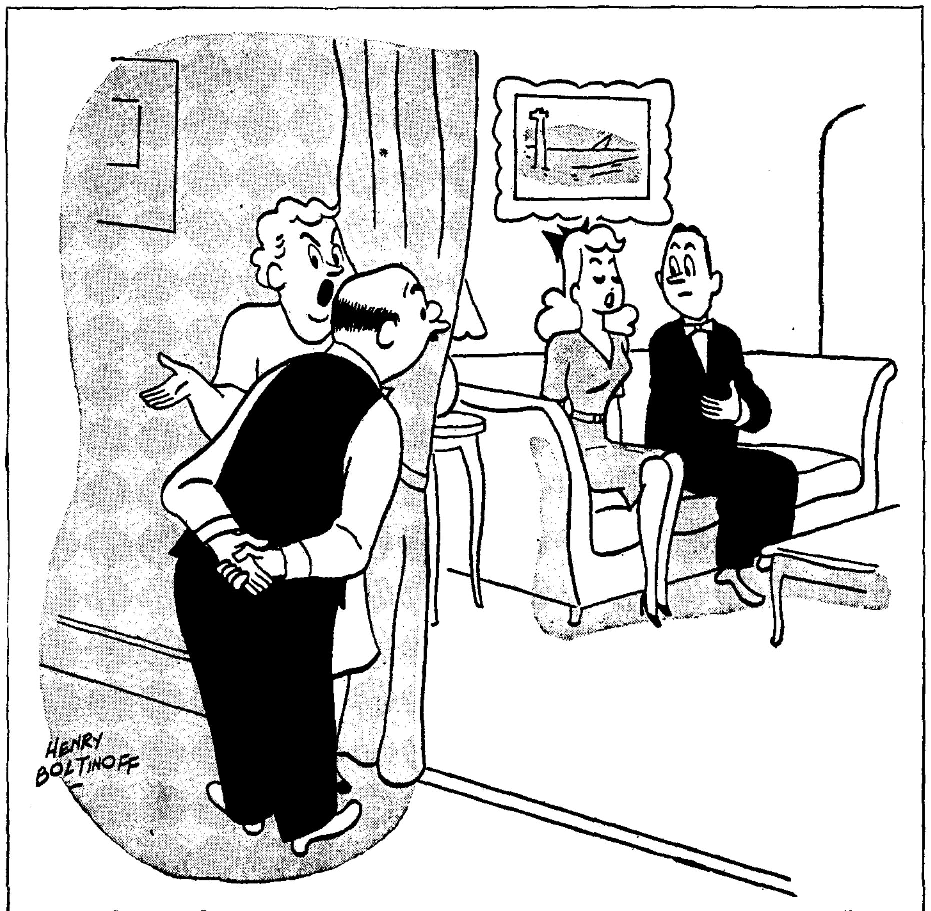
She and I got a car, went down to a costumer and got her a nurse's uniform. She looked as good in white as anyone could. I drove her up to the house, and she walked right in, past the coppers and Hoover's boys and the family. She said she was the nurse they'd sent for, and everybody in the family thought the next person had called. She went right upstairs to the kid's room, sat on his bed, held his hand and he gave her the whole story. Complete.

By then, I'd made it back to the office, so she got to a phone and gave me all the dope. I wrote the story, but she had given me everything: descriptions of the three hoods who made the snatch; where he'd been kept; how they'd treated him; how the ransom was paid. I put her by-line on myself. I didn't even ask the city editor.

"That should never have been my by-line there, Joey."

"It was your story, kid."

"But you wrote it, Joey. You wrote it, and



"Why should Daughter wait till the right man comes along? I didn't!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

Have you sent
your Christmas packages?
MAKE
December 1st
YOUR SHIPPING
DATE!

THE PUBLIC and industry, with fine spirit, have cooperated with us in expediting Christmas gift shipments. This is a final reminder to make December 1st the day by which you have forwarded your gifts, particularly to out-of-town addresses. Your government requests it so that there will be no interruption in the flow of material needed by our armed forces.

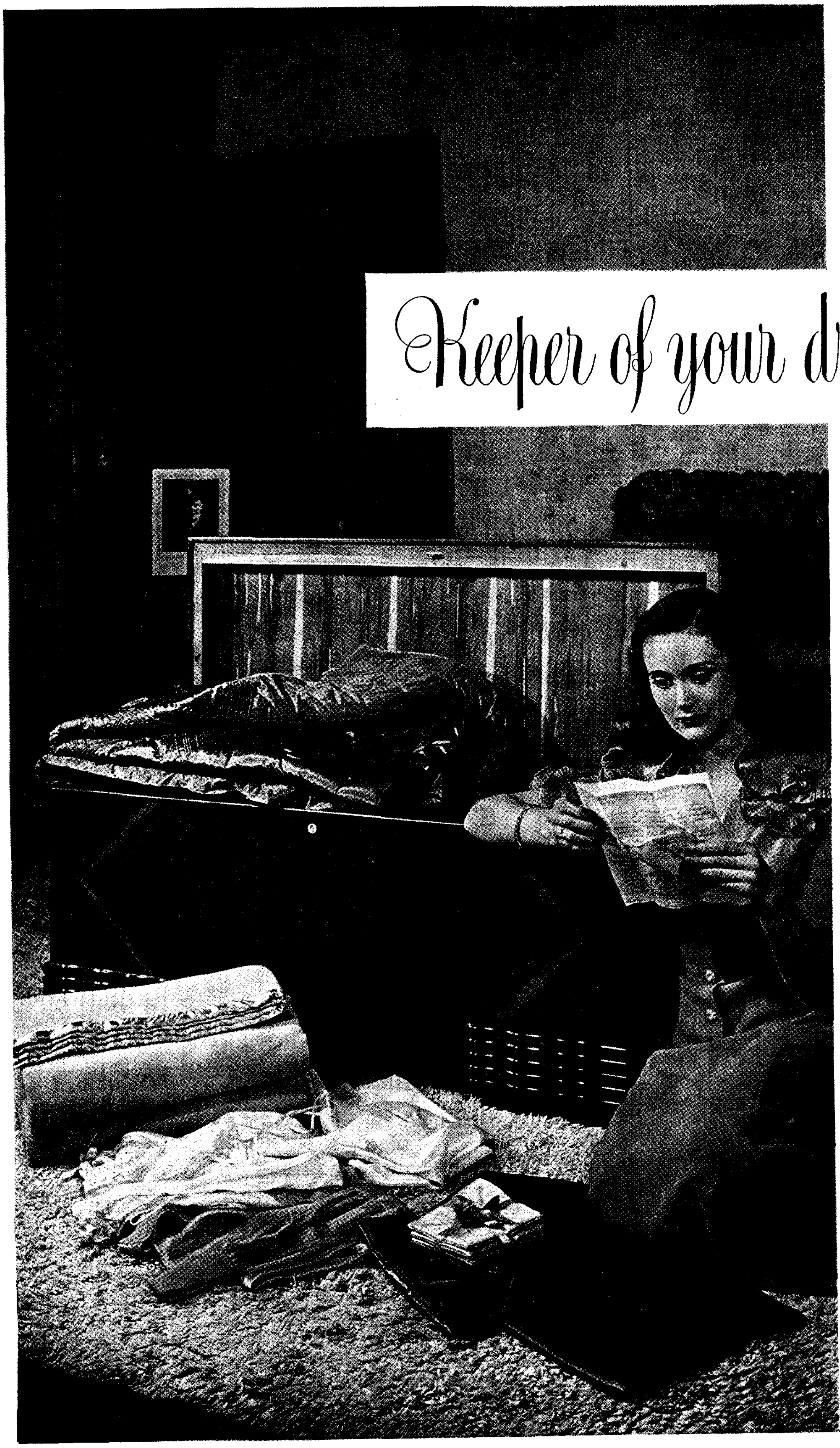
The nation-wide Railway and Air Express Service welcomes its annual responsibility of making Christmas a happy occasion for millions by delivering shipments safely and on time. Remember, please, to wrap carefully — address clearly — call us early.

MAKE AN INVESTMENT IN AMERICA

BUY THAT EXTRA BOND NOW

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE



Keeper of your dreams...and His!

Room setting courtesy R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., New York

"He's coming back to me!
We'll be together . . . in our VERY OWN
HOME. *And just wait until he sees the*
hope chest HE *sent me . . . filled*
with brighter and happier
dreams for the future."

Generations of American women have made their Caswell-Runyan Cedar Chests the very heart of their first home . . . the symbol of their hopes for the future.

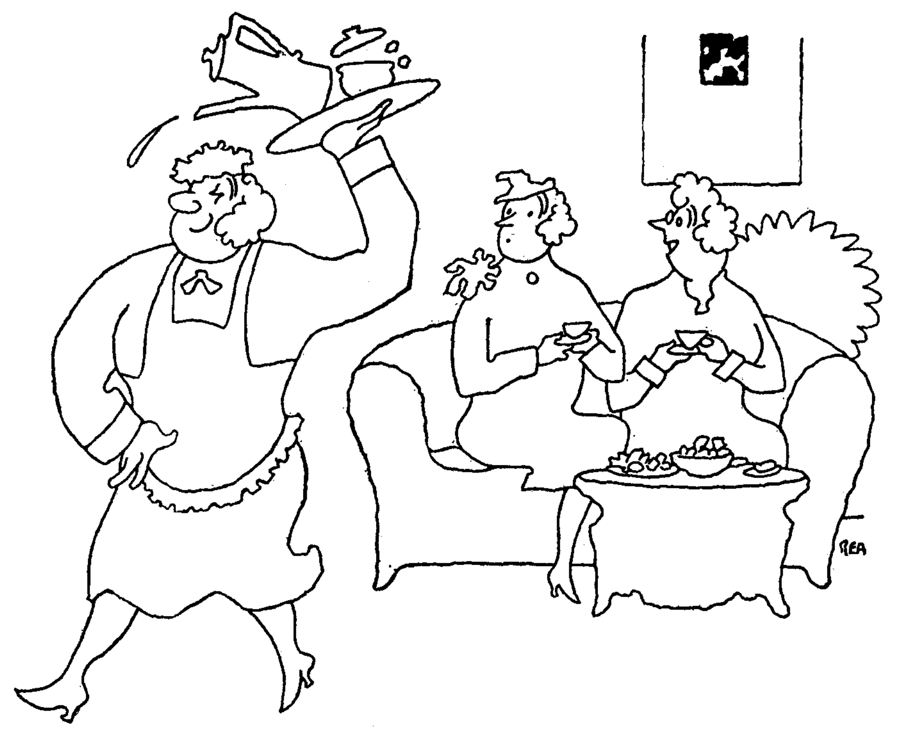
★

Furniture Accents
for Modern Living

CR
CASWELL RUNYAN

Chest illustrated No. 3119 at your favorite retail furniture store and furniture departments of leading department stores. About $39.95.

CASWELL-RUNYAN • OFFICES AND FACTORIES, HUNTINGTON, INDIANA



“One good thing, though—nobody ever tries to lure her away from us”

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

it was the best kidnaping story of the year.”

“Stop it, kid. You'll have me crying.”

She looked at me. We'd had some times all right. We'd blown a lot of soap bubbles. I was going abroad first, for one of the wire services, and then she was going to come, too, and finally we'd write together, there'd be stories by the two of us: Joe and Mary Edwards. That was going to be big casino.

But when she made the break, I stayed. It was just too good a deal here for me to leave, I said. She waited until she thought she was good enough and then she left—and I stayed.

“What's the matter, Joey?”

“Nothing.”

“What are you thinking of, Joey?”

“Of all the interesting people you must meet.” My voice was too loud.

“When are you coming to New York, Joey?”

“When La Guardia promises to meet me at City Hall.”

“Joey, how long are you going to keep me waiting?”

“I'm not keeping you waiting, kid.”

“Joey.” Her voice was reproachful now.

“Leave me alone, damn it! Leave me alone and let me stay here in this town where I belong. I don't want to go anyplace.”

“Joey.” She leaned over and took my hand.

I quieted down. “Look, kid, what do you want from me? I'm not bothering you, am I? Three years ago, you blew out of here like all hell had broken loose. This was a small town, a burg; you were out for the big time. You got the big time. All right. I didn't want to see you go, but I didn't say anything. You wanted out. You got out.”

“But you're good. You can write with the best of them, Joey. You don't have to stay here any longer.”

“I like it here. People know me, they say hello to me on the street. I was born here, and this town is good enough for me.”

She lifted her head from her arms and looked at me. She leaned back and put her hands in her jacket pockets.

“Joey, you're afraid. You're afraid to gamble. You're afraid to get out of this place and take a chance with real competition. You're afraid to eat alone for a month until you get to know somebody. You're afraid to go to a movie alone or walk alone. You'll sit here in this rattrap and wait until you get old, and they put you on the copy desk. You'll die up here, and all the time you'll know that you were afraid to take a chance—afraid to gamble.”

I didn't have an answer for that. I leaned over and rubbed her head with my hand. “Let's get out of here, kid. It's getting late.”

I put my arm around her as we walked to the elevator, and she let her head drop on my shoulder. I pressed the button, then stooped for her purse. When I straightened up, her hands were there, cupping my face. She moved closer and looked at me in the near-darkness and then kissed me.

WE DIDN'T see anyone walking to the car and it was just as well. I didn't want to meet any lushed-up newspapermen just then.

I asked her where she wanted to go, and she said that she didn't care. I drove around town a little, and she brightened up, and we got on the old days again. We stopped for coffee in a hamburger shop and sat there, smoking and talking, but we didn't say anything that amounted to much.

“You tired, kid?”

“No, Joey, I'm not tired.”

I threw a quarter at the counterman and we went out to the car. When we got moving, I put my arm around her, and she leaned over, to rest her head against my shoulder.

I began singing the Whiffenpoof song, and she let me go alone for a few minutes and then she joined in.

When I stopped in front of my apartment, she just lay there, with her head against my shoulder. I wasn't in any hurry. I waited.

“You want to go up, kid?” I said, after ten minutes. I talked as casually as I could.

“Don't send me up to that big, empty room, Joey. Please. Not yet. Let's sit here for a while.”

I said, “We're not at the Commodore.”

She moved away then. She sat up straight, her knees together, pushing her hair back from her forehead with both hands. She rolled the window down and looked out at the building and then she looked back at me.

“Did you have to do this, Joey?”

“Come off it, kid.”

“Joey, why did you do this?”

“Are you kidding?”

She turned away and looked out of the window of the coupé. I put my hands on her shoulders gently and turned her around. There were two big drops in her eyes, one on each eyelid. She sat there and looked at me until I dropped my hands.

“Mary—”

Nothing.

“Mary, I—”

She turned away from me.

I started the motor and drove to the Commodore. She was gathering her coat about her when I turned off the key. She picked up her purse with her left hand and pressed on the door handle with her right. She got out and shut the door, and leaned in and looked at me.

“Want me to see you upstairs, kid?”

She shook her head. Then she reached over and put her hand over mine on the steering wheel. She pressed it for an instant and turned around and walked away.

I got out of the coupé and ran after her. I caught her arm. “Mary, please.”

She didn't even turn around.

I DROVE home and went up to my apartment. I took a shower and got into pajamas and lighted a cigarette. I made myself a drink and turned on the radio. It was a good set, got stations all over the country. It got New York. I made another drink, and then a third.

The next morning I got down to the governor's office about ten-thirty. Mary was just leaving as I came in, and I figured I was late, but Hank Newell said that the press conference was just starting. Mary had called the governor, he said, and the old man had picked her up at the Commodore on his way to the statehouse.

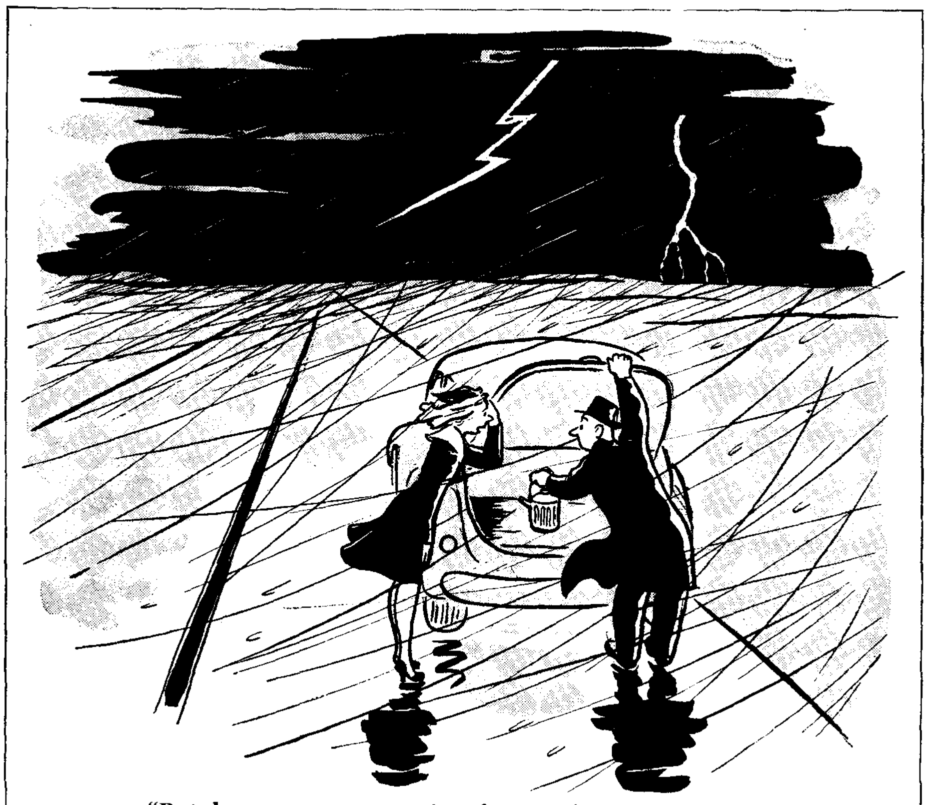
She had got the whole story out of him before they reached the statehouse. She had the story and I was just getting down. That's the kind of reporter she was.

She stopped, and we talked for a few minutes, but it didn't mean anything. She stuck out her hand and I took it, and we murmured good luck to each other.

“See you in New York, kid.”

“Sure, Joe,” she said. “I'll be seeing you.”

THE END



COLLIER'S “But, honey, we were saving that gas for an emergency!” TONY BARLOW

Why Millions Now Do This!

A FEW DROPS up each nostril quickly relieve sniffly, sneezy distress of HEAD COLDS . . .

SPECIALIZED MEDICATION
Works Right Where Trouble Is!

Here's why more and more people are using Va-tro-nol . . . It's easy to use. And the moment you put Va-tro-nol up each nostril you can feel its medication go to work to shrink swollen membranes—relieve congestion—reduce irritation—make breathing easier. Also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time. You'll like it! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing, help loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its famous poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep. VICKS VAPORUB

At all Pts. Ha'ws

HOW TO SHAVE WITH MY UNUSUAL BELLO hollow grinding abrasive strop. sharpener. Gives 50plus, CONSTANT COMFORT, fast, clean shaves per double edge blade. HE-MAN'S GIFT. SERVICEMAN'S GODSEND. *Col. J. Joy, Texas, says: “3 blades 15 years in my Bello; one 1917 paint scraper gave perfect shaves.”*

SEND $4.95 OR WRITE

Bello, Ltd., N.E. Frissell, Gardner Cl. Mass. & *5176 dealers.*

MADE FROM SMOKE Weber NONE BETTER Imported • BRIAR •

IMPORTED

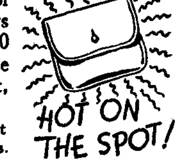
Sweet smoking, fine grain pipes in modern designs, $3.50 to $10. At leading tobacconists. *Write for free booklet.*

C. B. WEBER & CO.
137 Cator Ave., Jersey City 5, N. J.

“Oh Lemuel—get the LIGHTNINGPAK!”

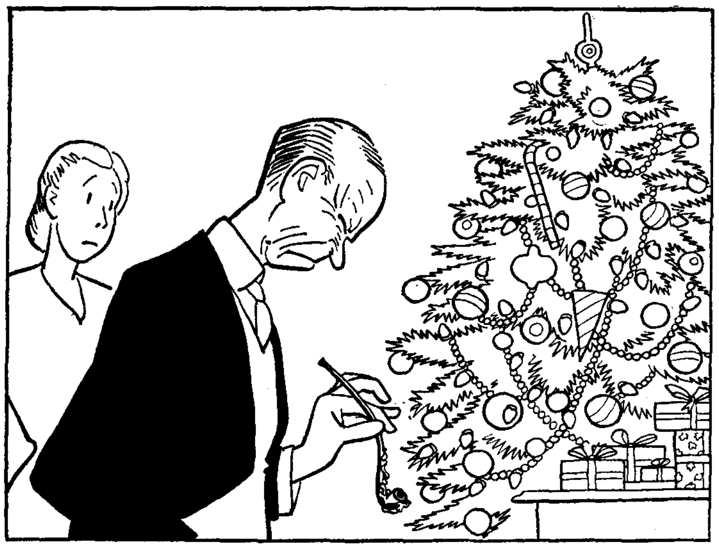
For comforting warmth in a hurry just add 2 tablespoons of water to Lightningpak. Stays hot 8 hours. Good for 100 hours' service. Handy at home—an ideal gift. At department, drug and hardware stores $1.
Refills 50c. Slightly higher in West
Lightningpak, Newton 58, Mass.

HEAT PAD

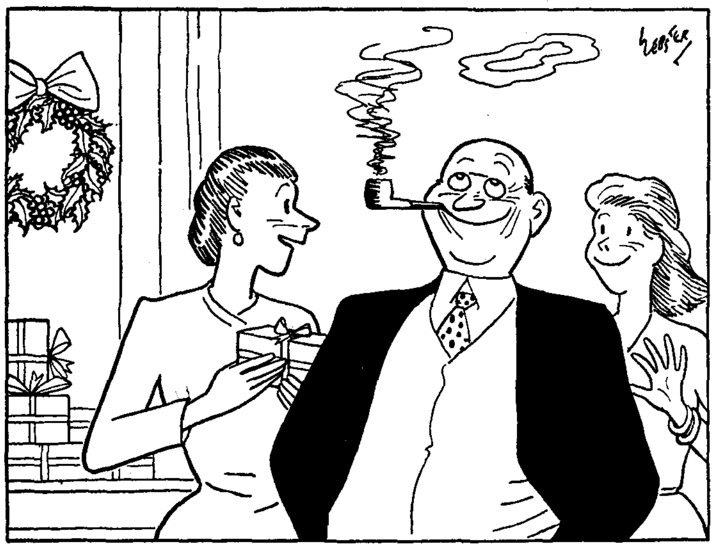


HOT ON THE SPOT!

PIPE TYPES . . . . by WEBSTER



THE DISAPPOINTED DAD. The family noticed he was grumbling about his pipe-smoking, so they gave him an exotic model he wouldn't be seen dead with. He'd swap it gladly for a bowlful of Briggs! That's a *man's* smoke for a man's pipe!



THE HAPPY HINTER. He made *sure* he got Briggs! He knows it's aged in oaken casks for YEARS—*extra-aged for extra flavor.* Time renders Briggs mellow, rich, smooth—great! Give *your* pipe-man a full pound of Briggs—and treat him to a solid stretch of smoking bliss!

BRIGGS
15¢
BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

PRODUCT OF
P. LORILLARD
CO.

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

The Brandywine Bender

Continued from page 18

at us. "You have murdered my Giuseppe!"

"Nuts, pal," I said. "It was suicide."

"You," he shrieked, pointing at me, "you are the assassin!"

"And you," I said, "are off your fan belt."

The twirp drew himself up very high. "I shall sue," he said. "I shall sue in the highest military courts."

"So sue," I said. "I know lots of judges."

WELL, he did, and it was like in Flatbush Traffic Court. A hundred bucks they charged me, and then asked me what I had to say.

"It's a holdup," I told them. "For that price I could buy a skunk coat without the smell."

It was the truth. But for telling it, they socked me an extra twenty for contempt of court. The twenty I had to lay on the line right away. The hundred they gave me a week. If I didn't hatch it by then, the goat's boss could attach my pay until it was settled.

This meant I would be in hock forever. And even when Pinto said he would go half, it didn't mean anything. He had no ready cash, either. But the next day we got a break. With Pinto for a helper, I had been given a job dragging small supplies in a jeep from the village to our camp.

"There's a package at the railroad station for the colonel," Muller told us. "Don't come back without it."

At the station, though, the supply sergeant said it wouldn't arrive for two days. Orders is orders. We stayed in the village.

In fifteen minutes we saw all the sights. Then it got so hot we couldn't move. It even got the jeep down. The radiator began to boil something terrible, shooting up steam twenty feet high. We parked it in front of Signor Gizzo's gin mill to cool off and went in for a drink. Cash we didn't need! Pinto had a very strong cuff there, because the signor said his wife's father used to buy artichokes in Harlem from Pinto's uncle, Honest Mike, now in jail for income-tax finagling.

We had a couple of hoots of wine. The stuff went down like sandpaper and only made me hotter. When the signor started to pour another, I stopped him. "Something stronger," I said. "Maybe some whisky."

It isn't so much that I am a drinking man, only a common-sense one. When you're sick and have a fever, they sponge you on the outside with alcohol to cool you off. So if you're healthy, it should make you even cooler if you sponge on the inside.

"Alas, no whisky," said Signor Gizzo. "This is a land only of native wine."

I went out to look at the jeep. It was still blowing off steam. Some sand had got stuck in one of the radiator hose connections. I cleaned it out. Suddenly an idea hit me. I ran back into the gin mill.

"Signor Gizzo," I said, "what would you say about brandy?"

"Priceless!" he said.

"Priceless is no good," I told him. "But would you kick in five bucks a gallon?"

He put his little belly on the bar and leaned across. "You mean to buy?" he whispered. "From who?"

"From me."

"Oh!" The air went out of him like a tire with a nail. He backed away.

"Listen, I'm not kidding," I said. "You give me fifty gallons of this wine, and I'll come back with about ten of brandy."

Signor Gizzo shook his head. "That much without payment I could not give."

"You're not giving anything," I said. "And if you won't trust me, you know you can trust my friend, the nephew of Honest Mike." I gave Pinto a look.

"Sure, Signor," said Pinto. "If Corporal Bender here doesn't produce, you can put the price of the wine on my cuff."

"I don't know," Signor Gizzo said.

I could see he was beginning to break down. "You don't know?" I said. "You call yourself a businessman? The wine costs you peanuts. For making it into brandy, you will pay me about fifty bucks. Then the brandy you will sell for at least four hundred."

"Four hundred?" Signor Gizzo's eyes popped. "Certainly. This way, gentlemen."

FROM the cellar we took the kegs of wine; also, from an old bed down there, a hunk of narrow brass tubing. Then we hooked Gizzo for a couple of breads and sausages, and we were off.

Pinto pointed to the wine. "So what's the party for?" he asked.

"No party," I said, "strictly business. Except maybe we'll get some extra money to celebrate."

Pinto began to get sore. "Look, pal," he said, "it's okay for me to help you double-talk Gizzo, but it ain't okay for you to double-talk me. Catch on?"

"Pinto," I said, "I was talking on the level with Gizzo and I'm talking the same with you. I am turning this wine into brandy. Thirty-five of the bucks I get will go toward paying that fine. Simple, no?"

"No," said Pinto. "You can't make brandy from wine if you haven't got a still."

"So we got one," I said.

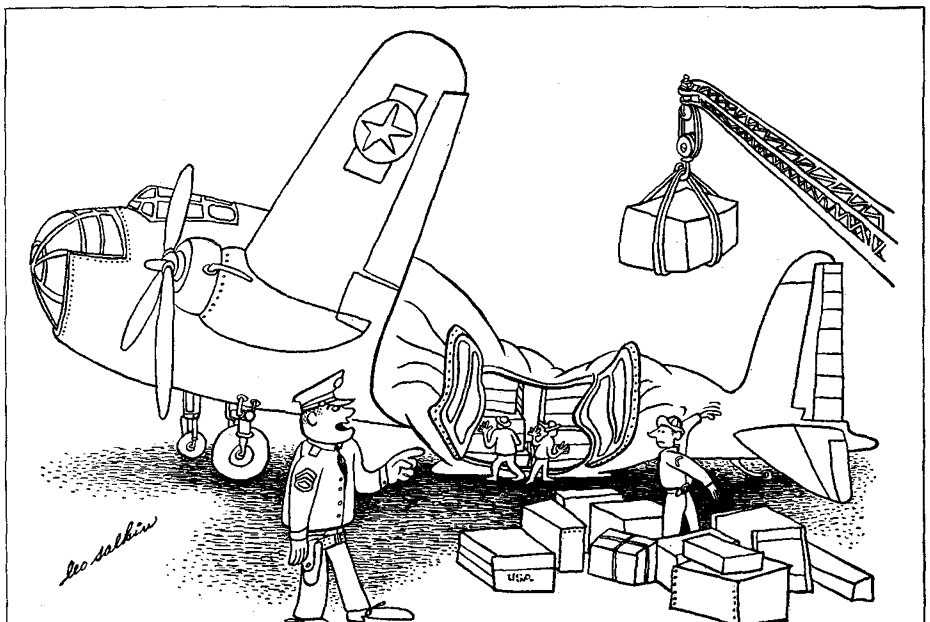
"Where?"

"Right here, except everybody thinks it's only a jeep."

Pinto looked at me very worried. "You're nuts," he said, and picked up a tire iron.

I was afraid he'd conk me, so I talked fast. "Listen," I said. "I will explain. But explanations without demonstrations is no good. Just sit tight a while."

He sat. I pushed the gas pedal down to the



COLLIER'S "Let's watch that overloading, Cassidy!" LEO SALKIN

Marzean's still in the fight-- he just changed battlefronts!

Lae, New Guinea, Sept. 1943—The Jap planes came over at 2:00 P.M.

Then came waves of Jap bombers and torpedo planes.

Standing in the bow of his LST, Leo Marzean swiftly relayed orders from the bridge to the gun crews.

It took iron nerve to stand, a target for bullets and bombs, calmly passing along those vital orders. But the fate of his shipmates hung on Marzean's words.

Marzean came through—and so did the LST with its precious cargo and crew.

Detroit, Michigan, Oct. 1944—Leo Marzean didn't stop fighting when he came home with an honorable discharge.

Now he's one of the 41,000 workers manning Packard's production lines. Along with over 1,200 other veterans he's helping to turn out Packard marine engines for PT boats, and Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines for war planes.

These ex-servicemen know this is the time to bear down and finish off the Axis.

They don't want this war to last even one day longer than it has to—for every day costs more American lives that might have been spared.

Are, you too, doing everything you possibly can to help our fighting men shorten the war and come home again?

LET'S DO MORE IN '44!

Mustang Fighter · Warhawk Fighter · Hurricane Fighter · Lancaster Bomber

PACKARD

PRECISION-BUILT POWER

Mosquito Bomber · Navy PT Boats · Army Rescue Boats

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

• **Leo Marzean,** now an aircraft gear machine operator at Packard, is a long way from New Guinea. But he's still in the fight—building the finest combat engines that can be made, vital parts to keep America's transportation system rolling. He's proud of the job he's doing, —and we're proud of men like him.

PHILIP MORRIS PRESENTS

TWO FINE PIPE MIXTURES

with the *bite out* and the flavor *in*!

And a world of new pleasure for the man who loves his pipe

Don't blame your pipe when it goes "haywire" to your tongue.

Instead, take this suggestion.

Try these two unusual pipe-mixtures. Try *both.* Perhaps even mix them, and try the combination.

You're almost certain to find *one* is exactly the pipe tobacco you've been looking for.

Exactly the blend to make any pipe you own *taste* better—with far more pleasure in every puff.

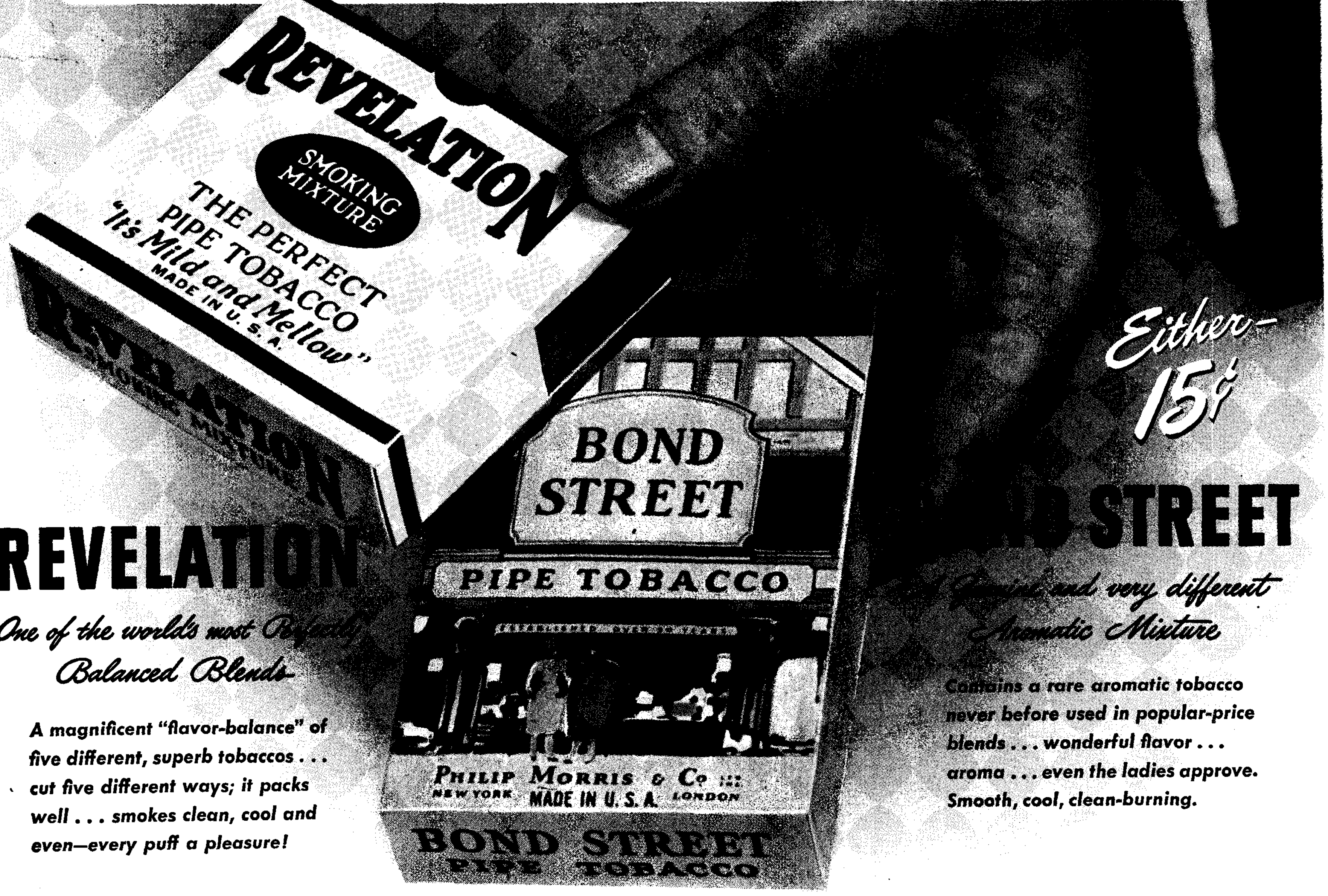
Each mixture is well above average . . . in quality, blending and remarkable lack of bite.

Both represent a big step forward in preparing fine pipe tobacco . . . a Philip Morris advance that keeps the flavor *in,* but "the bite *out!*"

Today—at your favorite tobacco counter—*act* on this suggestion. This evening, you'll relax and really *enjoy* that pipe of yours!

PROOF A-PLENTY!

Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in smoke, indicates that the average of *six* other leading pipe tobaccos is over THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING as REVELATION! Since BOND STREET also is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!


REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
"It's Mild and Mellow"
MADE IN U. S. A.
REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
PHILIP MORRIS & Co
NEW YORK MADE IN U. S. A. LONDON
BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO

Either—
15¢

REVELATION

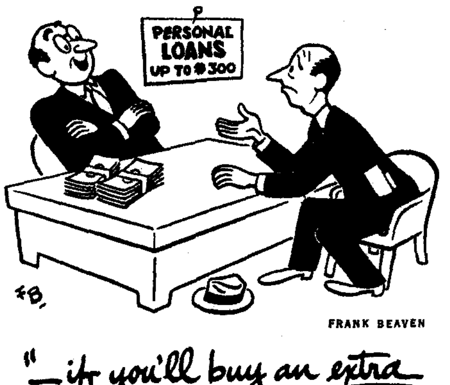
One of the world's most Perfectly Balanced Blends

A magnificent "flavor-balance" of five different, superb tobaccos . . . cut five different ways; it packs well . . . smokes clean, cool and even—every puff a pleasure!

BOND STREET

A Genuine and very different Aromatic Mixture

Contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in popular-price blends . . . wonderful flavor . . . aroma . . . even the ladies approve. Smooth, cool, clean-burning.



FRANK BEAVEN

"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

floor board and headed up the mountain road. A half hour later we got to the spring I was looking for. We had camped there during our last battle with the krauts.

"Now watch," I said.

First, I let all the water out of the jeep's radiator and filled it up instead with wine. Second, I choked off one of the radiator hoses by twisting wire around it. Then I took the radiator cap off and stuffed in a piece of rubber hose. Into the hose I stuck the brass tubing from Signor Gizzo's bed. Next, I let the tubing run through the spring, and, last, I bent the open end of the tubing over an empty wine keg. Pinto was bug-eyed.

"Start the motor," I told him.

He did. In a few minutes it began to overheat and boil.

"Now come over here and watch the keg," I said.

HE WATCHED. In a little while the air became full of a wonderful smell. And then, little by little, the keg began filling up.

"Take a swig," I said.

Pinto tipped back the keg and swallowed. Then he sat down without trying. "Dynamite," he said.

"Bender's Mountain Brandy," I corrected.

And that's what it was. So easy to make I'm surprised all the taxi companies don't do it to save money on cruising.

By strangling one of the hose connections with wire, I made the radiator overheat, like before I fixed it in the village. The rest was like in my Cousin Henry's still. The wine boiled and gave off alcohol steam. Then the icy water around the brass tubing turned the steam into brandy.

Just watching that stuff dribble into the keg was a pleasure. It was like seeing the cash click off on my old cab meter. Only better. When we got tired of making money, we drank a little. And when we couldn't drink no more, we made more money. Sometimes we ate. But even cooking the sausages was no work. We just stuck them on the red-hot radiator until they fried.

By the next morning, we had seven gallons of brandy done. "Okay," said Pinto. "Let's go."

But we still had a day to kill before we could pick up the colonel's package, and also plenty of wine left.

"We have till tomorrow," I said. "Why hurry?"

So we went on making brandy. We were laying on our backs, tasting what came out of the brass tubing, when Pinto sat up fast.

"What's that?" he asked.

I looked down the mountain road where he pointed. A scout car was moving up under a cloud of dust.

"Muller!" said Pinto.

"With our luck, it could be," I said.

Then the wind lifted the dust cloud. "Krauts!" yelled Pinto. He was right. Painted on the side of the car was the paperhanger's cross.

"Six of them," I said.

It was a terrible fix. The only thing to do was scram. But that we couldn't. Behind us, the mountain stuck straight up in the air. On the sides, the ground was level for a couple of hundred feet and then dropped like a gabled roof. Only down the road could we scram, but up it was coming the krauts.

We looked around for a place to hide. Suddenly one of the krauts, a fat little corporal with a beaver, spotted us. He opened up with his automatic rifle.

"Follow me, pal," I hollered to Pinto. Grabbing our two carbines, I dived under the jeep, with him after me.

The krauts, meanwhile, had scooted up the level and swung their car behind a big rock. Then they got to work. Covered by Fatty, two of them snaked to opposite sides of the road and began whanging away at us with rifles. A third plastered us with a light machine gun from a bunch of bushes. The fourth and fifth stayed with Fatty behind the car, taking pot shots with side arms.

Firing all together, they made bullets rattle on the jeep like a drunken skeleton on a tin roof. But the jeep didn't mind much. Its back was to the krauts, and it had a strong back. With its front, it kept on making brandy.

Meanwhile, from underneath, we was shooting whenever we could. Much ammunition we didn't have. Also much target because we were 'way down low. For fifteen minutes this went on. Then one of the kraut riflemen remembered what he had read about himself. Giving out with a superman squawk, he charged up the road. He was an obituary before he took ten steps.

"Nice shooting, pal," I told Pinto.

He made a face. "Clay pigeon stuff."

All of a sudden we heard a woomph, and then an explosion fifty feet away. The krauts had pulled a fast one. While superman had been running up the road, two of them behind the car had unlimbered a small mortar.

A second shell came over. This one landed in the spring, near where the seven gallons of brandy stood in the keg.

"Bye-bye, brandy," said Pinto.

What he meant was: Bye-bye, him and me. We were finished. Any minute now the krauts would get the range of the jeep.

"Might as well drink the stuff," said Pinto.

"Might as well," I said.

Pinto squirmed to the front of the jeep and dragged the brass tube out of the water. "Here's to you, pal," he said, sticking the end of it in his kisser. His head jerked back like he got a sock in the jaw. "What the hell!" he bellowed. "No brandy. Only a smell with terrific pressure!"

"Sure," I said. "That's because the tube is out of the water. So only fumes come out."

Another shell hit a tree not far away. The stump caught fire. And then the idea came to me. "Light it!" I yelled. "Light that tube!"

Pinto looked at me very dumb. Crawling down to him, I grabbed the tube and put a match to it. Blue fire forty feet long shot out. It was the alky fumes blazing.

"A flame thrower!" yelled Pinto.

"Mechanized," I told him.

More I didn't have to tell. From then on, we spoke the same language. I jumped for the wheel. He dived over the right fender. With one hand wrapped in his jacket, he held the flame thrower, and with the other, he hung on. The open hood gave him protection. My protection was the gas pedal.

Stepping on it down to the floor board, I shot the jeep around and down the road. The krauts were surprised. But only for a second. Bullets flew through the windshield. I ducked, headed for a little stretch of gravel and jammed on the brakes. What happened was the same like when you do this on an icy street. The jeep spun around and around, but kept going forward. Straight for the kraut rifleman it spun. He jumped up and started to run.

That was all Pinto needed. He gave him a hot seat in the pants with the flame thrower. The kraut kept running till there was nothing left to run on, and then kept on right over the cliff.

Meanwhile, the machine gunner behind the bushes got our range. Slugs bounced through the sides and off the wheels. That made me very mad. I was afraid I would get a flat, and flats I hate to fix. Swinging wide, I threw the jeep in reverse. For such a rat like this kraut, straight hit-and-run driving was too polite. Only with the back should you clip him. And, anyway, it was safer because he had that gun. But there was a tree in the way, and I missed. Not Pinto. As I skidded by, he put the torch to the bushes. They went up like Christmas trees, and the kraut with them.

NOW there was left only Fatty and the two krauts with the mortar. They were still behind the scout car, and that mortar was working overtime. Fatty, though, must have run out of ammunition for his automatic. I could see him tearing at his beard like it had fleas.

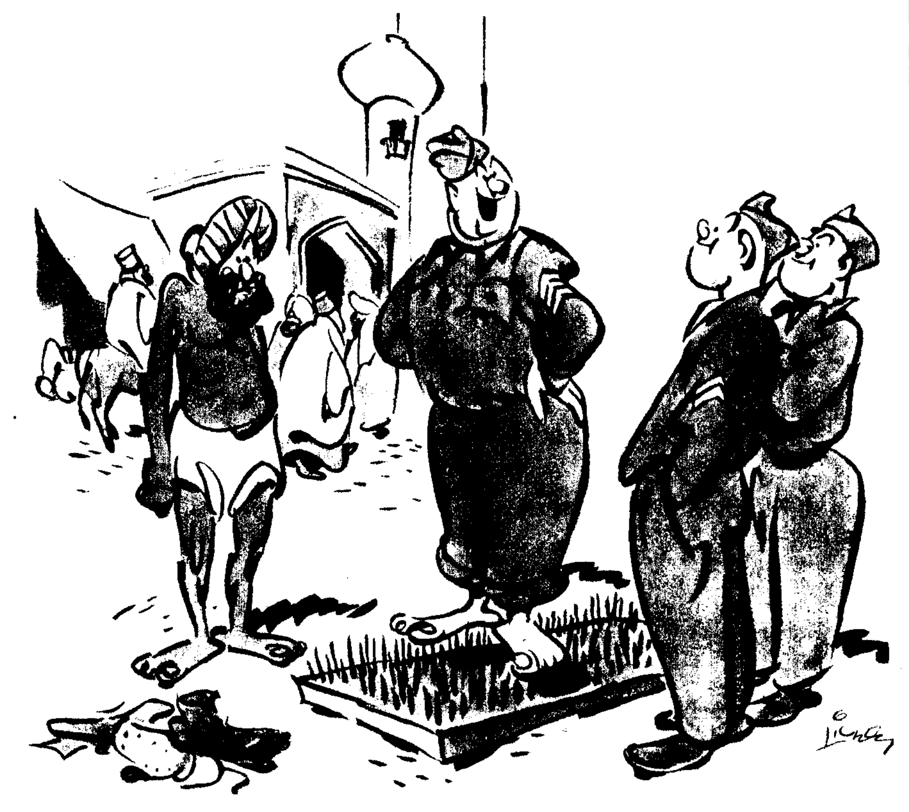
Pinto saw his trouble, too, as I zigzagged around. With one squirt of flame, he singed Fatty's beard off. I was about to advise also a shave when there came a terrible explosion. Everything went up in the air, the scout car, the krauts and the scenery. Pinto's cooker had set fire to the case of mortar shells.

The scout car came down in about a hundred pieces, the krauts not at all. We waited and waited. But how long can you wait? . . .

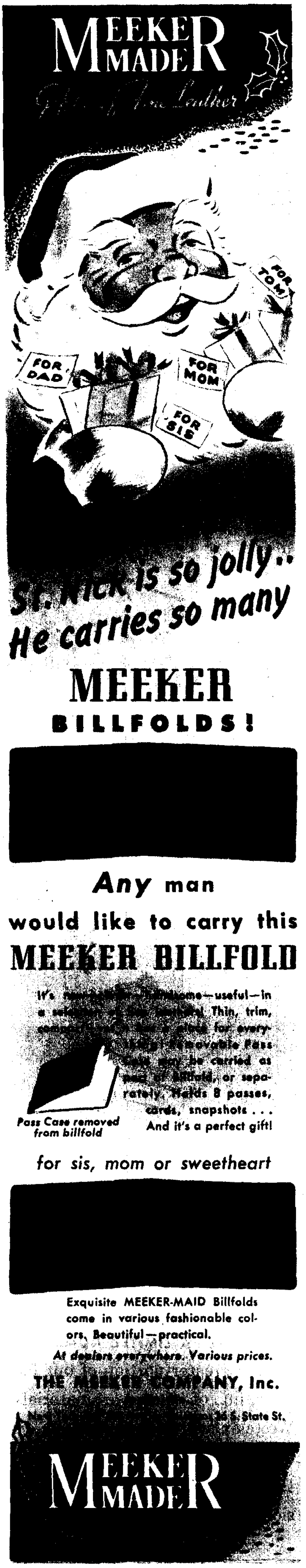
So that's how it was. I am still in the tank corps, but even more in hock. The seven gallons of brandy that we thought was gone wasn't. It was still in the spring. Signor Gizzo kept his word, and paid us a tidy sum. But Muller charged us with bootlegging, and the military court fined me and Pinto one hundred smackers apiece.

I ask you, is that justice?

THE END



COLLIER'S "He doesn't know the infantry, does he, fellas?" GEORGE LICHTY


MEEKER MADE

Gifts of Fine Leather

FOR TOM

FOR DAD

FOR MOM

FOR SIS

St. Nick is so jolly.. He carries so many

MEEKER BILLFOLDS!

Any man would like to carry this

MEEKER BILLFOLD

It's [illegible] handsome—useful—in a [illegible] Thin, trim, [illegible] a place for everything. Removable Pass Case may be carried as part of Billfold, or separately. Holds 8 passes, cards, snapshots . . . And it's a perfect gift!

Pass Case removed from billfold

for sis, mom or sweetheart

Exquisite MEEKER-MAID Billfolds come in various fashionable colors. Beautiful—practical.

At dealers everywhere. Various prices.

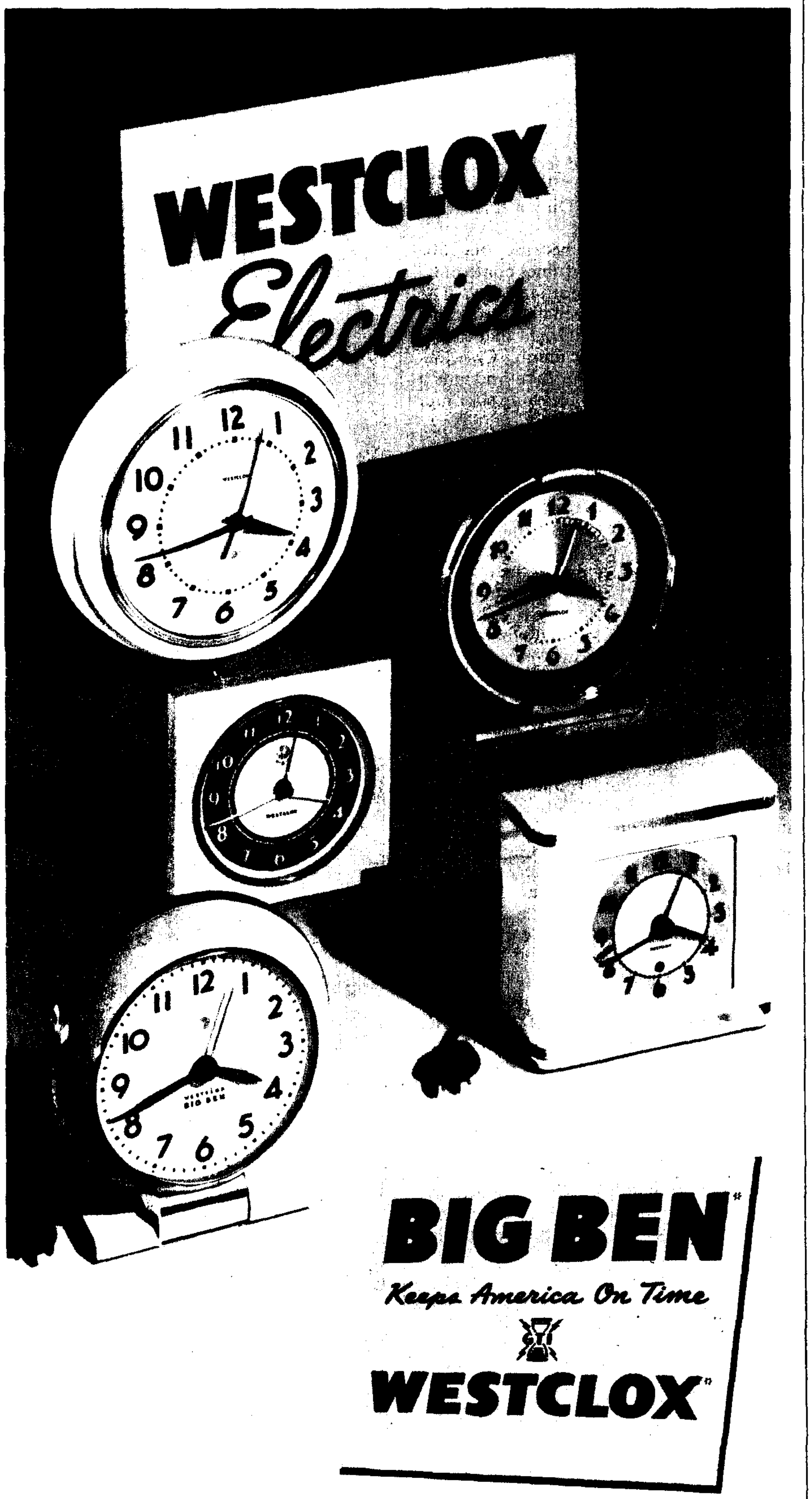
THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.

[illegible] 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE

WESTCLOX PRESENTS

Gifts to Come



Only a limited number of Westclox products are being made, for the greater portion of our facilities are still devoted to the manufacturing of vital war materials. But just as soon as permissible, Westclox will be available in a wider selection—smart and dependable as ever and with the same rigid quality standards that have made them famous the world over. Westclox, LaSalle-Peru, Illinois, Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Motif is Mexican

Continued from page 15

version of the zoot-suiter. Tourists pay collector's prices for his figures, too, for the work of Hidalgo is not to be confused with mere molded wax. It is a one-of-a-kind sort of creation, hand sculptured and painted true to life, with a skill handed down from seven generations of sculptors in wax, and it is acclaimed the best of its kind anywhere.

Part of the Mexico you read about—the Mexico of mañana and siesta and native, untutored talent—is Salvador Conde, designer for the English fabric firm, Artes Tillett, in Cuernavaca. Conde works only when he feels like it. "When I get tired of singing, I paint," he says.

"Conde came to a barbecue one night about six months ago," says Leslie Tillett, one of two brothers who have established in Mexico their father's high-priced-fabric business, formerly of London, Italy and Sweden. "He played his guitar and sang for our guests. Later on, he offered me some of his paintings. He has been here ever since."

In an old hacienda on the outskirts of the lovely resort town of Cuernavaca, these two English brothers are turning out fabulous, high-priced fabrics for export. Many of them are specially designed to suit the character, the coloring or the whim of a Hollywood star, a society woman or visiting royalty, just as the Tilletts used to design for their royal clients in England. There is Jinx Falkenberg's signature scrawled over a cerise ground. A series of rosy cupids holding hands and floating through space form the initials of a woman the brothers describe as an angel. There are all kinds of personal prints; ribald, pretty, spectacular.

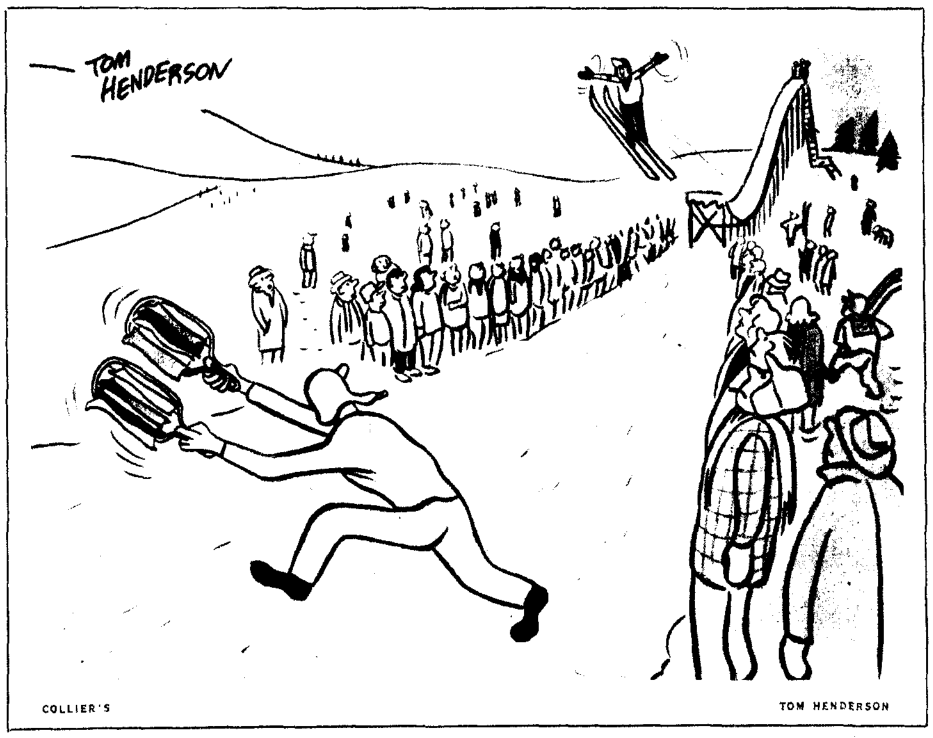
Barefoot Indians corralled from the neighboring villages do the careful dyeing, blocking and painting of these sophisticated costly fabrics. They take their siesta there on the grounds, and eat their afternoon meal in the shade of the huge mango trees, a native woman supplying tortillas from a charcoal brazier. The Tilletts, taking their midday rest also, splash in the pool. Conde takes up his guitar and sings for an admiring audience.

Conde has painted ever since he can remember, using water colors when the money could be spared for them after feeding six brothers and sisters. His work has the vigor and primitive quality of all Indian design.

Conde draws inspiration from a sheaf of archaeologist's drawings, in color, of original Toltec and Aztec motifs. No one knows where they came from, but he cherishes them like a Bible. He is the unofficial "cultural consultant," and nothing based on Mexican design is done without his approval. This way the Tillett brothers are escaping the blight of pseudo-Mexican art, in their highly popular Mexican designs.

Conde, a self-taught musician, once earned his living as a street singer. He lets nothing interfere with his music. "When I get tired of singing, I paint," he repeats. His guitar is one of his favorite subjects for painting.

The End



Any Week

Continued from page 4

dear, you have been contributing nobly to the war effort for eighteen months now, and I think that you ought by this time to remember the name of the bureau you work for. Most of us manage to remember it after being here only a year."

OF COURSE, experts come in very handy at times. In this country we call in experts to tell us how to do things, and then hasten to appoint someone to them who doesn't know anything about it. An expert, Mr. Daniel A. Harvey of Ossining, New York, has just written us. Mr. Harvey is president of the Uniformed Prison Officers Association, Local 584, C.I.O., of Sing Sing Prison. Says he: "With Rauschning, Laski and the psychiatrists characterizing the top Fascists as gangsters, who is to do rehabilitation work on them at war's end? Sing Sing Prison guards think they do a pretty good job on the local variety. Shop talk around the towers here is about just how we'd handle Himmler, Goebbels and Goering. Hitler, we assume, will eat a hearty last meal. But how about the others? Send them to us. We'd have Goebbels in the print shop lugging heavy forms of honest copy. Himmler in the knit shop weaving shirts instead of hangman ropes, and Goering spending his time looking at great haunches of beef. Then we have a few side refinements . . . anyway, send them to us."

AND Lieutenant Bill Blake of the parachute troops writes from the Pacific that George Creel's list of The Guilty suffers from omissions. "What about the guy who invented the dehydration of potatoes, milk and eggs?" demands Lieutenant Blake. He adds, however that the fellow's job was not a complete one. "He should have invented cooks who knew what to do with dehydrated food, or soldiers who would like it.". . . W. D.

One More River to Boss

Continued from page 17

hastily averred that there was plenty of water in the Missouri for both irrigation and navigation. The reclamationists objected that if this were true, why had the Army been in such a rush to get priority on water for navigation.

The Army engineers declared that if there were ever a conflict between irrigation and navigation, they wouldn't dream of standing in the way of irrigation. The reclamationists said that was fine and would the Army engineers put it in writing? The Army huffed up at this and asked if their word couldn't be trusted. The reclamationists thereupon decided to mistrust them more than ever.

It was at this juncture that the St. Louis Post-Dispatch stepped in and said, "Hold! Enough!" The way this was going it could only end in civil war and, in the meantime, the Missouri would be playfully washing away half the Middle West. What the Post-Dispatch asked was if anybody had ever heard of the TVA. They said forthrightly and with no quibbling that the Tennessee Valley Authority was one of the greatest things that had ever happened in America, and all anybody had to do to prove it was to go down and talk with the people in Tennessee.

Now, therefore, let it be resolved, said the Post-Dispatch, to stop all this nonsense about Upper River and Lower River and talk in terms of the Missouri Valley. What we need, it added, is an MVA, and the sooner the better.

An Invitation to Sound Off

It addressed a letter to the editors of the Missouri Valley asking for their opinions, criticisms and co-operation. It put one of its crack reporters, Sam J. Shelton, on the story and told him to stay there until the MVA became a reality.

If the Post-Dispatch wanted criticism, it now received it in showers. The Kansas City Star said very promptly that it wanted no part of a project that would irrigate 4,000,000 additional acres to afford competition for Kansas and Missouri farmers.

The Montana Standard of Butte, E. G. Leipheimer, editor, wrote: "We are praying for an end to bureaucratic dictatorship and regimentation. We want to have a hand in our own development. We can hardly imagine a board sitting in perpetuity to control our economic destiny. We fear that such a board may be responsive entirely to demands of the lower states because of their large populations, powerful in politics, while we wither and die, neglected. We point out that there are substitutes for water navigation in the valley but no substitute for water in the soil."

The Omaha World-Herald looked with horror on the suggestion, referring to it as a "colossus which would be operated completely by the bureaucracy." Governors Hickenlooper of Iowa, Sharpe of South Dakota and Vivian of Colorado also harped on the dictatorship theme, with Governor Vivian adding that anything done in the valley should be handled by private interests.

The Post-Dispatch answered the Kansas City Star by saying that it was the shortsightedness of sectional interests that had brought the valley to its present plight. It said further that the States' Rights people were talking through their hats. How could they object to MVA when both the Reclamation Bureau and the Army engineers were federal agencies operated out of Washington?

In truth, it continued, the greatest triumph of TVA has been that it operates entirely in the Tennessee Valley and with no interference from Washington. There is the closest co-operation between TVA and the people it serves. When Senator McKellar sought to have the hiring of TVA employees brought under the control of Congress, the outcry from the Tennessee Valley was so great that the measure was defeated.

Before the Post-Dispatch had proposed the MVA plan, its Mr. Sam Shelton had pointed out that there were only four points of serious physical conflict between the Pick plan, sponsored by the Army engineers, and the Bureau of Reclamation plan, to wit:

1. At Fort Peck Dam and Reservoir in North Dakota, completed by the Army engineers in 1939 and now operated for navigation, flood control and power, the Bureau of Reclamation plan proposed to draw heavily on the storage capacity of 19,400,000 acre-feet of water to irrigate additional arid farming land. (An acre-foot of water is a unit of volume which covers a level acre to a depth of one foot.) The Army engineers object to use of this stored water for irrigation before equivalent storage capacity in aid of navigation and flood control is made available farther down the main stem of the Missouri.
2. The Bureau of Reclamation's proposal to eliminate the Pick plan's recommended Garrison Dam in North Dakota (17 million acre-feet capacity) is objected to by the Army engineers because this would cause a reduction of 10,000,000 acre-feet in flood control on the main river. The Army engineers assert the resulting flood protection would be inadequate.
3. A proposal of the Bureau of Reclamation to irrigate one million acres in the Souris Basin in North Dakota, near the Canadian border, with water diverted from the Missouri below Fort Peck, is objected to by Army engineers.
4. The proposed nine-foot channel is a major point of disagreement with all who seek a comprehensive plan for over-all development of the Missouri River basin.

Both the Army engineers and the Reclamation people have agreed that reconciliation of the plans could be worked out in a practical way, but the prospects of collaboration seem less promising when Congress is reached.

In the House, the various phases of river-basin development are handled by three committees: Flood Control, Rivers and Harbors, and Irrigation and Reclamation. In the Senate, the Commerce Committee handles both flood control and navigation matters, but there is a separate committee on Irrigation and Reclamation. The Bureau of Reclamation is under the Secretary of the Interior, and the Army engineers are under the Secretary of War.

This was confusing enough without the complication of the O'Mahoney Amendment which enjoyed the sponsorship of twenty-one other senators and flew in the face of the United States Supreme Court decision in the New River case in 1940, which gave Congress widely extended rights over the navigable streams of the country.

Following the TVA Pattern

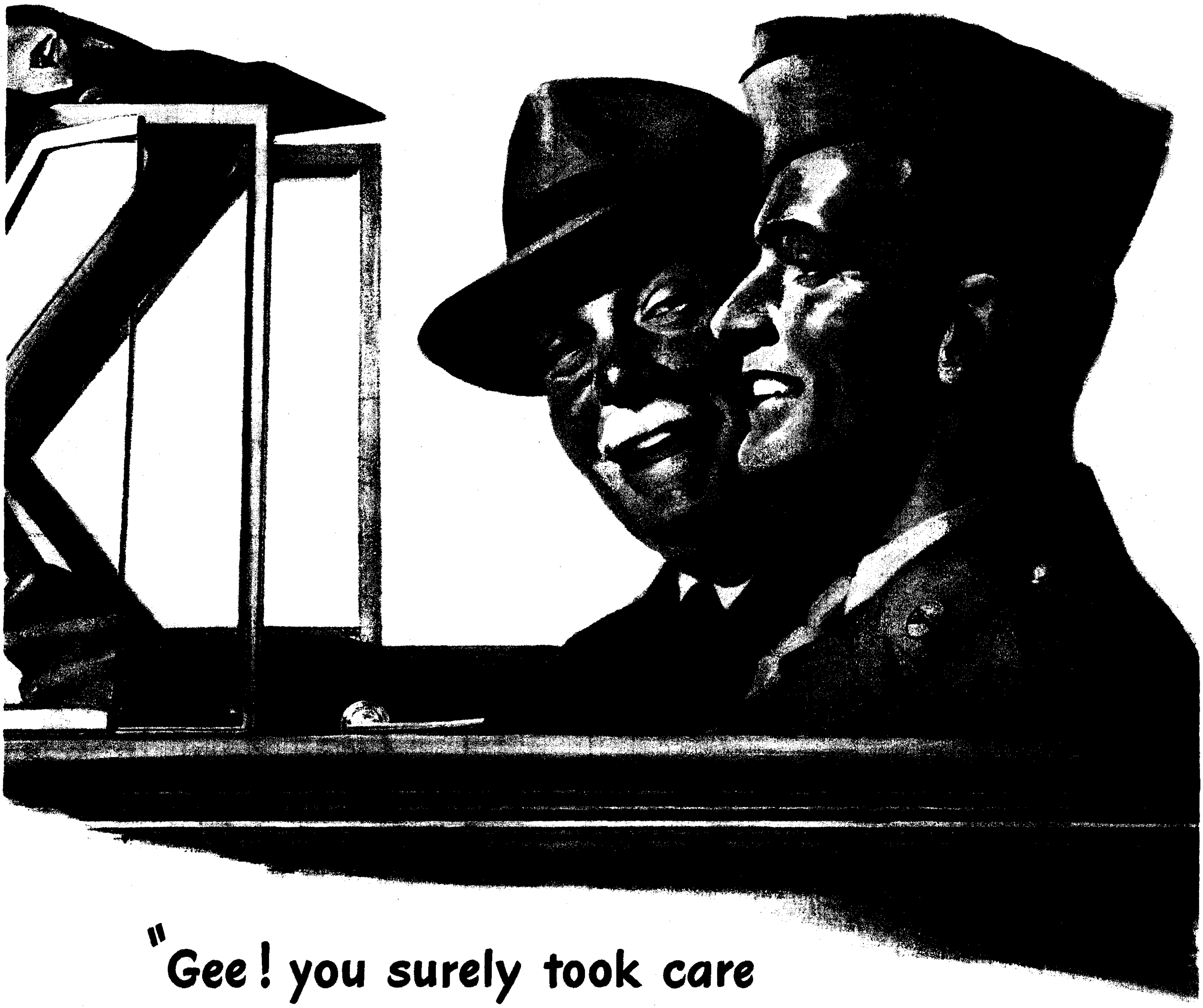
On August 18th of this year, the problem was placed on a new level by Senator James E. Murray of Montana, who introduced a bill in the Senate to create a Missouri Valley Authority. It followed closely the original TVA bill but offered additions that had been worked out during the eleven-year life of the Tennessee project. What gave special tone to Senator Murray's words, however, was the viewpoint from which he surveyed the problem.

"Mr. President," he said, "it is clear that the job to be done is tremendous. It challenges the imagination. It throws down the gantlet to our engineering skill, our scientific knowledge, and our know-how as to methods and management. . . . It is a job for modern pioneering on a grand scale in the national interest."

The introduction of the Murray Bill has been followed by a similar measure offered by Senator Guy Gillette of Iowa. On September 21st, of this year, President Roosevelt sent a message to Congress advocating MVA and asking for consideration of other projects on the Arkansas and Columbia rivers. This has taken the Missouri Valley problem out of the discussion stage into the realm of action.

As a postwar plan for providing jobs and

SUBWAY
UPTOWN
SUBWAY
UPTOWN
PEPSI-COLA
SUBWAY
UPTOWN
O. SOGLOW



"Gee! you surely took care of my Pontiac!"

When the boys dream about coming home—somewhere in the vision there's an image of those cars they left behind them.

And, naturally, they see them as they left them . . . with the same old zip and pickup, the same shiny hoods and fenders.

If you have charge of a "service star" car, you have a special obligation—to minimize the wear and tear of the months and the miles. You owe it to him, as well as to the war effort, to keep it looking and running at its very best.

Your Pontiac dealer will gladly help you with this vital job. He services all makes of cars—and his facilities are the finest obtainable. He has specialized equipment—specially trained mechanics—and uses only high quality parts for replacement. See him regularly.

PONTIAC
AUTHORIZED SERVICE
DRUGS

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION

General Motors Corporation

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network stimulating industry, nothing else comes even close. What has been done in the Tennessee Valley will pale before the achievements in the Missouri if the project is started and carried through. The Tennessee is 652 miles long; the Missouri is 2,469 miles. The area of the Tennessee basin is 41,000 square miles; the Missouri basin has an area of 529,000 square miles, nearly thirteen times as large.

MVA has not, of course, been authorized, and no engineering construction has been ventured, but one may get an idea of the magnitude of the possible plan by studying the suggestions made in the Pick plan and the larger plan of the Bureau of Reclamation. The Pick plan proposes twelve new Missouri Valley flood-control reservoirs, five on the main stem of the river, five on tributaries of the Republican River in Nebraska and Kansas, and two in the Yellowstone Basin. These are in addition to ten already authorized by Congress but not constructed because of the war emergency. Six of those authorized are in Missouri.

More Flood-Control Storage

The five new reservoirs proposed for the main stem of the river in North and South Dakota would have aggregate storage capacity of 35,200,000 acre-feet of water. The two in the Yellowstone Basin would store 5,750,000 acre-feet. These projects, together with the existing Fort Peck (Montana) reservoir's 19,400,000 acre-feet, would provide flood-control storage above Sioux City, Iowa, of more than 60,000,000 acre-feet.

The very regimentation that the objectors fear may, say the proponents of the plan, be a means of saving one of our most fruitful regions. The Tennessee Valley authorities have worked hand in glove with the farmers.

The Bureau of Reclamation's plan would store 35,446,000 acre-feet in the upper main stream and the upper tributaries. This plan, however, includes many other irrigation reservoirs, with aggregate capacity of 45,700,000 acre-feet. Even the most prosaic individual must be stirred by the magnitude of such an undertaking. The national importance of MVA is obvious. In a section where soil erosion, silted river beds and lowered water levels have threatened the very life of the land, the harnessing of the Missouri (known as the Big Muddy) will be an achievement of incalculable value.

A picture of what may be the future for the Missouri Valley may be suggested by what Benton J. Stong, editor of the National Union Farmer, has to report on the TVA. "I saw the enormous success of TVA in an alfalfa patch," he writes. "When I knew it nine years ago, it had been a 'shotgun cornfield'—so steep that, according to local legend, the farmer planted it by shooting seed into the field from the opposite hillside. Then it had been one of those deeply gullied wastelands, thick with underbrush and tiny streams that carried away the little remaining soil. But when I saw the field this month, it was covered with a green blanket of alfalfa and blue grass, its deep scars wiped away and replaced with terraces. It was part of the 55-acre hillside farm of Henry Clark, which has been restored by TVA phosphate and lime.

"Ten years ago Henry Clark scratched his hillside with a little black mare and a sled and got little more than $200 cash income. Last year he cultivated it with a tractor, a mowing machine, grain drill and other modern equipment and took in $4,600 from hay, dairy products, tomatoes, tobacco and poultry. Ten years ago, Henry Clark's home was a cabin. Today it is a fine farmhouse with electricity, electric range, electric washing machine, refrigerator and lights.

"TVA is not a power project. It is not an agricultural project. It is an integrated development of all the resources of an area, integrated so that water is harnessed, the lands are restored, the minerals are developed, and men live a better life. It is a pattern that may be developed all over America."

The floods in the Missouri have obscured the even greater losses from lack of water in the Upper Valley states. The great jalopy exodus from the Great Plains during the drought decade saw 350,000 persons leave their homes in the distressed region. The amounts unpaid on December 31, 1942, on grants and work relief from the federal government reached a total of $1,246,557,087. This approximates the estimated cost of the Bureau of Reclamation plan. It is estimated that 150,000 men could be employed, in the immediate postwar period, on construction sites under the Bureau of Reclamation project and an even greater number employed in factories to furnish materials for the dams, canals and jetties.

The Tennessee Valley is now a show window for what electrification can do. Every farm is electrically lighted and possesses the electric devices that make life more pleasant and efficient. Here is the contrasting situation in the Missouri Valley states:

Rural Farm Dwellings

	WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT	WITH MECHANICAL REFRIGERATION	WITH RUNNING WATER	WITH INSTALLED BATHTUB OR SHOWER
	PER CENT	PER CENT	PER CENT	PER CENT
United States	31.3	14.9	17.8	11.8
Montana	27.8	12.7	14.7	9.0
Wyoming	31.0	13.2	16.1	10.3
Colorado	34.6	14.9	21.3	12.4
N. Dakota	15.5	2.3	6.0	4.7
S. Dakota	17.9	4.8	11.8	3.2
Nebraska	28.5	12.2	22.3	14.0
Kansas	27.3	17.1	15.7	11.5
Iowa	39.5	16.3	21.5	15.4
Missouri	15.9	8.5	6.3	4.7

This suggests eloquently the opportunity for an improved future in the Missouri Valley if that future is worked out with determination.

Doctor John L. Coulter, former member of the Federal Tariff Commission, of Washington, D. C., stated in June of this year before a Senate committee, that America, with its population increasing at the rate of a million people a year, will have to increase its acreage if we are to maintain present standards of living.

"We are at a point now where we are importing more products of agriculture than we are exporting," he said.

This being so, the MVA or some alternative plan for bringing more land into cultivation in the Missouri Valley becomes a national imperative. A survey made this spring in North Dakota determined that of some 6,300 young men from that state in the Armed Services, more than 5,500 desire to be farmers after the war. The survey showed that only 675 now have farms, and therefore, for that group alone, about 4,850 farms are needed.

Therefore, we need farms, we need flood control, we have the men at hand for farming. Everybody acknowledges that the problem of the Missouri must be tackled, but it is over MVA that the big slugfest will come.

There arises the question of who will pay for MVA. Under current proposals, the financing will come from the federal government, but there would be profits on power and assessments on benefits to lands and city properties. The Edison Electric Institute, representing private power interests, maintains that the ultimate cost of TVA will be $1,000,000,000, or five times as much as estimated for the original program, and is expected to pay for itself in sixty years but without interest. David E. Lilienthal, director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, estimates that TVA will cost $700,000,000 and will be paid off in thirty years.

In the case of the much larger Missouri Valley plan, power will be a minor consideration and could not possibly pay the total cost of the project. But supporters of the MVA argue that, in the public interest, the Missouri has to be tamed; that the nation will receive great benefits from anything that brings greater productivity to the Missouri Valley, prevents flood damage and saves land under cultivation.

Although electric power is only one phase of MVA (with an estimated one million to three million kilowatts possible), it is quite possible that some defenders of private enterprise will swing their shillelaghs. MVA is a great challenge, the sort of battle that stirs the pioneer instincts still in the breasts of most Americans. Its supporters do not deny that it will also be a giant stepping on many toes and that outcries must be expected. A great deal will depend on the legislators guiding the bill through Congress. There will be no George W. Norris to lead the fight, as there was in the case of the TVA. Great interests will be lined up on each side, and mighty blows will be struck.

Disparity Between Committees

The people who feel that it might be wiser to work out a plan between the Army engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation have found that in Congress it has been impossible to get the separate committees to sit down together to discuss an over-all solution. The interests of the two government agencies are entirely disparate. Reclamation people have been taught to think in terms of land; Army engineers are concerned with watercourses. MVA advocates believe it is impossible that the two could ever work in harmony.

One big plan is needed, and time will tell whether it will come through MVA or another agency of like character.

It's going to be a tough fight, but the Missouri has been kicking its region around for hundreds of years, and it either has to be stopped soon or it will run out of competition. Americans always like a challenge of that kind.

The MVA is going to be something to watch and wonder over when it gets going.

THE END

Policy of Desperation

The Desperate Ones	*The Policy*
Candidate for county judge, Dallas	**He promised to get married if elected.**
Divorcee, Hammond, Indiana	**She picketed the home of her ex-husband, bearing a placard stating the amount of alimony overdue.**
Newspaper editor, Atlantic City	**He stopped using periods in his periodical, to save paper.**
Bachelor, Dallas	**He advertised a reward for information leading to the purchase of "a medium slice of rare prime roast beef."**
Motorist, Schenectady	**When he got a parking ticket from a policeman, he tore it to pieces and ate it up.**
Bachelor, Perth, Scotland	**He arranged to get married at the age of 91.**

—W. E. Farbstein

HE'LL like its style (reversible gabardine and red wool plaid) . . . its distinctive quality . . . and he'll be delighted, as all men are, with Action-Fit*—an exclusive Albert Richard tailoring feature which achieves a free-and-easy, yet custom-like fit. Choose his Albert Richard Coat or Jacket early. Many new models in luxury leathers and fine fabrics at leading stores everywhere. Albert Richard Gloves, too, are ideal gifts!

Free! AVIATION CAVALCADE MAP!

Shows world's greatest planes in color! Global air map, etc.! Free at your Albert Richard dealer's. Write for his name, or send 10c (no stamps) to Albert Richard, Dept. H, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ALBERT RICHARD

ACTION FIT COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • MITTENS
Division of Fried. Ostermann Company, Milwaukee

AS ALWAYS—THE MIDWEST LEADS IN OUTDOOR STYLE AND QUALITY

THREE WISE MEN ON A RAFT

BY MARGARET COOPER GAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

A story of three wise men, and a child who taught them that Christmas isn't all holly and tinsel—it's what you make it, wherever you are

THE life raft drifted on the long slow rolling swell of the mid-Pacific. Three men and a boy were on the raft. Mike watched the stars blink out and the sky turn purple-black. Soon the sun would pop up like a fiery jack-in-the-box, and it would be another day. Mike told himself he wasn't going to think about what day.

He looked at the dark lumps that marked Joe and Cliff, the smaller lump that was the kid. The kid was seven or eight years old; he was little and skinny and yellow and slant-eyed. For all Mike knew he was a Jap. They had been evacuating civilians from Butterfly Island, a hot spot that was going to be hotter and no place for a pack of assorted Orientals, when a Jap sub got their tanker in the middle and the boilers blew up. When it was all over, Mike and Joe and Cliff found this raft and one another. Most of the provisions had been lost. They paddled amid the wreckage for a night and a day and all they found alive was this kid hanging onto a plank.

That was six days ago, and the kid hadn't said a word since, only watched and listened, if listening did him any good, and held fast to something that bulged under his jacket. The first couple of days Mike and Joe and Cliff took turns trying to make the kid talk, then they gave up, although sometimes his eyes looked as if he understood. Most of the time, though, he just looked plain scared. Even if he wasn't a Jap, Mike thought, the kid was some kind of a heathen, and he couldn't help begrudging him every bite of food and every drop of water. But now there wasn't any water left to grudge, and the few bites of food they had wouldn't do anybody any good without water to wash it down.

Mike yawned, then grunted because yawning hurt his lips. His mouth was dry as a drunk's on Sunday morning and tasted nearly as bad. He licked his lips tenderly and waggled his tongue around inside his mouth and thought, Hell! if only I could raise a decent spit!

A pink arrow of light streaked the sky, and the kid opened his eyes and looked at Mike then shut them tight and hugged the bulge under his jacket.

Mike wondered what was in that bulge. Food maybe. If it was water it'd gurgle when he moved and it didn't. Mike scowled and the kid's eyes cringed open again. Then he stiffened, sat rigid for a moment, and pointed to the eastern sky that was pink as a June rose. Mike looked and didn't see anything, but when he listened he heard a droning, no louder than the surge of ocean but entirely different.

He jumped up, shouting, "A plane! Wake up!" His voice sounded cracked and weak.

Cliff sat up abruptly and Joe yawned, cursing the blood that seeped from his cracked lips. "Cheez," he said, "I dreamt I was home."

"Wave your shirt if you ever want to get there," Mike said.

They all stood up and waved and shouted, all but the kid who sat still, watching with big scared eyes. The plane cut across one end of the world and vanished. They watched and waved long after it disappeared, knowing they hadn't been spotted, hoping in spite of everything. Then they sagged, all at once, and sat down.

Joe said, "It's gone, and a Merry Christmas to you."

"Have you gotta bring that up?" Mike said. "Can't you skip it?"

"I wish you'd 'a' left me sleep," Joe said. "I was home for Christmas. I could smell turkey and giblet gravy and mashed turnips and Christmas trees and kids that'd been sucking candy canes. Everything was like it used to be, all of us home, and the dinner table let out full length with the card table put on at one end and the kitchen table put on at the other end, and three tablecloths overlapped to cover them. . . . If we had three tablecloths now we could make us a sail and then somebody'd spot us."

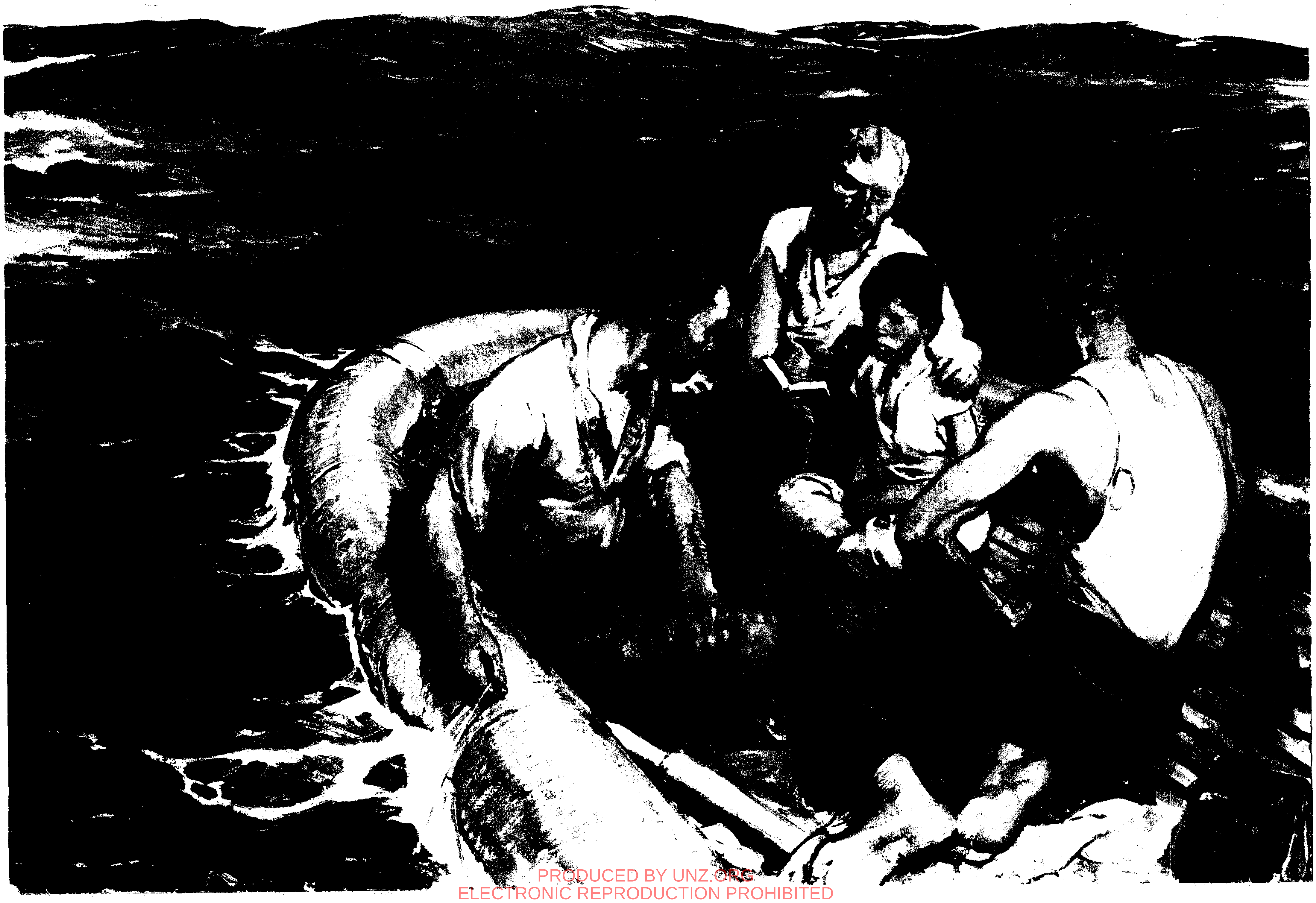
Mike said, "Cut it, will you! Anyways, it ain't Christmas at home now; it was Christmas yesterday, or else it'll be Christmas tomorrow—I never can get that straight—but it ain't Christmas now."

"It's Christmas here," Cliff said, "whether we want it to be or not. There's more to Christmas than turkey and three tablecloths."

"Sure," Joe said, "there's snow on the ground, there's ground under your feet. There's Mom and the girls all red-faced and happy. There's two-bit cigars and snorts in the back bedroom upstairs. There's kids having a whale of a time—" He broke off and looked at the slant-eyed, yellow kid. "Think he knows about Christmas?"

"Naw," Mike said. "He's a heathen. For all we know he's a blooming Jap." The idea had been with them all, but nobody had said it out loud before. Now they looked at the kid with open animosity.

The kid's eyes got bigger and bigger. He



Cliff took the Testament, laid his hand on the kid's shoulder, and began to read. Slowly the tautness of fear left the boy's body as he listened

Give a ZENITH HEARING AID with the New Look of Youth....

To That Loved One
Who is Hard-of-Hearing

Complete With NEUTRAL-COLOR EARPHONE and CORD

$40 Ready to Wear

Model A-2-A

ANOTHER ZENITH FIRST

MAKE it a *Merrier Christmas* for someone near and dear to you... for a member of your family who lives under the shadow of silence!

Give a Zenith Radionic—the hearing aid of nation-wide popularity. Its new Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord brings a new smartness and "look of youth" which enables even the most sensitive-minded wearer to enjoy new poise and confidence.

Yes, this new Zenith ensemble does for the hearing aid what modern styling did for eyeglasses!

Visible parts of the Zenith Radionic are *scarcely noticeable!* The plastic earphone complements any complexion... is extra-light in weight, comfortable, long-wearing. The slender plastic cord is translucent... perspiration-proof, kink-proof and washable. It will not fray... gives less clothing or friction noise than any fabric-covered cord.

Ask your Zenith-franchised dispenser to explain how the Zenith Radionic's high quality and modern styling bring lasting joy and happiness to the hard-of-hearing—at a price within reach of all.

He will tell you, too, about Zenith's *personal adjustment* principle... how the Zenith's exclusive external Tone Control enables *anyone* to fit the instrument himself—to begin a lifetime of better hearing *right on Christmas day!* Drop in today for a free demonstration. Or send coupon below for complete details and name of dispenser nearest you.

* * *

Also available—The new Bone Conduction and Bone-Air Zeniths for the very few whose physicians recommend these types of instruments. Each only $10 more, complete.

BY THE MAKERS OF

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

$40 COMPLETE READY TO WEAR

NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID

Why Its Fine Quality Costs You So Little

Like your watch, this hearing aid is a product of precision mass production. If only a few were made, it would cost many times more, be far less accurate—as Zenith proved when it applied precision mass production to lower the cost of a $200 radio to $29 and make it an *even finer* instrument. Now Zenith combines precision mass production with a revolutionary sales method which *eliminates* salesmen's high commissions and other expensive selling costs... to bring you at $40 an *even finer* hearing aid than our original $50,000 model. Remember—Zenith leads the world in precision mass production of Radionic products exclusively.

FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

PASTE ON PENNY POST CARD AND MAIL

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Dept. C-12
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me your Free booklet on the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid—together with name of nearest dispenser.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*________________ *State*______

☐ Physicians check here for special literature.

CANADIANS! The Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid with *Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord* is now available in Canada—*direct by mail only*—at $40 (Canadian currency). No extra charge for shipping, duties or taxes! Write Dept. C-12, Zenith Radio Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Guaranty Trust Bldg., Windsor, Ontario.

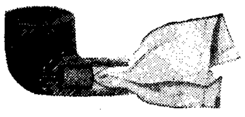
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL MEDICINE

COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

STOP
GOO
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
IT'S CUSHION SEALED
$1

HANDKERCHIEF TEST



PROVES VITAL ZONE SPOTLESS AND FREE FROM "GOO"—*no matter how often you smoke it!*

WDC

HESSON GUARD
MILANO

"That's not the kind of anti-freeze I mean!"

This year your car is more precious than a fur coat. Be sure your car is FULLY protected with *Nor'way** Antifreeze. Your *Nor'way* dealer is equipped to supply more than anti-freeze. He is prepared to render COMPLETE Cooling System protection.

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

CSC

NOR'WAY
Cooling System Protection
COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

clutched the bulge over his skinny little middle. "Not Jap," he said in a shaky small voice. "Me not Jap."

Joe said, "Whatta you know, it can talk!"

Mike grunted. "He'd say that whether he was a Jap or not . . . What's he got in that bundle?"

Cliff said, "Pajamas and a toothbrush maybe."

"You see him put on any pajamas? You see him brush his teeth? That bundle's bigger than pajamas and a toothbrush. . . . It—it could be eats, or maybe maps. . . ."

"Nuts," Joe said. "The kid might be okay." He leaned over and yelled as if the kid were deaf, "You savvy Christmas, huh?"

The kid's eyes were blank with terror. "Me not Jap," he whispered.

Mike said, "I still think he's a stinking Jap." He glared at the kid and shouted, "You savvy God, huh?"

The kid quivered and hugged his bundle tightly to his chest, ducking his head as if he were trying to hide behind it.

"You're scaring him to death," Cliff said. "He probably thinks we'll eat him if he gives the wrong answer."

"That's right; he's only a kid," Joe said. "Trick is to ask him something any kid knows." He leaned over, big and redheaded and hairy, with blood trickles drying in his beard. "You hang your stocking on the mantelpiece last Christmas?" he hollered. "You savvy Santy Claus?"

THE kid's eyes rolled in panic. "Me not Jap," he whispered.

"You talk too loud," Cliff said. "Lemme try." He spoke softly through blood and dirt and whiskers. "You catchim God belong topside heaven, huh, kid?"

The kid bobbed his head in an indeterminate way, his eyes still rolling.

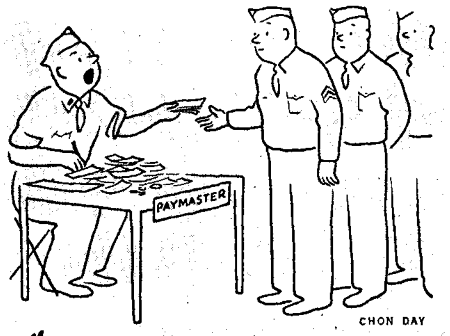
"You got to take it easy and speak good pidgin," Cliff explained. Then to the kid, "Jesus belong topside heaven too—right?" The kid's head moved again. "Jesus God's little boy, see? Him little boy like you—"

"Hey!" Mike roared, "You can't go telling him Jesus was a Jap!"

"I got to make him understand," Cliff apologized. "We might convert him. That'd be a good thing to do for Christmas."

"That's right, it would," Joe said. "But don't start with the deep stuff. Tell him about Santy Claus—any kid can understand that."

"Sure," Mike said sarcastically. "And where's this one going to hang his stocking—



"Buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

on a star? What's Santy Claus going to bring him? Tell me that?"

"We might catch a fish to eat," Cliff said.

"Fish is wet enough to eat without water. You minding that line, Mike?"

"Yeah. And a lotta good it does. You take it, Joe."

"I got better to do," Joe said. "You take it, Cliff." Cliff took the line and Joe began digging in his pockets. Pulling out a knife and a piece of soap, he began whittling at the soap.

"What you doing with that?" Mike asked.

"I'm cutting out a Santy Claus for the kid's Christmas, when Cliff converts him. I won a prize in a soap-sculpture contest back home."

Cliff said, "We might want to wash with that soap."

"We can't convert the kid without we give him a Christmas present," Joe said. "A soap Santy Claus to make him believe in God is better than a wash."

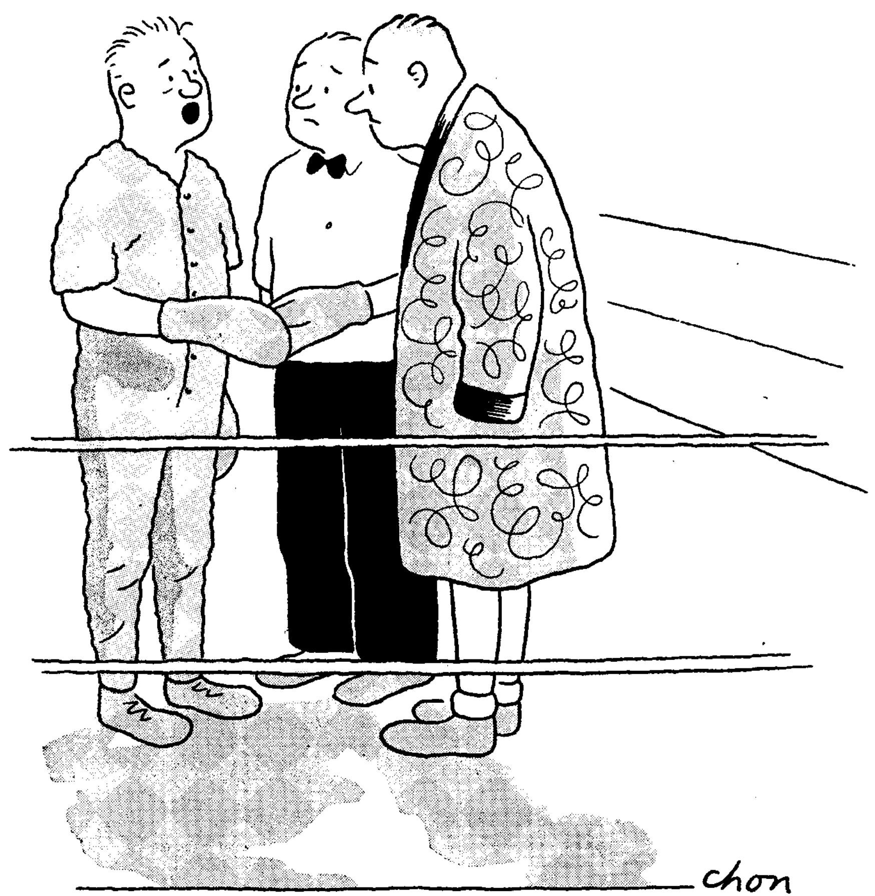
Mike said thoughtfully, "Eskimos *eat* soap. I read it in a book."

"Make you sick as hell," Joe said. "Go on, Cliff, convert him."

Cliff leaned close to the kid. "Jesus little boy belong God, and today birthday belong Jesus, see? . . . Nineteen hundred and forty-four years ago . . ."

"It was before that," Mike said, "the calendar is haywire some way."

"All right. A long time ago—How's that? —one fella Joseph catchim carpenter's job in Nazareth. Mary belong wife of Joseph. Mary good lady, see? Holy. Mary want catchee little boy, so an angel—" He broke off, "How'm I going to explain that angel?"



COLLIER'S "I've got the sniffles" CHON DAY

WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND FOR SIMPLE PILES?
UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

There's a simple way to get relief from the itching and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Try *Unguentine Rectal Cones,* made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE.

They are *Easy to Use—Sanitary—Inexpensive.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. *Sold with a money-back guarantee.*

UNGUENTINE
RECTAL CONES
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Norwich
A NORWICH PRODUCT

KEEP YOUR GUN CLEAN
With Hoppe's No. 9

Guns grow old faster from neglect than from use. Use Hoppe's No. 9 to remove all primer, powder, lead and metal fouling, and to prevent rust and pitting. Let Hoppe's No. 9 safeguard your gun and keep it like new. Gun dealers sell Hoppe's No. 9, or send us 10¢ for trial size. Helpful "Gun Cleaning Guide" FREE, upon post card request.

FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.
2312 North 8th St., Philadelphia 33, Pa.

A•1
SAUCE

ONE Sauce for ALL!

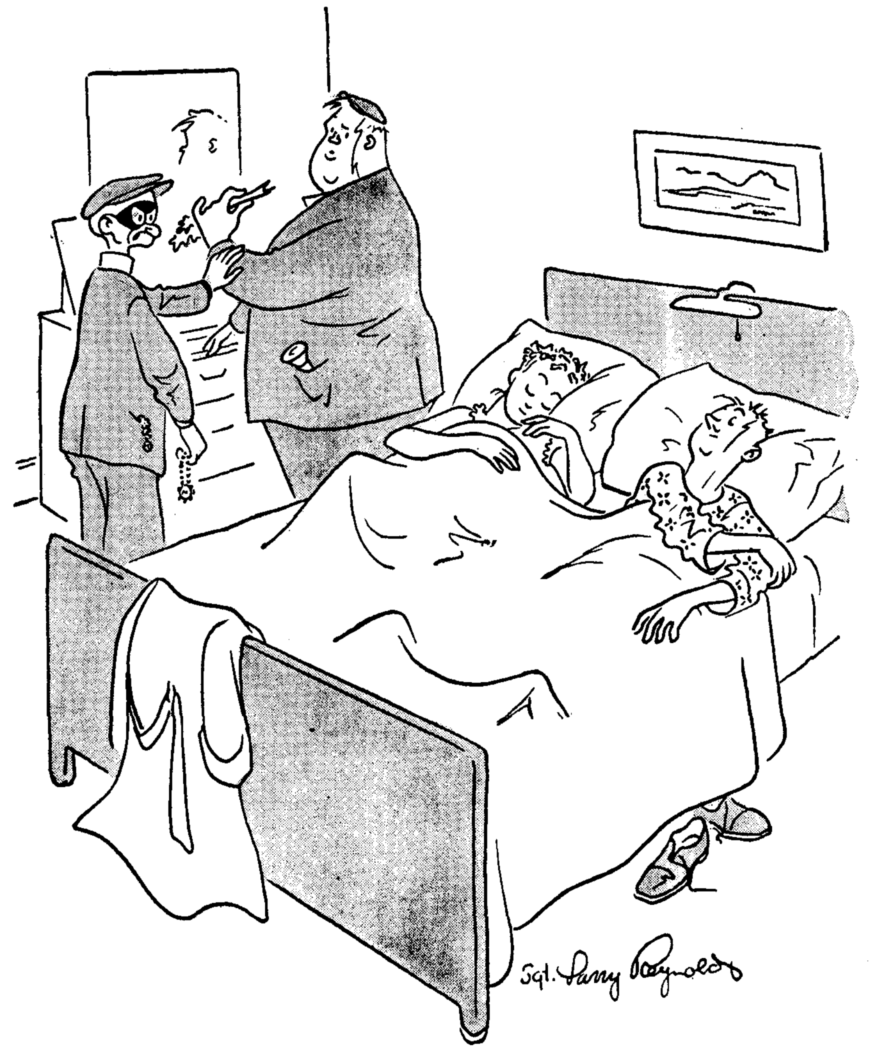
Not just for meat. Not just for fish. Not just for fowl, beans, salads and egg dishes. *It's A•1 for all!*

Ask for it when dining out. Keep it on the table at home. *Not rationed.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Look, they're beginning to stir. Now go finish your celery downstairs"

COLLIER'S

"I told you to cut the deep stuff and get down to Santy Claus," Joe growled.

"No," Mike said, "he's gotta get the works. Santy Claus comes after." He was busy shuffling through his pockets, digging into one after the other, and shaking his head. Then he paused, amazement lighting his face. "Whatta you know? Wait a minute!" He stretched his leg, probed carefully, gently, and brought out a piece of well-chewed gum. "Had that all the time and didn't know it! There's nothing like gum to keep you from getting thirsty. Here, kid, you take first chew, and Merry Christmas if you ain't a Jap."

The kid cringed away from the blob of chewing gum.

"He don't know what gum is," Cliff said. "We'll chew first to show him." Looking straight at the kid, he said, "It's good, see?" Then popping the gum in his mouth, he closed his eyes and chewed. "Saaay, that does help!" he murmured. He opened his mouth and showed it to the kid on his tongue, then chewed some more. Finally he passed the gum to Joe and turned back to the kid.

"This here angel told Mary and Joseph to go to Bethlehem and pay their taxes and he'd bring Mary little boy Jesus belong God, see? You getting this, kid?"

The kid was staring fascinated at Joe.

"How can I convert him if you pop gum?" Cliff asked, plaintively.

Joe looked sheepish. "I only popped a few times. It's Mike's turn anyways. But, Cliff, how do you know the kid gets it?"

"I don't know how," Cliff confessed. "If I had a Bible I'd read it to him—anybody can get that."

Mike paused with the gum halfway to his mouth, a slow red creeping over his face. "Okay, okay, I got a Testament," he said, "and I don't want no wisecracks outta you guys about it." He reached into a pocket and handed over a slim, small volume. "My mother gave it to me. Christmas is in Luke—Hey, you got a strike!" Mike lunged up, rocking the raft wildly.

Cliff jumped, and the Testament flew up in the air, but the kid sprang, quick as a monkey, and caught it, letting go his bulge for the first time. Then he squatted again, pushing the bulge back into place and hugging his belly tighter than ever.

Cliff fought the line that jerked and bobbed while Mike and Joe shouted advice. The kid watched with scared delight in his eyes. Cliff swung the fish aboard and slit its throat. It was a small fish, shiny and exotic.

"Suppose it's poisonous," Mike said.

Joe said, "Ask the kid, he lives around here."

Cliff pointed, "Him fella fish makeee good chow?"

The kid shook his own skinny small hands and bowed formally. "Him good."

Cliff divided the fish into four equal parts and handed them around.

Joe looked at his sadly. "I was slobbering while you pulled it in. Now—hell, I should've known you couldn't catch a fried fish . . ."

THE kid pointed to the knife, and when Cliff gave it to him he boned his fish and cut it into thin strips and ate happily.

"He's got something there," Joe said. "It goes down quicker."

Mike said glumly, "That's how the stinking Japs eat fish. I read it in a book." He parked the gum and bit into the fish. "Could be worse, lots worse."

"Lay off the kid, will you!" Joe demanded. Then he sliced his fish as the kid had done and gulped it down.

The kid finished his portion, leaving only the skin which he cut into small pieces and used to bait the hooks. He nudged Cliff timidly and pointed.

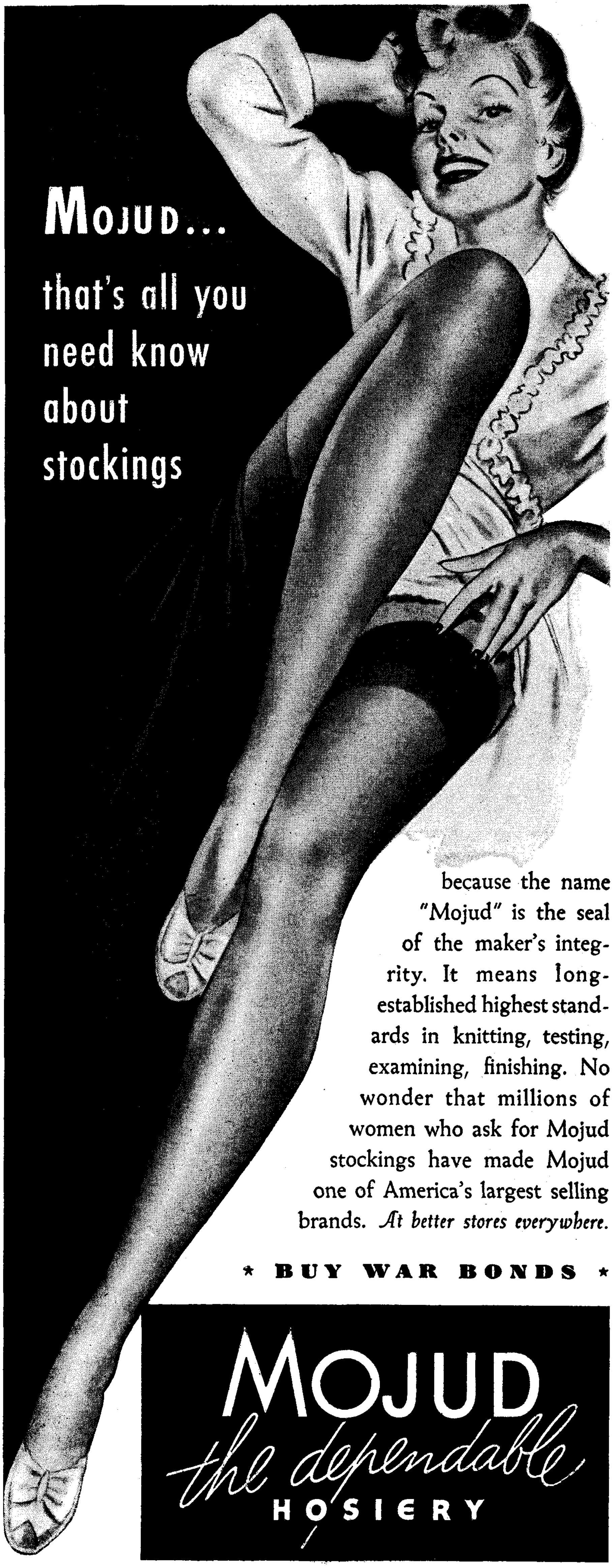
Cliff patted his head. "You're not such a bad kid."

Mike said, "Here, kid, it's your turn at the gum, and I'm sorry what I said about Japs. Chew your gum and a Merry Christmas."

The kid took the gum, bobbed a funny little bow, popped it into his mouth, chewed, looked puzzled, chewed some more, and gulped suddenly.

"He swallowed it!" Joe cried. "The blamed little heathen swallowed our gum!"

The kid scrammed down into a heap, his eyes terrified again.



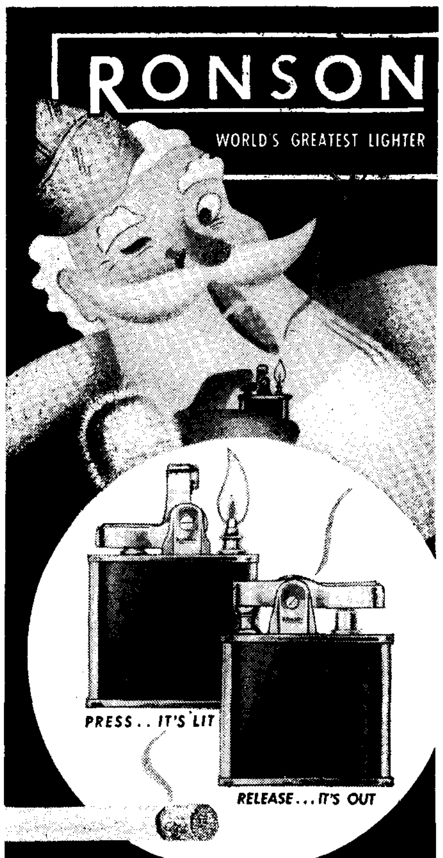
MOJUD... that's all you need know about stockings

because the name "Mojud" is the seal of the maker's integrity. It means long-established highest standards in knitting, testing, examining, finishing. No wonder that millions of women who ask for Mojud stockings have made Mojud one of America's largest selling brands. *At better stores everywhere.*

★ BUY WAR BONDS ★

MOJUD *the dependable* HOSIERY

Trade Mark Reg. © 1944, Mojud Hosiery Co., Inc., N.Y.C.



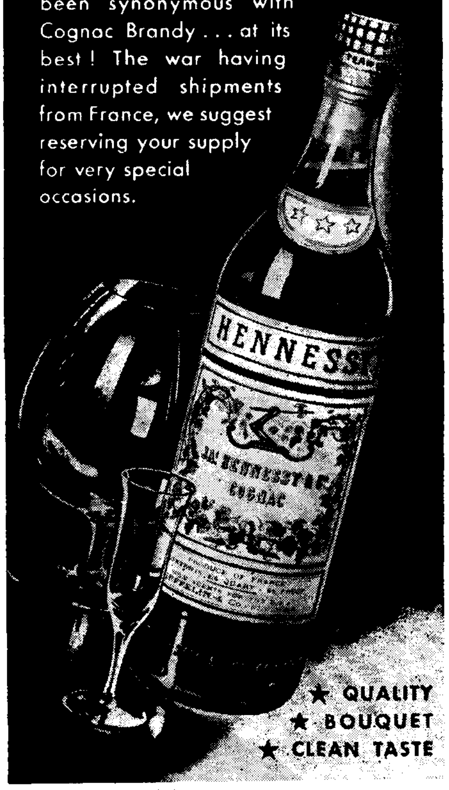
RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

IF THIS WERE A PEACETIME XMAS...

there'd be RONSONS under thousands of Xmas trees. *Today, however, all RONSONS made are* requisitioned by our Government for Armed Forces overseas. Individual orders cannot be filled. When huge military needs are met, there'll be RONSONS for all.

Ronson, Newark 2, N. J.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT BUY WAR BONDS!



★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Through all the years since 1765, the name ★★★HENNESSY has been synonymous with Cognac Brandy . . . at its best! The war having interrupted shipments from France, we suggest reserving your supply for very special occasions.

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JA^S HENNESSY & C^O
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

"What the hell, it was his gum!" Mike sighed. "Go on, Cliff, convert him."

Cliff took the Testament from the kid, laid his hand on the thin shoulder, and turned to the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. He read slowly, reverently: " 'Now it came to pass in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled . . . And all went to enroll themselves, every one to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth . . .' "

The kid listened intently. Slowly the tautness of fear left his body and the glitter of fear went out of his eyes.

" '. . . And she brought forth her firstborn son, and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn . . .' "

The kid snuggled closer by small degrees until he was nestled tight against Cliff. Cliff's arm went round the kid and held him.

" 'And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, keeping watch by night over their flock . . .' "

The kid's head settled on Cliff's shoulder.

" 'And an angel of the Lord . . . said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people . . . and on earth peace among men. . . .' "

Mike rubbed his eyes.

The kid's eyelids drooped, his mouth grew soft and childish.

" '. . . the shepherds said to one another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass . . . And they came with haste and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. . . .' "

The kid breathed deeply, peacefully. He was asleep.

Joe said under his breath, "The poor damn' little heathen."

Cliff eased the kid's head down onto his leg, and then taking a small ball of string from his pocket, pitched it to Mike. "If you want to unwind the fish line and whittle down the middle of the stick it's wound on, you could make a sort of yo-yo for him before he wakes up."

"Thanks," Mike said. "Gee. Thanks, Cliff." He worked silently and fast, turning the stick round and round to groove it. Joe and Cliff sat quietly until the stick was grooved and balanced enough to run up and down the string a time or two before falling off. Then Joe held up his soap Santa Claus. "Is that any good?" he asked doubtfully.

"It's good enough to go on a Christmas tree," Mike said admiringly. "What you going to give the kid, Cliff?"

"My knife. He hasn't got one, and he cut up that fish clever."

"Your knife? Cheez, you'll need it!"

"If they find us I can buy a new one. If they don't, the kid might as well have the use of it."

They were silent a moment, then Joe said loudly, "Somebody's gotta be Santy Claus. Mike, you got the longest beard . . ."

"Listen!" Cliff said. "Is that a plane!"

IT WAS. It passed over, a pin point in the sky, so high that Mike and Joe waved halfheartedly, and Cliff refused to wake the kid by getting up. When it was quite gone they looked at one another starkly.

"How long do you think we can last?" Mike asked.

"A couple of weeks if it rains. Four or five days if it don't." Cliff's answer came so quick they knew he'd been thinking it out.

"If we had anything to signal with . . . even one Very light, or a rocket, or anything . . ." Mike's voice petered out.

"I hope we get a drink of water," Joe said. "That's all I wish for Christmas, just one good long drink of water."

Cliff said sharply, "Don't think about it."

After that they sat without talking until another plane went over, not quite so high. They woke the kid and everybody waved, but the plane gave no slightest sign of recognition. They looked at one another hopelessly and sat down. Mike buried his head in his hands.

"Sit up," Joe said. "Do you want the kid to know how bad it is?"

Mike sat up and forced a grin. "Let's give him his presents."

"Cliff's gotta tell him about Santy Claus first."

Cliff said, "Remember what I read to you? Catchee Good Book, huh?" He tapped the book. The kid smiled. "Well then, because it's the Lord's birthday, Santy Claus comes. Good boy catchim Santy Claus present, see? Santy heap good old man. Fat." Cliff puffed out his sunken cheeks.

"He drives reindeers," Joe put in.

Cliff wiped sweat off his face. "What's he know about reindeers? They live at the North Pole, which this ain't."

"Show him," Mike said, "while I wrap the presents." While Joe and Cliff spread their hands and held them to their heads, waggling the fingers, Mike bundled the gifts into his handkerchief, turning his back to the kid.

The kid laughed at the reindeer imitation, and Mike tied the dirty handkerchief into a pack. "I'm jolly Saint Nick, I'm driving my reindeers acrosst the housetops looking for good boys and girls." He humped his shoulders under the burden and cracked an imaginary whip over the backs of imaginary reindeer. "Giddy-ap Donder! Giddy-ap Blitzen! Now I'm over the ocean, and I see a life raft with a good boy on it. Get amphibious, you reindeers! Here I come—make like a reindeer, Joe—"

Joe tapped the raft with his fingers.

The kid's eyes popped with wonder.

"Whoa, Donder! Whoa, Dancer! Now I'm outta the sleigh, see?" Mike swung the handkerchief from his shoulder and untied it. "There, kid—that's from Joe—he's Joe—that's Santy Claus. Merry Christmas."

The kid took the soap Santa Claus, and his eyes lit with delight. He fondled it, turned it, smelled it, rubbed it against his nose. He held it close and made small puppy-dog sounds to it. Finally he bowed to each in turn and said, "Sank you. Please."

Joe said, "I'll be darned, he's even got good manners! You're welcome, kid, and a Merry Christmas."

Mike said, "Here, kid, this is from me. It's a sort of a yo-yo, only not so hot." He showed the kid how the yo-yo worked. "Merry Christmas."

The kid tucked his Santa Claus inside his jacket, felt his bundle, hesitated, then reached for the yo-yo, bowed to each in turn and said, "Sank you. Please."

Mike said, "This is the best, kid. It's from Cliff. Merry Christmas."

Cliff said, "Don't start whittling up the raft with it."

The kid couldn't believe the knife was his. When he did understand he stared as if Cliff had dropped from heaven, bowed his bow, said, "Sank you. Please," and then sat quietly opening and closing the knife, laughing softly to himself, looking up now and then to grin at them.

"I acted just like that over my first knife," Mike said wonderingly.

After a long time the kid put the knife carefully in his pocket. He fingered the bulge under his jacket and drew it out. It was long and flattish and wrapped in oiled silk. He sat a while looking at it.

Mike said, "What the heck is that?" The others shook their heads.

The kid looked up, his face resolute. He held the bundle out to Cliff and made a funny, deep bow, he bowed to Joe and then to Mike. He said, "Sank you. Please," and laid it between them all.

They stared at one another.

Cliff said slowly, "I think he's giving it to us."

The kid pointed to the bundle, then to each of them in turn. He grinned bashfully and said, "Me'y C'ismas."

"Hear that!" Cliff asked proudly. "He learns fast." He bowed to the kid and said, "Merry Christmas yourself."

THE others copied him, bowing low and in perfect unison. Then they opened the bundle slowly, wonderingly, and spread out a kite, an enormous, beautiful Chinese dragon kite, with small American flags on its tail.

"A kite!" Joe said softly. "The poor little tyke was hanging onto a toy and we thought he was holding out eats or something . . . I feel like a heel." He blinked hard.

"I feel worse," Mike said. "I called him a Jap." He rocked back on his heels. "We gotta find some way to give this back to him . . ."

Cliff was staring at the kite. Suddenly he shrilled, "This is it! This is Very lights and rockets and a radio!"

"He's gone nuts," Joe whispered.

"Nuts nothing! Don't you see, you dopes? If we can get it up there, the planes will spot it—they'll rescue us!" Cliff whooped. The whoop ended in a croak.

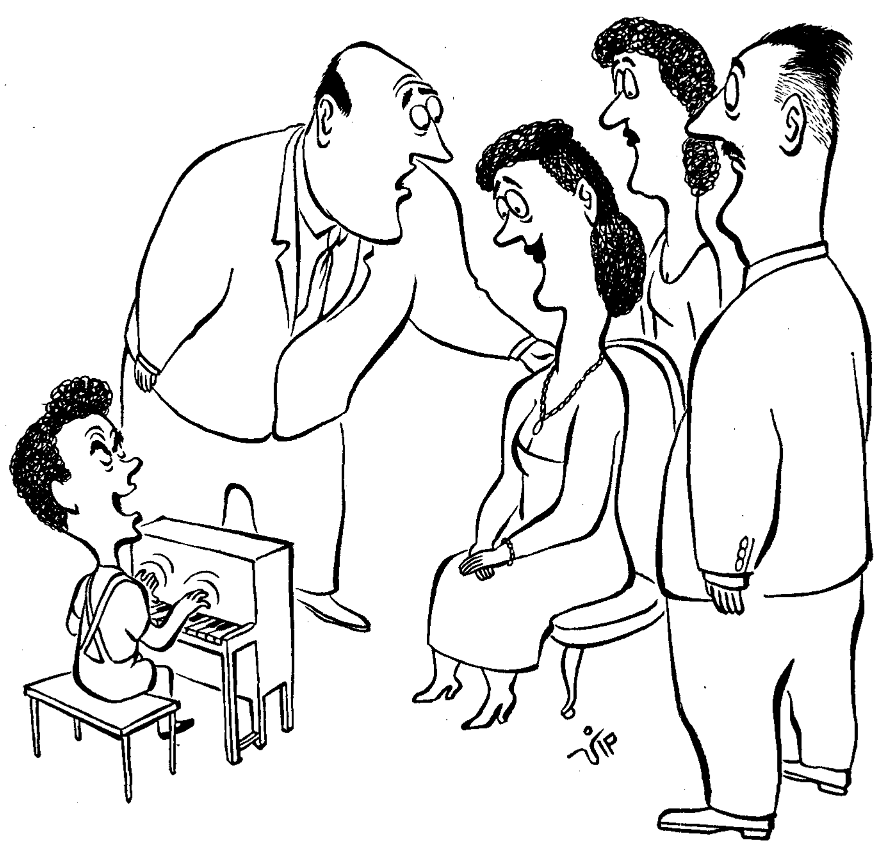
Mike and Joe looked at each other.

"He's right," Joe said, "if we can get it up there."

"I'm a wow with kites," Mike said.

The kid watched them, grave and wistful, but his eyes were bright with the hope that they'd let him hold the string. He bobbed his head again and said politely, "Me'y C'ismas. Sank you. Please."

THE END



"Good heavens, Ethel, aren't those lyrics a little adult?"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

ENLIST YOUR DOLLARS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS

To See Well . . . To Look Well

It's *smart* to get the benefits of skilled professional visual care. *Smart* to know that your eyes are equipped to give you best visual performance at your daily work and play. *Smart* to be assured the comfort that keeps you alert, fresh and attractive, that makes you good company.

The scientists whose life work is the study of vision know that modern demands on eyesight are greater than those for which nature has provided. The skill of optometrists, ophthalmologists and opticians is that of analyzing visual needs and equipping vision to meet them.

You may be visually handicapped even though your eyes have no "defect." The only way you can be sure is to consult a professional ophthalmologist or optometrist—for a visual analysis.

Glasses may not be necessary. If they are, they can be worn with pride, for today's eyewear is distinguished, attractive, individually styled to the wearer. Glasses are a badge signifying that you have the wisdom and good judgment to keep your vision at top performance.

BAUSCH & LOMB
OPTICAL CO., ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

EST. 1853

Makers of Optical Glass and a Complete Line of Optical Instruments for Military Use, Education, Research, Industry and Eyesight Correction and Conservation

None so blind

BY MITCHELL WILSON

The Story:
Coast Guard Lieut. Scott Burnett falls in love with Tod Butler's wife, beautiful, mysterious Peggy Butler. Tod, a blind man, an ex-artist of enormous physical and mental powers, exerts a strange magnetism upon his wife, who fears and despises him but who informs Scott that having brought about Tod's loss of sight, she is bound to him until he dies. Although assured by Peggy, by Dr. O'Neill, Tod's physician, and by Eve Geddes, a girl in love with Scott, that Tod is totally blind, Scott believes the man is faking, and in desperation begs O'Neill to check his eyes once again. O'Neill complies, but convinces Scott that the man is incurably blind and is slowly murdering Peggy by his evil domination. Prodded by Peggy's terror, and by O'Neill's serious warning, Scott begins to fear that he himself will try to get rid of Tod by killing him. Driven to frenzy he goes to face Tod at the Butler house.

Conclusion

TOD moved slightly, stirring in his sleep, and then—very slowly—he stretched, flexing his arms and legs and mumbling something to himself. Scott did not have time to back away before he saw the man's eyes open. There was an interval of waiting silence, and then, turning his huge head toward Scott, he sat upright.

"Who is that?" Tod's voice was breathless and wary.

Scott watched him, the anger within him poised and sharp. Then he wheeled abruptly about and walked a few steps, conscious of his still, careful movements; a tightness in his throat began to spread throughout his body, yet he was conscious that a small, calculating part of his mind was free. He had reached a stage where this core seemed immune to panic.

"It's Burnett, Scott Burnett," he said. Too tense to remain still, he continued walking around the room, some inner volition making him move without pressure as though he were a stalking hunter. Tod kept turning his head to follow him, the blood drained from his face.

"I didn't expect you," Tod said. "And I didn't hear you come in."

Scott was halfway around the room when he spoke, and he halted suddenly at the words. The enormous head came to rest at the same time. There was an unhealthy atmosphere creeping in upon them, now, a sense of human fear that expanded in swirling clouds and billowed in the silence.

"I came to see if anyone here might have seen someone, perhaps a man, running across the dunes yesterday," Scott said. To his surprise he heard his voice come out lightly. He paused and then continued: "I saw him yesterday afternoon and then lost him in the fog."

Tod shook his head. "I didn't hear anything," he said, and smiled slightly, although only his lips moved. Then as quickly as it had come, the smile—actually no more than a muscular spasm—dissolved and he continued speaking: "If Peggy were here, she might be able to give you some information."

Scott was on the move again, still acting on the compulsion that stemmed from the isolated core within him. Tod's head continued to follow him as he circled about the room.

"Where is she?" Scott asked.

"I don't know." For the first time the huge man's voice sounded weak, almost as though it was on the verge of breaking. But his face was as impassive as ever. "She might be out sketching, or perhaps she took the car into town while I was asleep."

"You didn't hear her?"

"No."

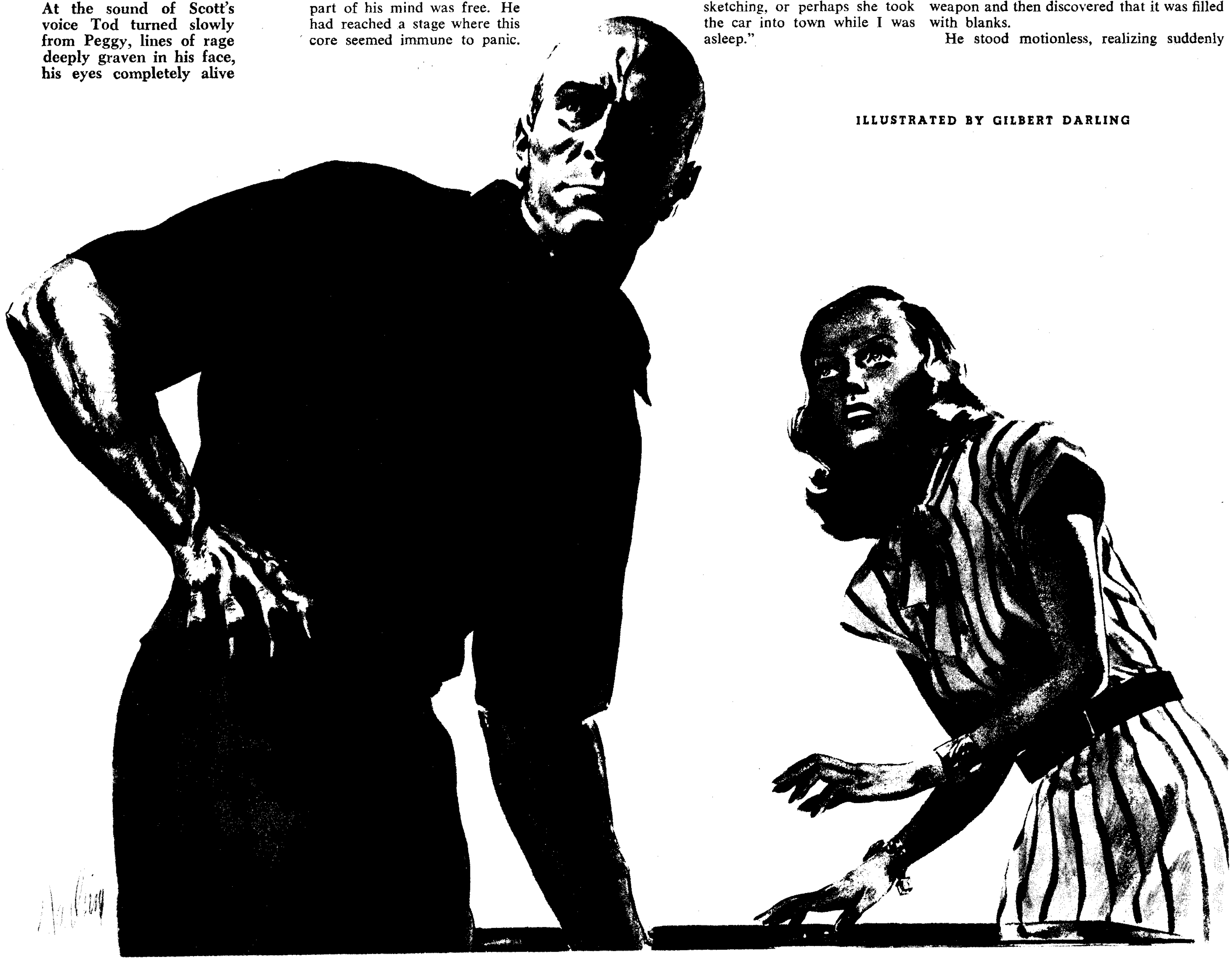
Scott had circled the entire room, now, his eyes sharply taking in every detail, and he noticed that Peggy's paintings had not yet been removed. He stood still once again, and found himself listening to little noises that came from the kitchen, to the sound of the distant sea and the pervading hiss of the breeze through the dune grass. The icy center of his mind seemed to be continually enlarging as though it were able to feed and thrive on the silent fear that filled the room. It made his hands feel light and strong, it gave tone to all his muscles, it made him smile and walk forward into a pounding excitement. Tod heard him and sat motionless, silently waiting for his next move.

THE distance between them seemed to dissolve without any effort on Scott's part; he had no sensation of motion; the excitement within him pushed him forward as though he were floating in still space until he found himself standing above the huge, immobile man once again.

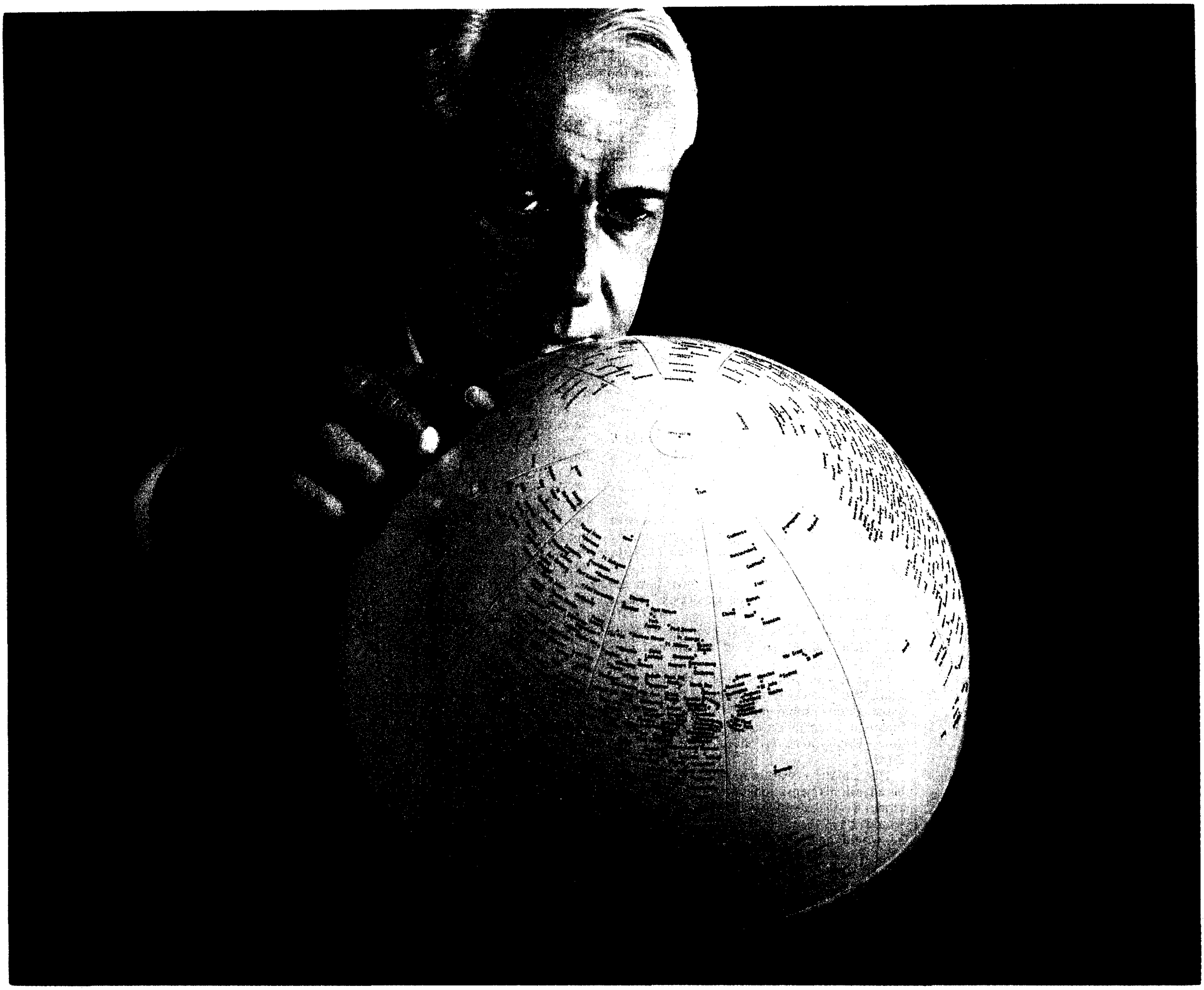
But this time he hesitated, shaking his head in uneasy bewilderment. Now that the moment had arrived, what was he to do? There was no driving impulse to make the last, the irrevocable movement that would commit him to finish whatever he might have planned to start. And yet he had been positive all along that the driving tension he had so continually felt could be released whenever he pleased, could force him into violence by the mere extension of his will. Now, finding that neither the final impulse nor the will existed within him, Scott felt exactly as he would have, had he been carrying a loaded weapon and then discovered that it was filled with blanks.

He stood motionless, realizing suddenly

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



At the sound of Scott's voice Tod turned slowly from Peggy, lines of rage deeply graven in his face, his eyes completely alive



Air Globe, marketed by Rand McNally & Company.

All Mother Earth's Children Live on the Same Street

NOTHING on earth matters except in terms of *people;* therefore, only people are represented upon this globe. Because we cannot name all of the earth's inhabitants individually, we show synonyms, the names of places *where* they live.

The important thing is that all of these places are upon the *one* highway of air . . . an endless, omnipresent thoroughfare. This elementary fact makes possible the greatest changes in the history of the human race.

Air transportation brings all of Mother Earth's children closely *together.* There are *land*locked nations, but there are no *air*locked nations, cities or individuals.

The better to visualize what this *means,* American Airlines introduces Air Globe, a new kind of globe that never can become obsolete. Mountains, oceans, arctics, deserts, jungles and other surface barriers, which long have kept people *apart,* have disappeared because air is available to everyone and permits swift transportation *above* the earth, everywhere. The innumerable boundary and dividing lines found upon maps of the earth's surface also are omitted, because air, itself, is indivisible, and plays no favorites.

Global air transportation presents new *national* opportunities and problems. Also new *personal* ones — as personal as the air we breathe.

To meet our country's needs, American Airlines expanded its service into Canada and Mexico; now we are ready to meet our obligation also to provide American's standard of air transportation *overseas.*

The operation of our regular Flagship schedules is the specific responsibility of American Airlines. Our generic duty is to interpret the importance of air transportation and apply it to our nation's prosperity and *security.*

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

Signet of Quality in Pipes

VanRoy

VanRoy Pipe Family
VanRoy ARISTA . . . 3.50
VanRoy BARD 5.00
VanRoy COURIER . 7.50
VanRoy DUMONT . 10.00

that he had been wrong, that it wasn't going to be that easy; he seemed to possess no emotional narcotic that would make murder a thing beyond his volition. The drive was present, yes, but his conscious mind was too powerful, he was too controlled to be able to kill in a burst of passion. He knew then that if he were going to murder Tod, he would have to plan to do so deliberately, he would have to make every step with a fully conscious realization of what he was going about.

A sudden sense of deflation filled him. On a despairing impulse Scott turned abruptly about and ran from the house, all the fear that had been in the room suddenly absorbed and alive within him. It choked him, killing the icy control of his mind, smashing it to dust. He had almost done it. It could be so easy, so effortless, if only this struggling conscious part of his mind would permit it. He strode down the slope, slipping and running at the same time, wiping the cold sweat from his face.

A MESSAGE was waiting for him at the station. Although it could easily have been of no importance at all, he snatched it from the desk, his fingers shaking. It was from Eve. She had called while he was out to say that she had gone to Norfolk on business for two days and would call him when she returned. He put the piece of paper down with a sense of desolation. Then, feeling that he had to talk to someone, he called O'Neill, only to find that he was out.

"Just say that I called, and have him get in touch with me when he gets back," Scott told the operator.

But, by ten o'clock that evening, O'Neill still hadn't called, so Scott telephoned him again.

"I gave him your message," the operator said. "But he was in a great rush and had to leave almost immediately. He's got a confinement over in Salisbury. The Ovington girl. Did you ever meet her? It's her third . . ."

His isolation was complete. He remembered all his sensations when he had been alone with Tod—two minutes more and it would have been done. He wondered if he would check himself the next time, or if he would begin at the point where he had left off, and as he thought about it the blood pounded in his head. He sat at his desk, smoking nervously, his mind paralyzed by the conflicting desires that fought within him, until finally he could bear his torment no longer and, shuffling his papers into the desk drawer, he got up angrily and prepared to leave the office—there was no longer any point in avoiding going to bed—no restless, nightmare-strewn sleep could be worse than this self-torture.

The next morning when he returned to his office, the sight of his desk reminded him that his request for a transfer hadn't yet been written. It was almost a week since he had seen Peggy, and there was still no word from her. Their usual rendezvous was long overdue and it had always been Peggy who arranged them since she alone could tell when it would be possible to get away. It occurred to Scott that something must have happened to her. It couldn't be that she had gone off without letting him know. No, she must be out there in the house, for some reason unable to get in touch with him; and he was sure that no matter what the reason was, it meant misfortune.

When he went into the village, he asked as circumspectly as possible if Peggy had been in recently. The answer surprised him: she had done her shopping on the previous day as usual. This discovery seemed even more sinister: if Peggy had been to the village she would have been free at least for those few hours to call him. And yet, although there were any number of telephone booths available, she had deliberately chosen not to telephone.

It was not until the following morning that the telephone finally rang in his office. It was Peggy, and once again her voice had the subdued, hushed quality that comes from speaking too closely into the mouthpiece. He remembered that she had sounded exactly like this when she had last called to tell him about Tod beating her.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "Why haven't you telephoned?"

"I don't have much time to talk," she said, ignoring his question. "He's outside."

There was a swift pause, as though she were trying to locate Tod's position by the sound of his footsteps on the terrace, and then she went on, speaking swiftly. "No one will be here around noon today," she said. "I've got to go into the village for some ridiculous meeting, and Tod's going to be on the beach up toward the Point. Now listen, Scott. I have five of my paintings tied up and hidden in the closet of the guest room. I want you to come here and take them back to the station with you."

"I can't break in like that," Scott said. "Suppose he should find me?"

"He won't," Peggy insisted. She was holding the mouthpiece so close to her lips that he could hear every intake of breath. It made her sound frantic. "I'll leave my key for you on top of the post in the sand break that you usually use to tie up the horse. It'll be covered with a thin layer of sand."

"But why shouldn't I take the paintings to the cottage as we'd planned?"

"Because he'll be going out in that direction himself."

"Can't you be there when I come?"

"No, Scott, I can't!" Peggy exclaimed impatiently. "I have to go to this damned meeting. I tell you it's expected of me; if I didn't, the women around here would rip me to pieces . . . they resent me enough as it is."

He started to speak in protest, but her hurried voice interrupted him before his words were formed.

"And anyhow," she added, "Tod wouldn't leave the place if he knew that I was going to be here. If you come at twelve, you'll be perfectly safe." Her voice hurried to the end of the sentence as though there were no more time, and with a whispered, "Goodby, darling," she hung up.

When he had replaced the telephone into the receiver he covered his face with his hands, pressing his fingers tightly against his forehead as if he could dam up his confusion by sheer physical pressure. In that moment, he knew that he feared Peggy more than he had ever loved her simply because of what his love could make him do. In the past few days, he realized, he had awaited her call as a condemned man would wait for the voice of his executioner, not of his deliverer.

HE WAS to have the entire day free until nine o'clock that evening, but Scott could not look forward to it, for his free days had come to mean nothing more than a time for mental agonizing.

He left the station without speaking to anyone, giving himself plenty of time to withdraw from the mission if he cared to, because unaccountably the whole business had become suddenly repugnant to him. He was willing to help Peggy get her paintings away from the house—after all, it had been his own idea in the first place—but he had always assumed that they would act together, that she would be with him at the time so that part of the gesture at least would be actively hers. The concrete act of removing the paintings had assumed in his mind a symbol of their independence, but now, because she was not to be present, he felt that he was all alone in his desire for her freedom, that Peggy was remaining completely passive as, in fact, he felt she had always been.

Scott rode along the beach about half a mile past the point where he should have turned off for the Butler house, to see if he could find any trace of Tod. There was none. Only the footprints of a guardsman's horse were to be seen near the water's edge and these were already partly obliterated by the rising tide. Scott wondered whether Peggy had miscalculated; Tod might still be at the house. The possibility of such an encounter lurked ominously in his mind; he could not avoid seeing the image of the heavy face looming toward him in the split second before the violent end that such a climactic meeting must involve. The choking fear that had stifled him yesterday began to creep over him once again.

The house seemed quiet and still from where he stood at the foot of the slope, but remembering that Tod had been asleep when

"A+" on every report

REPORT CARD

Spur

CANADA DRY
Spur
TRADE MARK REG.

5¢

The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ales, Inc., New York, N.Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

he had entered the living room yesterday, Scott knew that this was no indication that the place was empty. There was no way of telling who was within. He glanced up at the windows but they seemed vacant and placid. Then he deliberately turned his back toward the house while he tied up his horse, knowing, as he turned, that he did so for much the same reason that a small boy will whistle while walking through a graveyard; it was a measure of both his defiance and his resignation. Disquietude simmered in the depths of his mind, ready to evaporate into panic at the slightest sign of movement.

Most of the posts supporting the sand break were coated with small layers of sand on top, and Scott, carefully dusting off those nearest him, looked anxiously for the key that Peggy had said she would leave for him. Within a few minutes, a bright piece of metal glinted in the daylight, and Scott had the key to the Butler house in his hands. He held it tightly, feeling the heat it had absorbed while lying in the sun, and as conscious of its presence in his palm as though its weight had been suddenly increased tenfold.

Without raising his eyes from the ground, he turned and climbed steadily up the hill. As his head drew even with the terrace, he stared straight in front of him, keeping his vision confined to the ground to avoid any possibility of seeing Tod waiting outside the house in anticipation. Such a discovery had haunted him all morning. It was what he dreaded most to face, and it was not until he felt his feet touch the concrete, that Scott allowed himself to look about.

The terrace was deserted.

The doorway stood in the shadow of the house, and Scott paused there for an instant, glad of the relief from the direct heat of the sun. He permitted himself a moment's hesitation to cool off, drying his hands on his trousers with deliberate motions. Then holding the key hidden, he knocked on the door.

No one answered and Scott waited a moment, then knocked once more, much harder this time so that the door shook under the impact. The house was still.

The key fitted easily and when he turned it with a slight twist the door opened inward, moving slowly, and propelled by its own weight. Before him, Scott saw the familiar living room, everything in its place, everything charming and completely untouched by the emotions that must have surged through this house for a period of two years. He walked in very carefully, holding himself ready for any sudden break in the silence, and looked about him. Sunlight streamed cheerfully through the windows, the typewriter was still on the table with a piece of paper in it, and Peggy's easel stood beside the fireplace with a scrap of muslin draped over the board. There were books lying around carelessly, one of them still open on the table. The feeling of continuing life was inescapable.

Scott crossed to the open doorway of Peggy's bedroom. The bed was made and covered over with some blue quilted material. On the floor beneath was a pair of red mules neatly placed side by side on a gray rug. One of the windows was open and the blue curtains lifted and fell on the gentle stirring of the air. A dressing table stood next to the window, and in front of the mirror was an array of bottles and jars. It was a simple room with no hint of any secrets, neither of outstanding happiness nor exceptional despair.

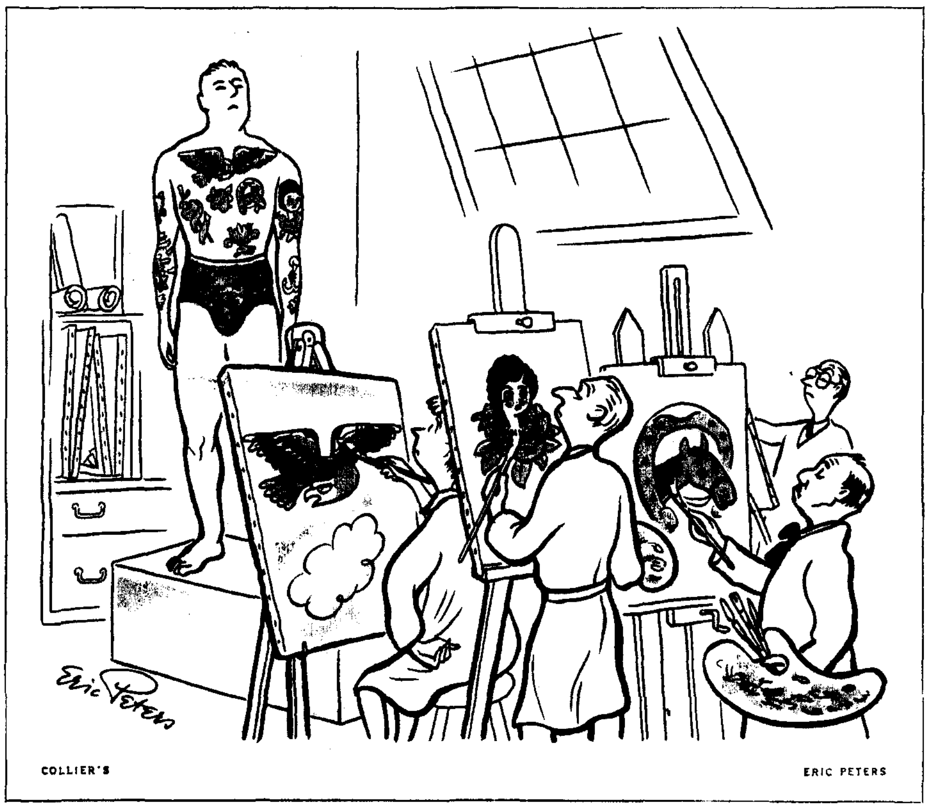
It was this very lack of any sense of stress and passion which was most disturbing. That there should be not even the merest trace of the antagonisms that existed in some way created for him an impression of mocking secrecy and evilness. If there had been some disarray, some token of hatred and anger, Scott might not have felt the counterfeit to be such degradation, but, as it was, his presence and intentions found no counterpart in these normal rooms; he was an intruder, physically and emotionally.

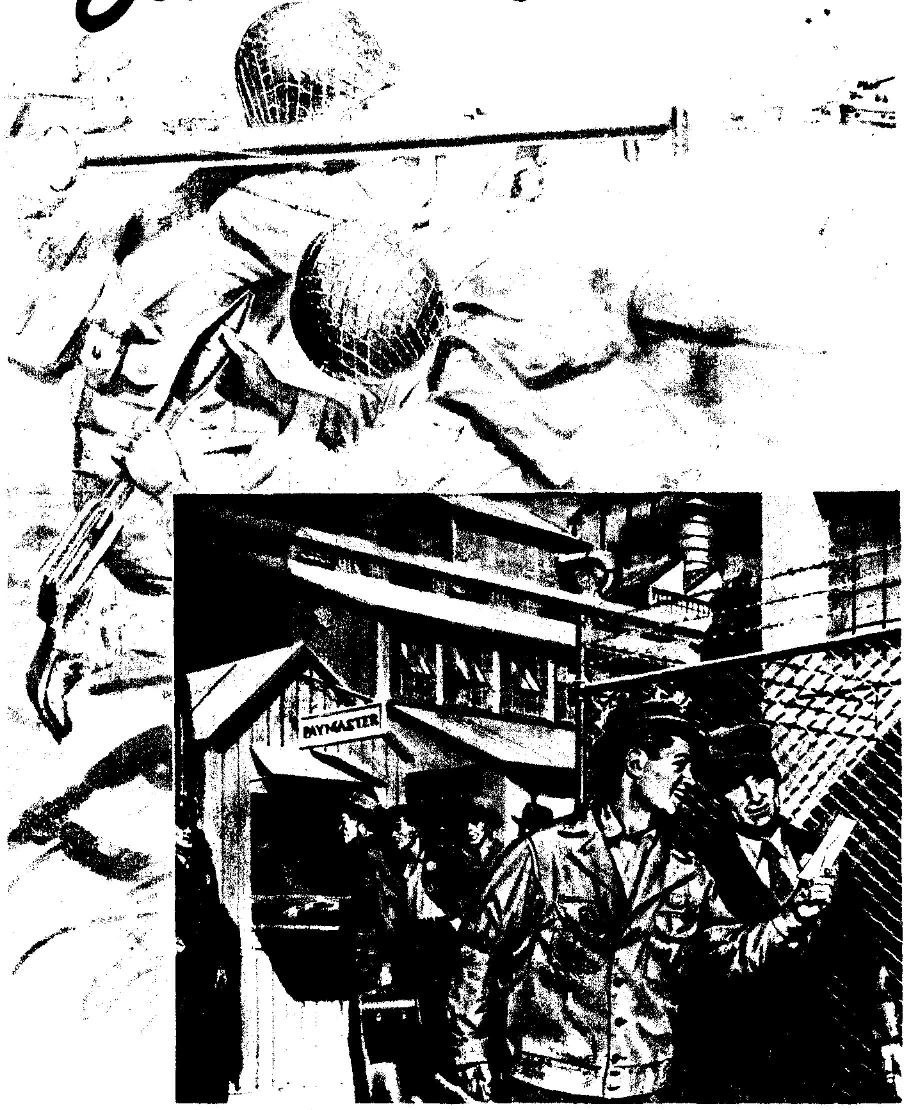
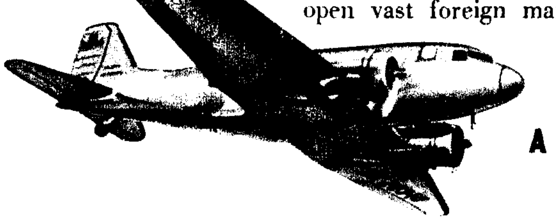
TURNING back to the living room, Scott suddenly noticed that every other picture on the walls had been taken down. His observation came so unexpectedly that he was actually startled for a moment. It was a cleverly planned optical trick. He had been in the room as long as five minutes and had not been aware of anything out of the ordinary until this instant; but now the deception was abruptly clear.

Scott searched for a staircase. Peggy had glibly referred to the guest room, forgetting that he had not even known one existed, and in his turmoil it hadn't dawned on him to ask. He tried several doors in turn, and finally came out in a small hall that led to a flight of steps. He climbed the stairs rapidly and found two bedrooms, opening upon another hall. The closet in the first room was absolutely bare, but when he hurried into the second room he found in its closet a large package, three feet square and half a foot deep, wrapped in newspapers and bound with heavy twine. These must be the paintings that had been removed from the living room. There was nothing else in the closet. It looked as though it had never been used.

This package was what he had come for; this, he realized suddenly, must mean more to Peggy than anything or anyone else. Although he was unable to analyze his reasons for feeling as he did, a gust of self-condemnation swept through him. In the simplest terms, he was helping Peggy get her paintings away from Tod. It was what he had begged her to do for months, yet inexplicably the execution of it left him feeling like a burglar.

There was something wrong here, some-



When the boys need

Jobs instead of Bazookas

MILLIONS of returning servicemen will want and must have work, making the billions of dollars' worth of new goods people will need and want — when victory is won. Such is the challenge facing industry today — the challenge of converting back to consumer production as fast as it went to war.

And in this vital job, AIR EXPRESS will continue to serve all industry with the high-speed delivery of conversion tools and materials. With greatly expanded coverage and facilities, AIR EXPRESS will play its indispensable part in this race against time — to create new opportunities for business at home, and to open vast foreign markets to American enterprise.

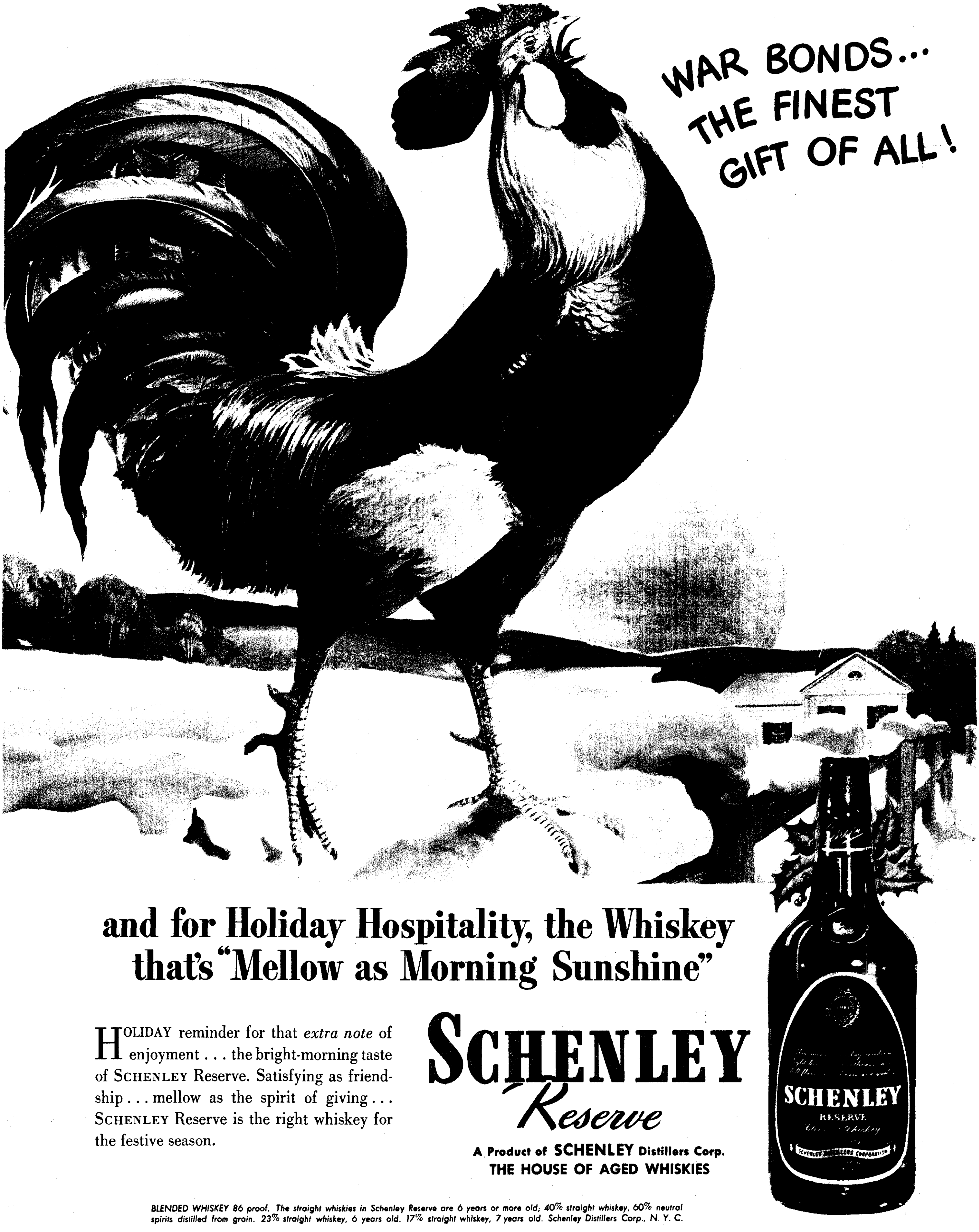
SPECIFY AIR EXPRESS
A Money-Saving, High-Speed Tool For Every Business

With additional planes now available for all important types of traffic, 3-mile-a-minute Air Express directly serves hundreds of U. S. cities and scores of foreign countries. Thousands of shippers are saving substantial sums through Air Express, employing its economy and efficiency in an ever-increasing number of ways.

WRITE TODAY for "Quizzical Quiz" — a booklet packed with facts that will help you solve many a shipping problem. Dept. PR, Railway Express Agency, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., or ask for it at any local office.

AIR EXPRESS
AIR EXPRESS
Gets there FIRST

Phone RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION
Representing the AIRLINES of the United States


WAR BONDS...
THE FINEST
GIFT OF ALL!
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION

and for Holiday Hospitality, the Whiskey that's "Mellow as Morning Sunshine"

HOLIDAY reminder for that *extra note* of enjoyment . . . the bright-morning taste of SCHENLEY Reserve. Satisfying as friendship . . . mellow as the spirit of giving . . . SCHENLEY Reserve is the right whiskey for the festive season.

SCHENLEY
Reserve

A Product of SCHENLEY Distillers Corp.
THE HOUSE OF AGED WHISKIES

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof. The straight whiskies in Schenley Reserve are 6 years or more old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

thing ugly and secret beyond anything he had so far been able to imagine, and his mind reverted to the original puzzle; he had been the one to suggest removing the paintings, yet now the method seemed wrong to him. Why was that? It was the least of his transgressions, and it bothered him the most. Why?

HE STARTED down the steps with the package, remembering to leave everything exactly as he had found it. By the time he reached the living room, he had found the answer to his question. He realized it as soon as he looked at the stripped walls, and he knew now why the telephone conversation that morning had bothered him, why this visit was so repugnant, why his relationship with Peggy had never been and never could be a healthy thing. The odds and ends, the half-sensed clues suddenly fitted together, and he was struck by the idea that his love affair might really be no more than a distorted fantasy—a hoax.

It wasn't Scott who had suggested taking the paintings. It was Peggy. She had asked him what she was to do with them in such a way that there had been only one logical answer—and he had made it. The words had been put into his mouth, that was the point. Just as—he saw with a sudden explosive clarity—she could have easily put the idea of murder into his mind. Again, she had been the first to raise the issue by accusing him of already having the intention of killing Tod. He remembered how often she had repeated the expression, "after Tod is dead," and he was sure that she had made the reference at least once every time they had spoken of the man.

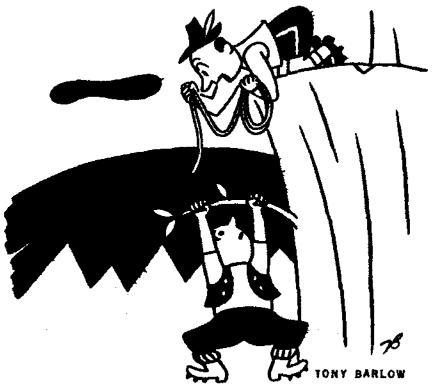
And then today. Why bother to hide the key, why bother to arrange the walls of the living room so that the absence of half the pictures wouldn't be observed, unless it was deliberately meant to be kept from someone's notice? But whose notice? Tod's? Peggy had always insisted that Tod was blind. Yet Scott knew once again with all the strength of his former convictions that the man *could* see, and he realized suddenly that by her actions Peggy was admitting that she too, knew he was not blind. It was exactly what he had suspected at the very first.

It added up to such a damning total, circumstantial or not, that for a moment Scott forgot where he was or what he was doing there. He forgot completely his fear of Tod as he realized that the terror he had known wasn't really his and never had been; it was, rather, the cultivated projection of someone else's, a fear planted in his mind by Peggy's hints, by her frightened glances, and nurtured by the passion she had created in him.

Scott rested the package on the floor, once again running his hands over his face in confusion, as the ideas and explanations came tumbling out on him in overwhelming force. His discovery made everything both clear and yet even more bewildering for he could not for the life of him comprehend why Peggy should have to resort to such tactics when it would have been the simplest thing in the world for her to leave Tod long ago.

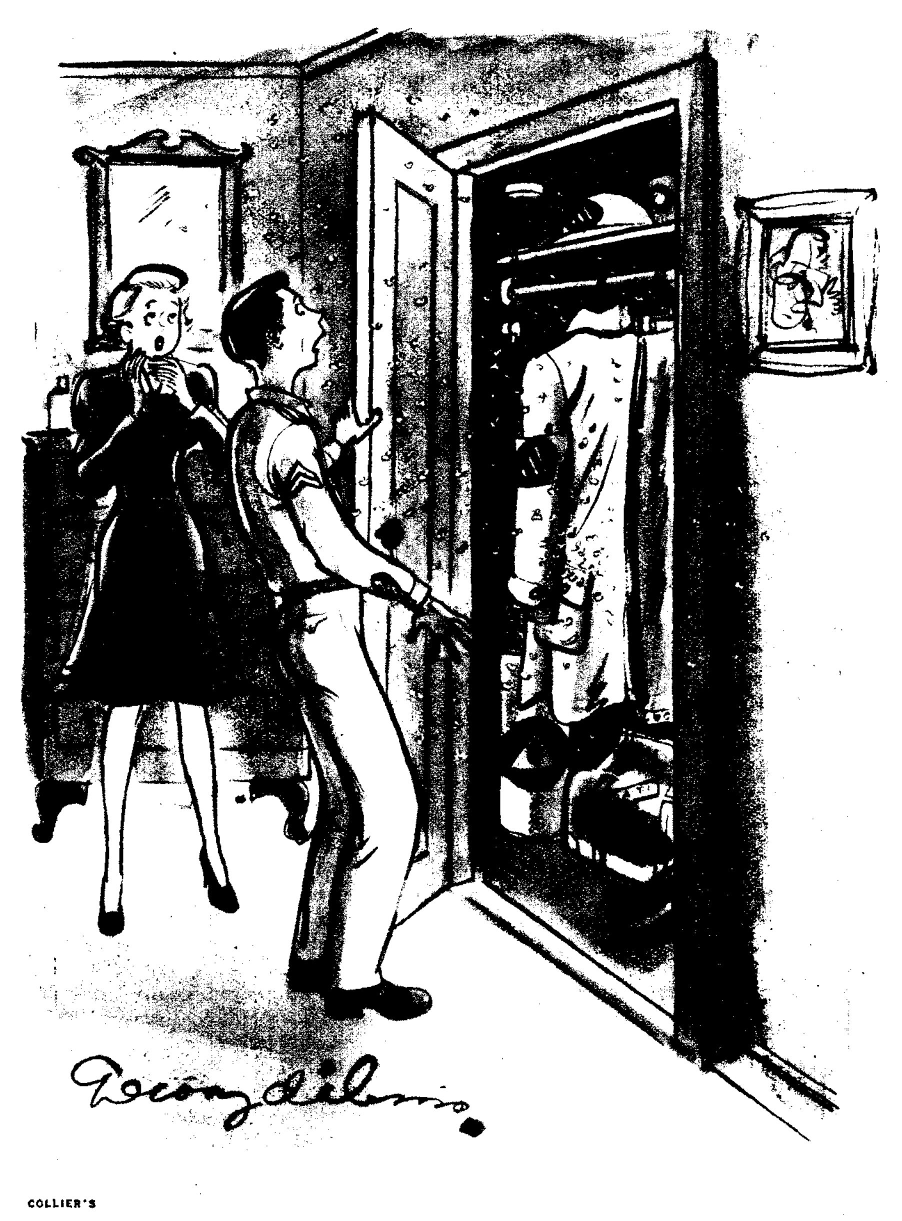
The house was very quiet about him, enigmatic in its lack of suggestion, less charming, less friendly now that he seemed close to the answer. For an instant, he thought of searching the place, or ransacking the most personal effects of both Tod and Peggy in an attempt to wrench from the sum of the minutiae the answers he needed. He even went so far as to consider which room to enter first, and then collected himself, panic-stricken at the distance he had allowed himself to be led, at the changes emotional pressure had forced upon his character. Even now, how did he know that all this about Peggy was true? It might be no more valid than the mordant sensation of being watched by unseen eyes in the deserted cottage. There seemed no longer to be firm ground anywhere for him.

He hated this house, he despised the very air in it, slightly scented by the multitude of personal objects that belonged in the lives of Peggy and Tod, but not in his—never in his. In a quick moment of decision, he hurried out of the room into the sunlight, carrying the package with him simply because it allowed him to retain a semblance of purpose to his visit.



"—if you'll buy an extra $100 War Bond!"

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



THE package was extremely unhandy in the saddle, but he managed to hang on to it while he galloped to the station, refusing to look back over his shoulder to see if Tod might be in sight. He stabled his horse and threw the paintings into his office, then rushed out again without lunch.

When he was more than halfway to the village, he knew that he was going to see Eve; the decision arrived quite unexpectedly as though it had been something entirely without relationship to his conscious mind. He passed people on the streets whom he knew, but he did not stop and talk to them, fearing that he might miss her if he did not hurry. Suddenly his going to Eve became very urgent, and he walked rapidly down the street, praying that she might not leave before he could get there.

She was not in the shop when he entered and he sensed a feeling of nervous exasperation, until, deciding to try her apartment, he saw her come in from the rear of the store. A quick sparkle of pleasure flickered in her eyes, then died almost immediately as though she were suddenly reminding herself of their true relationship. She was as cordial as ever, yet she seemed a little more possessed, her translucent gaiety a thing of the past. Scott knew that she had been changed by the unhappiness he had caused her just as he himself had undergone transformations. A feeling of hopelessness went through him, when he realized that the change in both of them all tracked back to the blue-shuttered house of the Butlers. Everyone who came near it had been infected.

"I'm out for lunch," she said. "Do you want to come and watch me eat?"

"I don't want to disturb you," he said quickly, but made no move to leave. "It's nothing important."

"You look hungry," Eve remarked. Her eyes were gentle and smiling. "Can you stand sandwiches?"

"No, look, Eve, please don't bother. . . ." He hesitated and then added, "I'm starving."

HE WENT into the small room in the rear of the store, conscious of returning to a warmly familiar place, although he had been there only once before and had left in a storm of emotion. He remembered the exact location of every object, and relaxed in an armchair as though it had been his favorite resting place for years. Every time he saw Eve, he felt as though he were awakening to the assurance of being home.

"Eve," he said slowly, "I want to ask you about your brother."

She looked up from her work. "What about him?"

"You told me that he was in love with Peggy Butler. Tell me honestly, why do you think he was so unhappy?"

"Why do you ask that?"

He shrugged and turned his head away. "I think that I know the reason, and I want to be sure."

Scott could feel Eve looking at him with a

EMPEROR
WORLD'S CHOICEST BRIAR

Emperor

the pipe that grows more priceless

Choice Imported Briar

Today, after two and one half years of war, there still exists a rare vintage collection of choicest imported briar from which to carve a limited number of Emperor Pipes.

Nature took centuries to perfect these treasured burls. Skilled craftsmen who sculpture each Emperor know this—striving to reveal all the beauty with which Nature endowed the costly briar.

For symmetry, for rugged strength, for beauty of the grain—here is true perfection.

Shop for yours leisurely. Purchase it proudly. It will grow more priceless down through the years.

$3.50 $5.00 $7.50

EMPEROR PIPES
Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
Eighty York Street, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Please put on your hat!

THE girls would like it *so much better* if you *wore* your hat in the elevator...and gave them a chance to view your good-looking, eye-pleasing Arrow Tie!

For Arrow Tie patterns are the kind that *everybody* likes to look at ... and the just-right Arrow knot is also a pleasure to behold—thanks to the cooperation of a special, resilient lining.

There are *loads* of Arrow Ties at your favorite dealer's. See them. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

$1 $1.50 and $2

Hats off!

America's fighting men richly deserve a salute—but more than that, they deserve the backing of everyone here at home. Back them with War Bonds ... buy *more* than you can afford!

ARROW TIES

SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

searching, steady appraisal. She said nothing and went back to her work.

He watched her moving about the room, preparing the food for him, her small face serious and set. When she leaned across the table or reached up to a cabinet, the play of her body, unconscious of its grace, made her seem very lovely. He suddenly remembered how she had attracted him in the beginning, and he realized that this attraction had never really worn off, but that it had been eclipsed by the deep and violent appeal which Peggy had been able to create for him. Eve's attraction was totally different. In his feeling for Peggy, there had always been a vein of anger and resentment born of the knowledge that something was being withheld; every fruition had possessed a core of barrenness that lured him on in the vain hope of extinguishing it, and he knew now that while at one time his love for Peggy might have been normal and rounded, this barrier between them had stunted it, distorting it into a grotesque relationship.

"You can sit down now," Eve said, looking up at last. He knew that she was watching him while he moved to the table, and it made him glad. "Are the sandwiches all right?"

"Perfect. But you still haven't answered my question about Bill."

"It was a peculiar question to ask unless you're in love with Peggy yourself." Her voice was low and measured.

Scott put the sandwich down on the plate, and pushed his chair back.

"No!" he said violently. "No, I'm not. I can't be!"

"No?" she asked without moving. A small anger grew in her eyes. She had strength now, and he could hear it in her quiet voice. "Why can't you be?"

"Because . . ." He looked down at her, wondering what to say, confused by a multitude of impressions and unresolved doubts. He searched for the total sum, trying to tell her what was in his mind in a single speech.

"I love you, Eve," he said. "I . . ."

He stopped because the remark was so totally unexpected. He had been aware of no intention of saying it, nor did he even realize the truth until he heard himself speak the words. For the moment, he was so preoccupied with his own surprise that he barely noticed Eve's bewildered expression. Her face became pale, and her mouth opened wordlessly.

"I won't say," he hurried on, this time aware of every word, and selecting them with such care that there were pauses of indecision . . . "that I've been in love with you all along. I don't think that I have . . . but now I am . . . I'm positive of it. I can't even begin to tell you about it; you can't possibly understand how free and alive it makes me feel to be able to say that and know it's true."

EVE remained very still. She hadn't changed her position once while he spoke, and her folded hands seemed to be tightened in supplication.

"Do you mean it?" she asked after a moment.

"Of course, I mean it, Eve. I didn't know, really, until I had said it, but it must have been true for some time." His light voice cut through the heavy vapor of indecision and torment. He was free, he was himself again.

He reached across the table and took her hands. They were warm and firm in his, but, when he rose from his chair, Eve still remained motionless.

"You'll have to be sure," she said unsteadily. "I'd rather go without you than have you fool yourself. I've already made up my mind to be without you, and I'd be stupid to change it again for nothing."

"I don't know how else to convince you except to tell you the way I feel. Please, Eve."

"Then what is all this about Peggy? Is she the reason you've been so miserable?"

"Yes," he said. "That's what I came to talk to you about."

"I'm afraid that I don't understand, Scott." She rubbed her forehead wearily with her fingers. "How can you say you're in love with me when you're obviously in love with Peggy? Yes, it's obvious that you are. I remember seeing you the last time. I knew it then but I wouldn't admit it to myself."

"A lot has happened since then."

"You had a quarrel with her?"

"No, I haven't even seen her."

"Really? That was just a week ago, Scott. How can you be so irresponsible? Do you fall in and out of love so easily?" Her voice was pointed now because she was angry and hurt. "Is that what you mean when you say you're in love with me? That's not good enough."

"Will you please listen to me?" he asked. "It's very difficult to explain because it's hard for me to understand myself—but I'm trying to get all this straight for both of us."

"Are you in trouble?" she asked.

"It's all up in my head," Scott replied. He sat down again. "That's why I asked you about your brother. Did you ever find out why Bill seemed so unhappy?"

"You tell me what you think the reason is."

"All right, I will. Did Bill ever feel that he wanted to kill Tod Butler? That he had to do it?"

Her eyes were large. "No! Bill never said that."

"What did he say? Did he say that Tod could see? That Tod was not blind?"

SHE rose slowly from the table, watching him. "Is that what you think? Is that what you felt you had to do?"

"We'll come to that. I want to know about Bill."

"Bill was Tod's friend, not Peggy's at first. But then when he fell in love with her, Tod evidently told him something about Peggy's paintings, and that's what made Bill sick. He never let me know what it was, but I know he hated *her*, not Tod. I told you that she made him miserable the first time I spoke about her to you."

ANSWERS TO SAYS WHICH? PAGE 33

1. Grover Cleveland, 2. John Paul Jones, 3. William Jennings Bryan, 4. George M. Cohan, 5. Benjamin Franklin, 6. Ralph Waldo Emerson, 7. Nathan Hale, 8. Alexander Hamilton, 9. Franklin D. Roosevelt, 10. Theodore Roosevelt, 11. Charles C. Pinckney, 12. Commodore Oliver H. Perry, 13. Phineas T. Barnum, 14. Henry Clay, 15. Mark Twain.

"Her paintings?" Scott asked slowly. He waited a moment, trying to unravel the chaos in his mind but gave the attempt up in despair. "What paintings? She hasn't even shown them yet."

"Not the ones you've seen. This had to do with the first three she sold. I tell you I don't know what it was." She shook her head. "He never said anything against Tod. Why do you say he's not blind?"

"I'm not crazy, Eve," he said. "I've seen him use his eyes. Sometimes I think Peggy knows and at others I don't. I'm hopelessly confused by the whole thing. She's terrified of him, literally terrified of Tod."

"Because of you?"

"No," he said. This much was clear to him. "It has nothing to do with me. It started long before she even met me."

"But why?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "I don't know any more about her now than I did in the beginning. Nor about Tod. There's something about them both that I can't understand. They hate each other, yet they go on living together, and both of them have this terrible centripetal attraction that drags you in until you discover that you are growing like them, without even knowing the cause of it. I tell you that I had reached a point where I was thinking of killing Tod. I was sure that I had to do it."

She turned quickly to see if he were serious and, when she realized that he was telling the truth, shook her head slightly in bewilderment.

"Kill Tod? But why?" she asked.

"I don't know," Scott admitted slowly. "I can't possibly tell you. It sounds cold and unreal saying it this way, yet it was clear before, clear and perfectly natural. Even now . . ."

"But I don't see *why?* Why couldn't she get a divorce, or why couldn't she just leave him?"

"I don't know," he repeated. "Looking back on it, I still don't know what was real and what was imaginary."

"But you said you were willing to . . . commit murder!"

"Yes," he said simply. "I really thought that I was. And I couldn't imagine how I had ever conceived of the idea until just this morning, when I suddenly realized that Peggy had put the idea into my head. But then that in itself is not enough . . . I had to be receptive, and that's another thing I don't understand. There are a number of things that I suspect and even guess at, but the point is that I *don't know.*"

He was silent. Remembering it brought back the old sense of swirling confusion and with it the incipient panic. He fought it down because that part of his life was all over now . . . it had to be . . . he had to make it so.

"All this has to be cleared up, Eve," he insisted. "I want Peggy to know that it's all over, and I want to have the confidence to tell her so myself. I want you to know that I can go to her, talk to her, and not feel anything more than a desire to get it all over with as soon as possible so that I can come back to you."

"I'd like that," Eve said quietly. "And I'm glad that the suggestion is yours. It makes me much happier."

"There's one other point. I once promised Peggy that I'd help get her paintings away from Tod. She has to leave him so that she can go back to her work and she can never do that as long as she lives with him. I want to keep that promise to her."

"You'll have to do as you think best," she said. "When everything is settled to your satisfaction and if you still want to come back to me, I'll be here."

Without answering, Scott picked up the telephone and dialed Peggy's number. He could hear the intermittent signal, and could imagine the telephone ringing sterilely in the empty living room. He was about to hang up when there was a click at the other end.

"Hello?" It was Tod, sounding oddly heavy and dull.

"This is Scott Burnett talking." He wondered at his own calmness. Only a few hours ago, this very voice could have made him tense with fright and filled with uncontrollable premonitions and urges, but now it had become something so external to him that he felt no response. "I'm coming out to your place in an hour or so to see you and Peggy because there are a number of questions to be answered," he continued. "Is Peggy there?"

There was a moment of silence and then a *click.* The line was dead because Tod had hung up. Eve saw the perplexity on Scott's face as he stood there with the telephone still in mid-air. "What did he say?" she asked.

At the sound of Eve's voice, Scott turned to her absently. He could make no sense out of it, but he knew that the old sensation of stalking catastrophe was coming slowly to life again. He thought that he had lost it because Tod's voice had left him unmoved, but now the inexplicable absence of the voice recalled everything. Returning to the telephone, he dialed the number again, stubbornly waiting through the persistent ringing at the other end. Tod would have to answer. Minutes passed and Scott's nerves tightened steadily.

FINALLY, he heard the click of the phone at the other end, completing the line.

"Hello," Scott said. "Hello?"

He could tell that the line was alive by the small sounds striking his ear, but no one answered.

"Hello?" His voice was getting louder, and alarm spread over Eve's face. "Hello?"

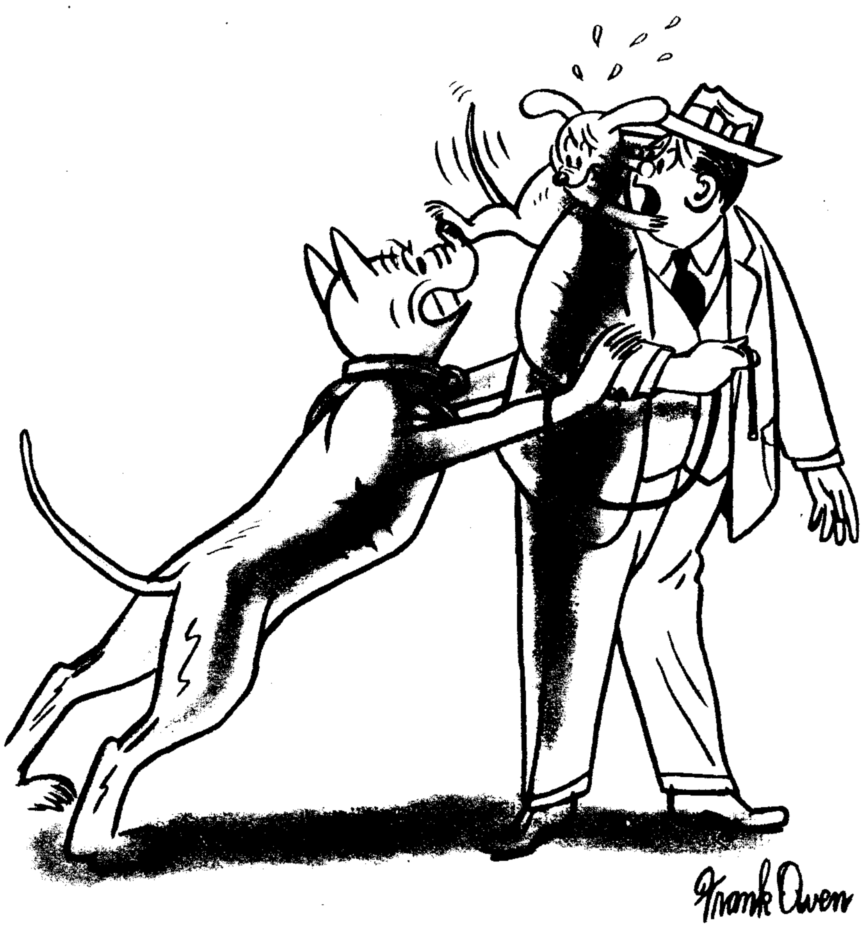
Someone had merely taken the telephone off the hook and laid it down on the table . . . someone who was either too busy to talk or past caring.

Scott hung up abruptly and turned to Eve. "I've got to go out there at once," he said. "Something's happened and I've got to know what it is. I've got to know and understand everything and then I'll be back."

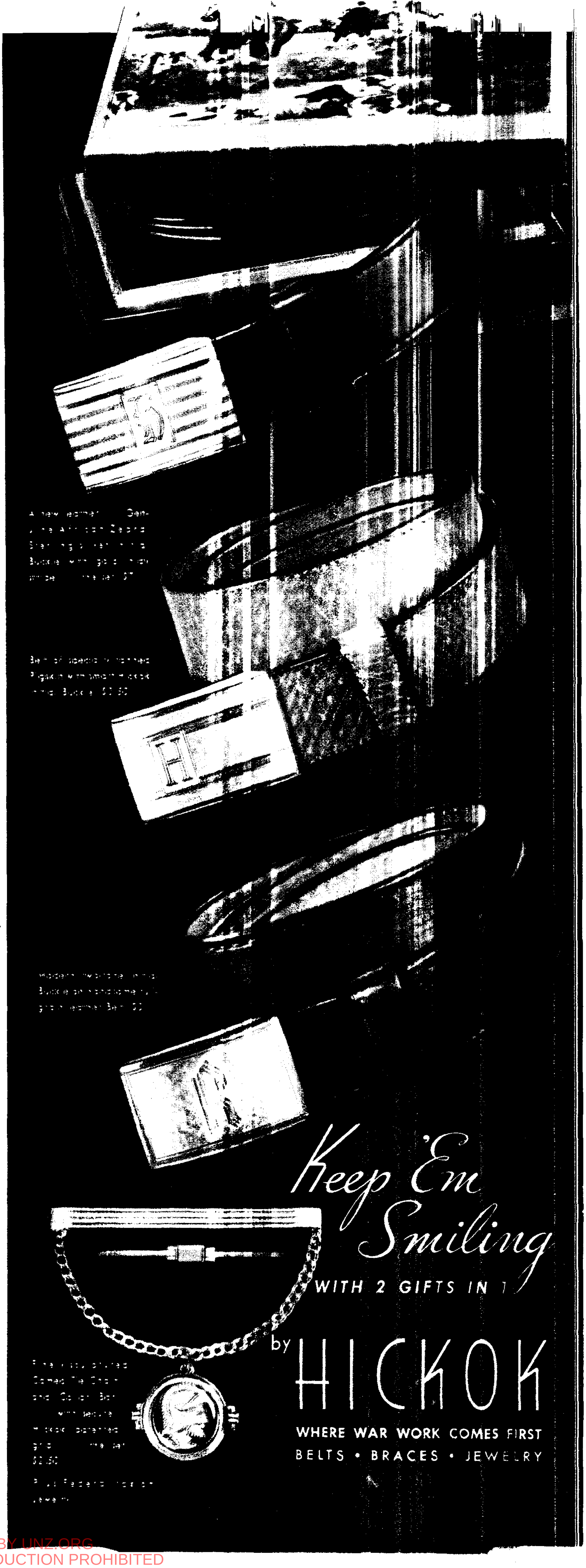
He kissed her and then hurried away.

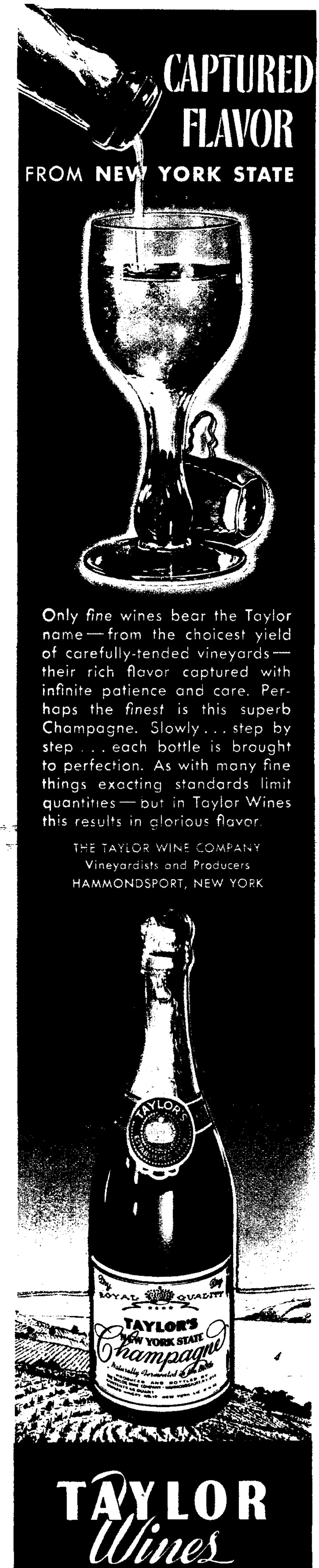
Lucky enough to come upon an oil truck making a delivery to the station, he rode out in the cab with the drivers, not even bothering to make casual conversation. At the station, he hastily saddled his horse himself and trotted down to the beach. As soon as he felt himself to be out of sight of the station, he kicked the horse into a gallop. . . .

It was a clean, brilliant day, the same sort



COLLIER'S "Fight your own battles—don't drag me into this!" FRANK OWEN





CAPTURED FLAVOR
FROM NEW YORK STATE

Only *fine* wines bear the Taylor name — from the choicest yield of carefully-tended vineyards — their rich flavor captured with infinite patience and care. Perhaps the *finest* is this superb Champagne. Slowly . . . step by step . . . each bottle is brought to perfection. As with many fine things exacting standards limit quantities — but in Taylor Wines this results in glorious flavor.

THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY
Vineyardists and Producers
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

TAYLOR Wines
FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

Heat Lightning

Freud has analyzed love; other stodgy men have dissected it. But still no one has ever told why when the right man meets the right woman the skies flicker with heat lightning. No one can tell you why such a lady as Gwen Argyll forgot family, fortune and convention when first she saw a slim fellow in a slate-blue uniform with POLAND on his sleeve. But if you have ever been in love, you will understand why she followed him across a tightrope strung between tragedy and delight. Meet her in

The FLOOR of HEAVEN

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

of day on which he had first spoken to Peggy earlier in the spring. He remembered it all very distinctly: his excitement, his quick transitions from pleasure to pique before he was sure that she was interested, then the stunning surprise of meeting Tod; he realized, as he rode along the beach, that he was saying a farewell to a portion of his life, that the time for a final departure had arrived because this was to be the day of resolution.

Scott was suddenly sure of this, yet he had to fight to retain the confidence he had found at Eve's. The old sense of doom began to nag at him once more as he drew closer and closer to Peggy's, and he remembered that the last time he had gone to Eve's, he had come away with the intention of breaking with Peggy, only to have it dissolve as soon as Peggy called him. Was this to be the same thing all over? Was he slipping back into the nightmare again? He didn't love Peggy any more, he was sure of that. He wouldn't be drawn back, he promised himself. It had to be finished no matter what it cost him.

AS HE rode, a faint odor of wood smoke came to him, and he finally halted his horse, surprised to smell anything burning at this time of year. Then it suddenly dawned on him that there must be a fire someplace, and yanking the reins together, he pressed his horse up into the dunes. When he reached the crest, he saw a mushroom of white smoke standing stark and round in the clear sky, and he knew that there was only one thing that could burn in that direction: it was Tod Butler's home.

When he was halfway there, the fog settled down in a warm, clinging mass that blotted out all sound and all odors. Only when he reached the wire sand break at the foot of the slope did he hear the subdued crackle of a fire that had almost spent itself. The place had burned practically to the ground.

Now that the roof and all the walls were gone, the house seemed pitifully small. The chimney, the plumbing in the bathroom and the kitchen remained standing, but all the once white porcelain was dirty and streaked with soot. Scott rode around the deserted ruin and a sick horror came with the realization of what had happened.

He led the horse back down the slope and tied it, returning immediately to search the place. The fire had gone so far that he could enter the house wherever he chose, and he found the fabric on all the furniture burned away, leaving only the scorched stuffings, too tightly packed to support combustion. Little wisps of flame darted over the surface every now and then to show that fire still lived within it. There was no sign of anyone, no paintings, no easel, no clothes. The dirty keyboard of a crushed portable typewriter appeared under a charred piece of timber. Because of the local heat, the fog stood away, but Scott remained at the center of a small invisible world of desolation.

Where was Peggy? It was less than an hour since Scott had spoken to Tod, and he wondered with a cloying sense of guilt if the telephone call had precipitated what had happened. If such were true, he would feel partially responsible for her death, a knowledge that no remorse, no self-justification could ever assuage.

The white fog stirred shapelessly, then in a few moments more was gone, drifting slowly upward to disappear altogether. The world was filled with sunlight again and the breeze swept past him, pressing the amiable dune grass before it, cooling him as he stood in the heat of the smoldering wreck. He stared around him, completely at a loss.

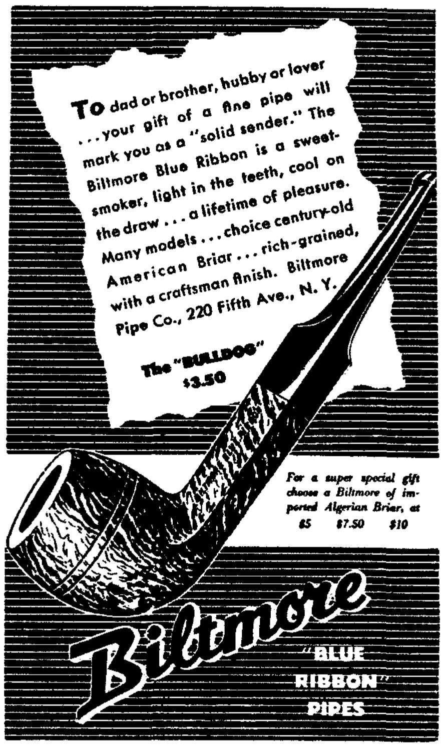
Off to the north, a tiny black moving object caught his attention, and he trained his field glasses on it. As he adjusted the knobs, the vaguely cloudy shapes dissolved into clarity and he saw that he was looking at a man running from him. It was impossible to tell whether it was the same man he had seen once before, because then the figure had been much too far away, but he had no trouble now in recognizing the shoulders that were too broad for the man's height. It was Tod, dragging a square flat object along with him.

But he had no cane—he was running free of any support or guide, with all the assurance of a man having his full sight. Scott couldn't be sure whether or not he was wearing black glasses, but that was unimportant now. Tod could see, and was making absolutely no pretense that he couldn't. The long, bizarre masquerade was over.

Suddenly as an explanation dawned on Scott, his hands fell slowly to his sides. There was no strength left in him, yet everything now had a distant clarity, and he could think about the whole thing with a numbed calmness because he could not bring himself to believe that all this was actually happening to him. He was probably standing on Peggy's tomb. Somewhere in this carbonized mass were the remains of her body.

Tod had killed Peggy in the final rage that had been caused by the telephone call. Scott's effrontery, the hints at final exposure were sufficient to generate this ultimate ferocity; Tod had beaten them all and his victory was devastation itself.

Scott and Peggy had underestimated him completely. It seemed evident now that Tod's intentions had extended far beyond the destruction of Peggy's paintings, that all during the time they had been making their impotent conjectures on his possible behavior he had been maturing his own plans, far more terrible than anything they had deemed possible. While Scott had been torturing himself with questions of ethics, Tod had gone ahead en-



To dad or brother, hubby or lover . . . your gift of a fine pipe will mark you as a "solid sender." The Biltmore Blue Ribbon is a sweet-smoker, light in the teeth, cool on the draw . . . a lifetime of pleasure. Many models . . . choice century-old American Briar . . . rich-grained, with a craftsman finish. Biltmore Pipe Co., 220 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

The "BULLDOG"
$3.50

For a super special gift choose a Biltmore of imported Algerian Briar, at
$5 $7.50 $10

Biltmore
"BLUE RIBBON" PIPES

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have poor digestion?	☐	☐
Do you feel headachy after eating?	☐	☐
Do you get sour or upset easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel tired—listless?	☐	☐

Do you feel headachy and upset due to poorly digested food? To feel cheerful and happy again your food must be digested properly.

Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase this flow quickly—often in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's Little Liver Pills aid digestion after Nature's own order. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills as directed. Get them at any drugstore. Only 10¢ and 25¢.

WOOLFOAM
WOOLFOAM W

Use WOOLFOAM
Perfect Wool Wash!

Leaves sweaters, blankets, woolens soft, fluffy—really clean. At notions, art needlework, and housewares departments. 25¢

Made for Wool by a Wool Firm

WOOLFOAM CORP.
11A West 19th Street
New York 11, N. Y.

Make it Last LONGER!

For longer, quieter, trouble-free operation, lubricate carpet sweepers and sewing machines periodically with 3-IN-ONE Oil. Costs little—get it at Hardware, Drug, Grocery, 10¢ Stores.

"3-IN-ONE" OIL

tirely without compunction, and of course he had won. These ashes made a monument to his victory.

When Scott began to remember Peggy as he had first seen her, and when he had first touched her, knowing as he had always known that their love could never have come to fruition, the helpless bewilderment her behavior had aroused in him began to pass. He remembered the sight of her bruised shoulder on that stifling day in the locked cottage; it was his final memory of her, a memory of her pain and terror. What he would see if he should find her burned body now would be even more terrible, blotting out forever the memory of her while alive. He stumbled out of the smoking rectangle, his eyes fixed rigidly ahead so that nothing familiar might catch his attention. Let someone else find her, let the memory be theirs.

A dim sense of urgency told him that he had to go after Tod, and as he approached his tethered horse, this feeling of need became an aching anger that climaxed his overpowering sense of guilt for Peggy's death. Formless, planless, without hope or goal, his fury enveloped him just as the fog had done.

Permitting himself a final look at the smoking pyre, he galloped off, feeling stiff and sodden. The dunes rose before him and fell away as he rode, and he did not have far to go before Tod's figure could be easily seen. The huge man traveled steadily, and from here any unevenness in his gait was indiscernible, but the square package which he carried remained as unrecognizable as ever. He was going in a straight line along a path that must have been decided long ago because he showed no signs of indecision. The sounds of the horse's hoofs were absorbed by the sand, and the pursuit continued in silence, rising and falling with the dunes, never deviating to one side or to the other.

Then an exceptionally steep ridge cut Tod off from view, and the prolonged interval of his disappearance from sight drove Scott frantic. As long as he had been able to see him, the running figure had absorbed all of Scott's concentrated attention, but now that this was no longer before him, and in the few minutes it took the straining horse to reach the top, Scott began once again to think of Peggy. Recollections burst on him, goading him with their vividness, as all of her vitality had been compressed into these memories.

The spine of the ridge appeared suddenly, and with a sense of relief Scott saw Tod moving way below him in a gully. The direction of flight still lay in a straight line, and as Scott looked beyond him, wondering what refuge Tod hoped to find in this waste, he at last saw the goal—the shuttered cottage.

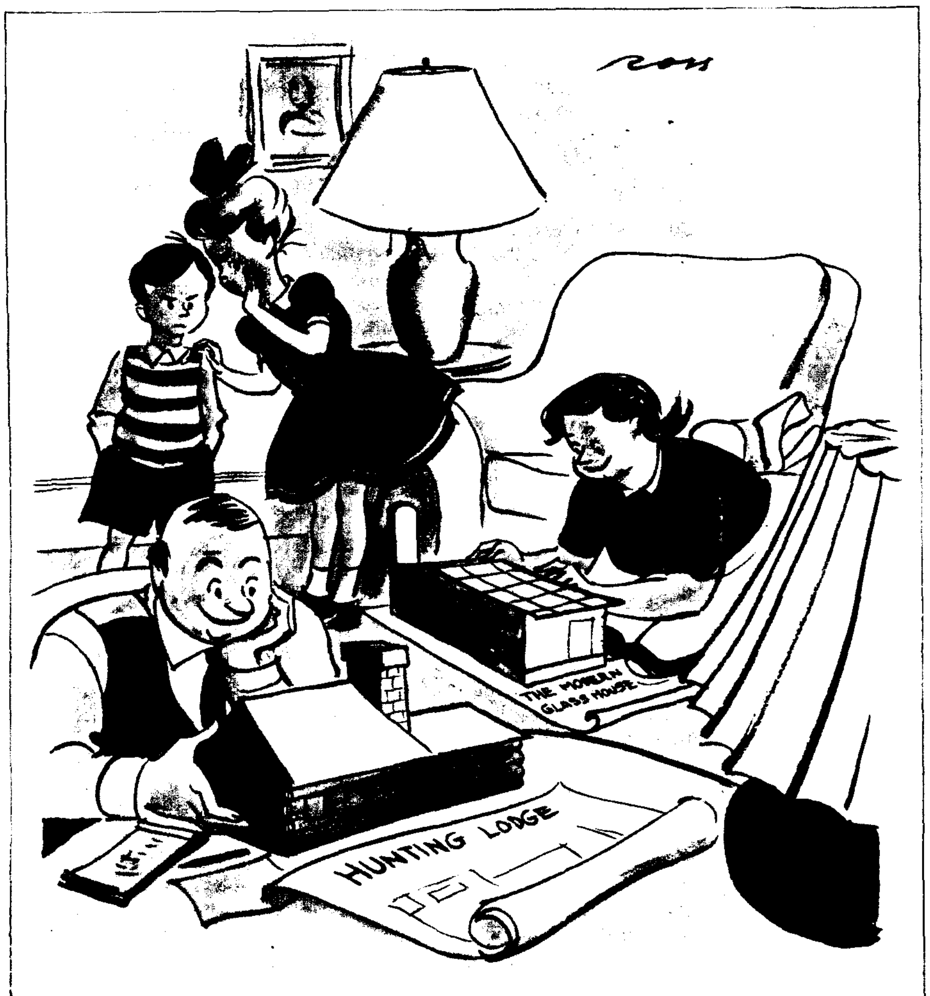
If Scott had ever hoped to be free from Peggy, his hope had completely vanished now, for he knew that he would never be free until he understood everything about her, the reasons why she remained with Tod, whether or not she had known that her husband was not blind, whether or not the idea of killing Tod was her own or Scott's. The answers had died with her, and because of the way she had been killed, it was difficult for him to continue to believe what had seemed so clear that morning. She had really loved him, and because he had been so eager to be quit of her, his rashness had been the cause of her death.

HE PUSHED his horse as hard as he dared, yet Tod had entered the house when Scott was still over two hundred yards away. As soon as he disappeared into the gloom, Scott dismounted in a hollow, tied his horse to a scrub oak, and then crawled ahead, keeping close to the ground, taking advantage of every piece of cover he could find.

He had worked his way around toward the rear of the house when he suddenly heard Tod talking. He stopped moving immediately, straining forward to catch some of the words, but it was impossible to hear him distinctly for every sentence was being dissolved into rage. Then his voice stopped, and Scott heard another, a woman's voice, begin talking quietly. It was unmistakably Peggy's.

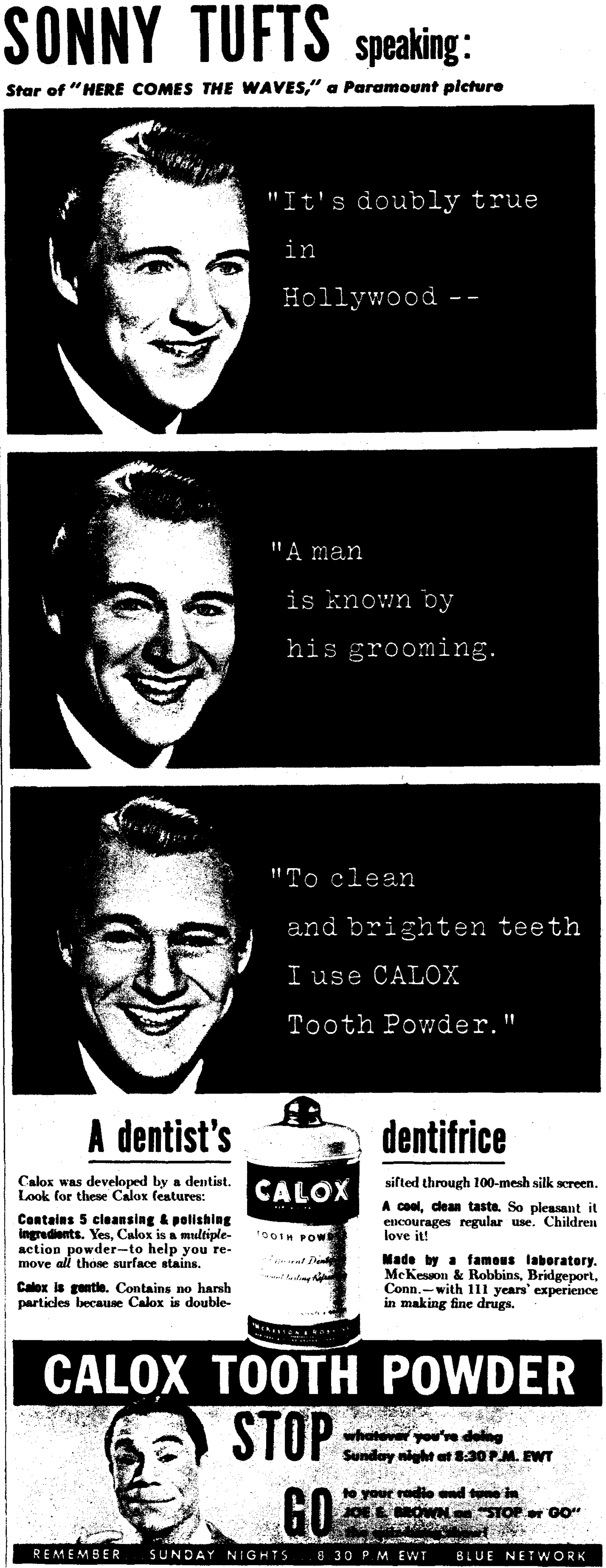
He rose to his knees, weak with shock, and completely at a loss. His speculations had been obviously wrong and, once again, his baffled mind searched for some explanation, but could find no possible clue. The only fact to be absorbed was that of Peggy's presence; she was alive and that was all that mattered now.

He heard her voice once more, the choking terror that had kept it so quiet now very apparent. He still didn't know what she was saying, but he knew that Peggy couldn't talk any louder if she had tried with all her strength, because she was speaking through filters of fear that permitted only words to



"For all their postwar planning, all I see ahead is a big squabble!"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS


SONNY TUFTS speaking:

Star of "HERE COMES THE WAVES," a Paramount picture

"It's doubly true in Hollywood --

"A man is known by his grooming.

"To clean and brighten teeth I use CALOX Tooth Powder."

A dentist's dentifrice

Calox was developed by a dentist. Look for these Calox features:

Contains 5 cleansing & polishing ingredients. Yes, Calox is a *multiple-action* powder—to help you remove *all* those surface stains.

Calox is gentle. Contains no harsh particles because Calox is double-sifted through 100-mesh silk screen.

A cool, clean taste. So pleasant it encourages regular use. Children love it!

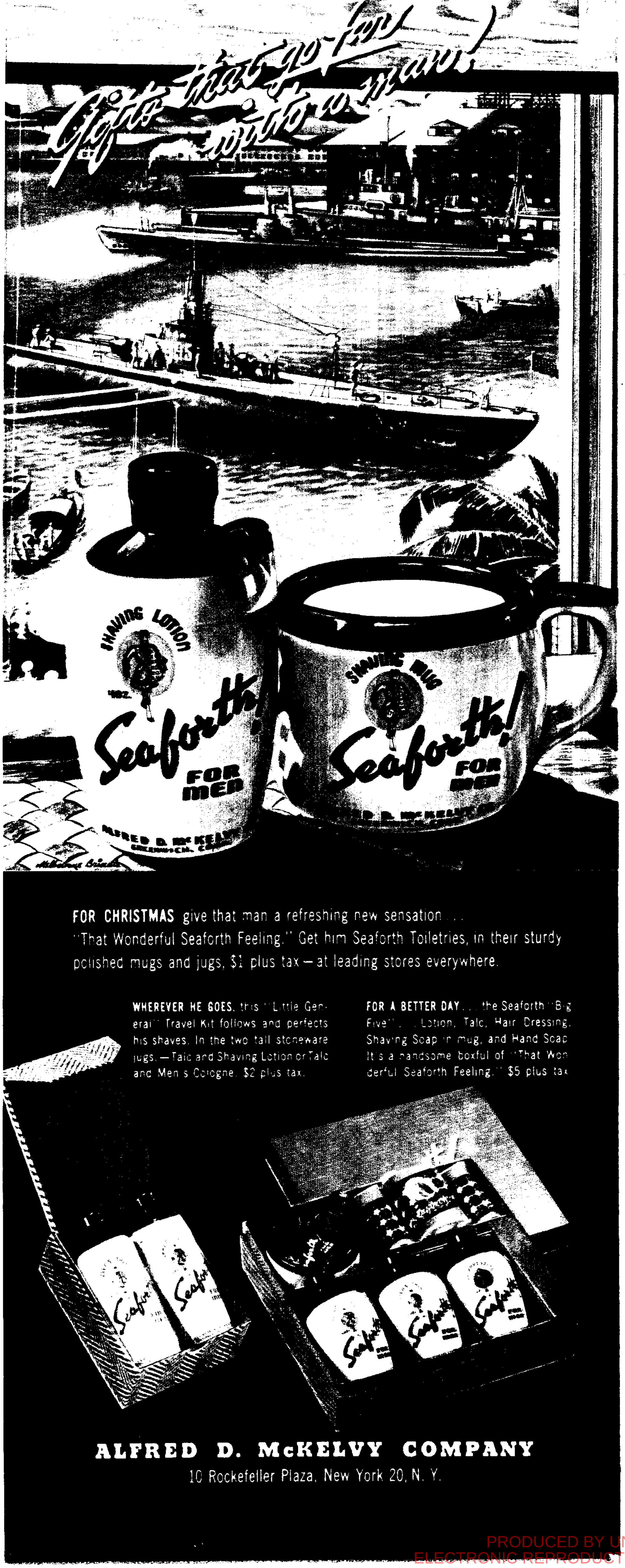
Made by a famous laboratory. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—with 111 years' experience in making fine drugs.

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

STOP whatever you're doing Sunday night at 8:30 P.M. EWT

GO to your radio and tune in JOE E. BROWN on "STOP or GO" [illegible]

REMEMBER... SUNDAY NIGHTS... 8:30 P.M. EWT BLUE NETWORK



FOR CHRISTMAS give that man a refreshing new sensation . . . "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." Get him Seaforth Toiletries, in their sturdy polished mugs and jugs, $1 plus tax—at leading stores everywhere.

WHEREVER HE GOES, this "Little General" Travel Kit follows and perfects his shaves. In the two tall stoneware jugs.—Talc and Shaving Lotion or Talc and Men's Cologne. $2 plus tax.

FOR A BETTER DAY . . . the Seaforth "Big Five" . . . Lotion, Talc, Hair Dressing, Shaving Soap in mug, and Hand Soap. It's a handsome boxful of "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." $5 plus tax

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

pass, draining them of all courage and defiance. Scott raced for the open door, aware that she was alone with Tod's fury.

He heard Tod's voice, enormous with rage and hatred, stonelike in its lack of any pity: "Where is he?" he was shouting. "Damn you, where is he hiding?"

It was ridiculous, thought Scott. Why should Tod think that he was hiding here at the cottage when he had told him only an hour before that he would meet him at his own house? It made even less sense to him when he tried to explain Peggy's presence here. Only one thing was clear to Scott: Tod must have known about him all along. The man could see, the man had always seen. He had seen Peggy in Scott's arms, he had seen Scott's face, he had watched them both from behind the ominous black glasses, playing with them, repressing his rage and bitterness, waiting for just this moment. The full measure of his vindictiveness could be heard when he spoke, bursting through the few words and shattering them. For months now he must have watched Peggy as she left the house for this cottage, knowing exactly where she was going and who would meet her there. He had probably even followed her, spying upon them, adding each incident to his store of fury and treasuring each episode as a miser hoards his coins, until now he could no longer maintain the weight of his pretense.

SCOTT reached the half-opened door then, and saw them separated by the table, each leaning on it with finger tips touching its smooth surface, each wary and watchful of the other. Tod's back was toward the door, and in the shadowed gloom he seemed immense.

"If you're looking for me," Scott said from the doorway, "here I am. I told you that I was coming."

At the sound of Scott's voice, Tod turned slowly, the set lines of berserk rage deeply graven in his face. For the first time Scott saw the man using his eyes openly. They were completely alive. Yet even now, after having been positive of the fact for months despite what everyone had said, the shock was enormous.

The eyes were fixed on Scott as he stood breathlessly in the doorway. They became wide with astonishment, and the man's virulence seemed to be suspended for a moment over both of them like a predatory bird. He started to say something, but the forming words became a massive shout of laughter that repeated itself with increasing volume until he leaned helplessly on the table. His laughter was senseless, sardonic on a grand scale and full of pain. It tightened Scott's exhausted nerves because he could not help feeling that it contained some horrible meaning for him.

"Oh, my God!" Tod tried to catch his breath, pointing at Scott. "You? You too?"

Involuntarily, Scott turned to Peggy to share his incredulity, but her expression only gave him cause for further bewilderment—she wasn't even looking at Scott, there wasn't any sign whatsoever of recognition or welcome. It was the sight of her husband that seemed to transfix her, and solidify her fury. Tears were rolling down Tod's crimson cheeks as he roared on, unable to check himself.

"Peggy, are you all right?" Scott asked, bidding for attention, reassuring her with his voice. "I couldn't imagine what had happened to you. For a while I thought . . . You see, I called him and said I wanted to see you."

She turned slowly, her lips still compressed, her face bloodless. She seemed emptied, drained of all awareness of everything except Tod. When she finally saw Scott, the somnambulist air retreated slightly.

"You had better go at once," she said. "Don't worry about me."

"Not this time," said Scott. "I'm not leaving until you explain everything to me. There's no postponement after this."

"You'd better go, Scott," Peggy insisted. Her voice was tightening.

The laughter had begun to subside because Tod was too weak to support the further effort. He stopped at last, trying to catch his breath. Again the room was full of his presence; he dominated everything, the strength of his personality was as real as the first time Scott had met him.

"Well?" Scott said. "Are you ready to talk? I told you where I'd be."

"Didn't you hear Peggy?" Tod asked. "She told you to go."

"I don't intend to. This isn't a domestic quarrel any more. I'm involved and you know it. You've known about me all along, haven't you?"

"Yes," Tod said slowly. "But I never realized who you were until just now." A sudden bitter smile was the echo of his laughter. "It will never stop," he said. "The parade will always be endless. . . ."

"Scott!" It was Peggy's voice, suddenly sharp and urgent. "Please go. I beg you." She crossed to him, pushing at his arm. As she did so, he saw that she had been standing in front of one of her paintings that lay upside down on the chair behind her. Scott recognized it at once as the square flat object Tod had been carrying across the dunes.

"What's that?" Scott demanded. "Do you know what he's done to the house and to the rest of your work?"

"Yes, I know," she replied slowly. "He told me."

"But he saved this one! Why? Peggy, you must tell me what's going on! For months you've evaded all my questions and now I have to know."

"Will you please go?" Her pressure was unrelaxed.

"No," Scott said emphatically. "Not until I've satisfied myself about a number of things. In the first place he isn't blind. I insisted that he could see from the beginning. You must have known. Did you?"

"You have the answer to that," Tod told him. All of his earlier dangerous rage was compressed into his eyes, as though stored for one grand destructive outburst. "But you don't have the courage to admit it to yourself. How could she help knowing?"

SCOTT turned to Peggy at the accusation. Her eyes flared and the color returned to her cheeks when she spoke.

"That's a lie, Scott. That's another of his lies."

"Is it?" Tod asked quietly. "You know that it's not, Peggy, but you, too, have a talent for disbelief in the inconvenient. It was just about three years ago that I picked you up in that gallery, and you had it even then."

"I couldn't have," she replied. Her lovely face was strained and tired. "If there's anything that's weak and bad in me, it's because you brought it out."

"No," he shook his head. "I don't have that much talent as a teacher, and I admit it. When I took you on, I really thought I could make a painter out of you. But neither of us had the talent—you couldn't learn and I couldn't teach to a vacuum. It took me almost a year to realize it, but I finally did."

"You didn't want me to learn," Peggy said. "You were afraid. Even after we were married you did everything to discourage me."

"And why not?" he shouted suddenly. "If you can't paint, you can't! But you could never accept my verdict. You were too hungry for a success you could never earn."

"Why should I accept it? There were others who said that I *could* paint. Yes—men just as talented and just as capable of judging as you are!"

"I know all about them," Tod said. Scott saw the smoldering rage burst into life and remembered the way flames had flickered across the charred upholstered surfaces in the burning house. "I know more about them than you do. I know the way they used you, and how you made yourself cheap just for a little encouragement, a little praise."

She stood very still as he spoke, her face white and shocked.

"That's not true," she said. "There was never anything like that."

Scott remembered very clearly the story Peggy had told him of her life with Tod. Everything that was being said now fitted into the pattern except that Tod was adding another dimension to it—his version of the motivations.

"You can say that in front of this boy," Tod remarked. "But on that night, two years ago when I told you that I'd kill you if I ever caught you with another man . . ."

"You were so drunk you couldn't stand!

You were revolting," Peggy said intensely. "You sickened me!"

"I may have sickened you, but you didn't deny then that you had lovers, did you? You were rather proud of it, as I remember. And while we've been here, you haven't changed. But it's not painters you want now. You're after something else—"

"I'm glad that I struck you with that bottle!" she said. "You kept shouting those filthy things at me, and I tell you I've never felt such joy as when I hit you! Even now when I remember, I'm frightened at my own intensity. I wanted to kill you."

"For heaven's sake, Peggy," Scott cried, "why do you listen to him? You're not dependent on him. What about those three paintings you sold a few days after the accident?"

"You poor idiot, don't you realize that Peggy never could have painted those pictures?" Tod said. "They're mine. I painted them!"

THE cottage was very quiet. It was neither large enough nor old enough to be filled with the small sounds that seem to be the breathing of other houses, and the stillness was absolute.

"Why don't you deny it, Peggy?" Tod asked. His expression hadn't changed. In the shuttered darkness, he seemed impassive, challenging Peggy's silence, outwaiting it, but she seemed to have no answer.

"Don't you want to tell him how it happened?" Tod insisted. "Don't you want to tell him that I decided to destroy all of the paintings I hadn't yet shown when I thought I'd be blind forever?"

When Peggy finally spoke, she was perfectly immobile; she might just as well have been talking to the emptiness before her. "It was the morning after—after the accident. You told me to destroy everything, and I did." She turned now and faced him squarely, defiantly. "I burnt them exactly as you wished."

"Except for the three landscapes," he reminded her. "You couldn't resist the temptation, could you? You told Schlessinger that they were yours because you were sure that I'd never find out."

"Peggy, is he lying?" Scott said to her. "I have to hear you, because that's what he must have told Bill Geddes."

"Do you really believe him?" she asked slowly. "Must I deny it, lie by lie? Do you *want* to believe it, Scott? I think that you do. Bill did."

There was a slight scraping sound in the next room which Scott would have ignored except that both Tod and Peggy brought his attention to it by their startled reactions. Tod's face shone suddenly with triumph. He started to laugh and then ran inside. Peggy followed him, so quickly that Scott was unable to see her face. When he came into the bedroom, he saw that Tod had opened the closet door, but it was too dark within to see what had made the noise. Tod was reaching into the darkness, and then, as though he were handling a filthy garment, dragged out a man and dropped him to the floor. The vagrant light from the shutter chinks fell on the man's white, terrified face. It was O'Neill.

The physician lay very still, his eyes moving frantically from face to face; the man had no dignity, not even the desperate resignation of cornered prey. He drew away on his hands and knees from Tod in order to get to his feet, but Tod pushed him over with a kick.

For a dazed moment, Scott didn't grasp what it all meant. This was his friend, the one friend all of the people in the room had in common. Why should he have to hide? Why should Tod look down at him as though he had finally achieved a release he had always wanted? It wasn't until Scott glanced at Peggy that the full, numbing horror broke on him, shattering all the bonds of affection and memory, tearing them to shreds. The expressions of startled guilt shared so identically by Peggy and O'Neill left no way to deny what he saw in their faces, no temporary defenses that might soften the impact of the truth. He felt sick and degraded, hating them all as he suddenly despised himself. Not only were his suspicions true, but much more than he had ever guessed.

Tod turned to Scott with a small contemptuous motion of his head.

"Do you want to know why I laughed instead of killing you when you came in before? I was asking for *him*, not you! This is the man I've been wanting!"

O'Neill had scrambled to his feet, mechanically brushing the dust from his clothes. His face was gray and twisted, and the shaggy mustaches drooped along the fallen lines of his mouth making an inverted V.

"Don't be an ass, Tod," he said, his eyes fixed upon the big man's face. "You're misunderstanding everything."

He had said nothing about Tod being able to see. The most important discovery, Scott realized, hadn't surprised him at all. So O'Neill, too, had known all along.

"There's nothing to misunderstand," Tod said. "That you've been Peggy's lover for two years—ever since we came down here? I understand that."

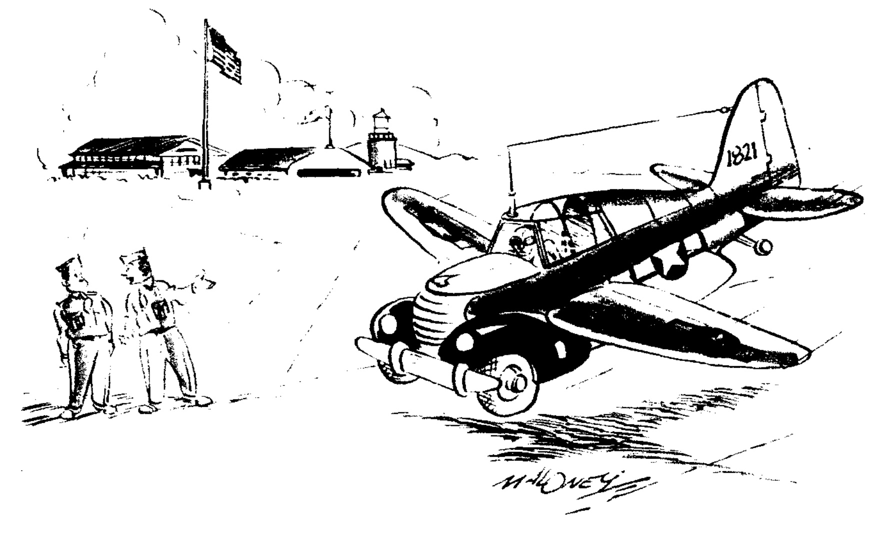
He looked at Peggy, but she stood silently as though not daring to move or speak until he had released her with his voice.

"Are you still in the mood for denials?" he demanded of her. "I also know why you came down to this godforsaken shore with me in the first place."

"I came down to take care of you," she managed to say. She spoke in a whisper, moistening her lips continually. "It was the least I could do because I felt it was my fault that you were blind. I wanted to make it up to you."

"What had you to make up for? The theft of my paintings? You still thought that I'd never see again and so you decided to stay with me for a little while just to make it look decent before you walked out. And you would have done it within two months if O'Neill hadn't told you that my blindness was only hysteria—that at any moment I might see again and discover what you'd done."

Scott could not take his eyes from her face. She looked the same as she had always



"Somebody's getting mighty anxious in their reconversion"

COLLIER'S JOHN P. MALONEY

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF

The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders

(Drill Order)

Egmont-op-Zee, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Waterloo, Lucknow, Nile 1884, '85, Aisne, 1914, Hindenburg Line, Macedonia 1915, '18

HONOURS OF

Dewar's "White Label"

Award of the International Exposition of Agriculture, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1910 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for excellence in Scotch Whisky.

IN MAPPING out your social strategy, start out with this shining fact . . . THERE IS NO RETREAT IN QUALITY FOR DEWAR'S SCOTCH! We consider it a point of honour to maintain the quality which has won 60 honours all over the world! Command Dewar's and be "at ease."

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years
Victoria Vat
"None Finer"—Liqueur Scotch

White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.
PERTH
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH

COMMAND DEWAR'S... AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"
THE MEDAL SCOTCH *OF THE WORLD*

Schenley

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. Copr. 1943, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

how to make him happy this Christmas—
SUGAR and SPICE*
"EVERYTHING NICE"
IN A TIE
• resists wrinkles
• fine draping quality
• soft powdery colors
$1
how to make ties last longer—
Clip this for his Christmas package!

WORDS BY A TIE, dedicated to a long life

Please handle me gently 'tho I seem tough,
You'll double my life if I'm not treated rough.
When you tie a knot, you know it's tight,
So untie, don't pull me off at night.
Change ties daily . . . I'll hold my drape
If I have a chance to get into shape.
When your eagle eye detects a spot,
Remove it at once — THANKS A LOT.

Here's a top tie-tip "For everything nice"
Remember to ask for Sugar and Spice,
The tie that's a vitamin for men's clothes
And gives you smartness, long wear, no woes!

SUPERBA *Cravats*
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1944 Superba Cravats

looked, and yet there was a decided difference there that he could recognize now that his own suspicions had been confirmed.

"Then you did steal his pictures!" Scott said. Of all the accusations he wanted to make, of all the betrayals he meant to lay bare, he could think only of one that didn't concern him. She turned to him, her voice beseeching, but her face still an open confession of her guilt.

"For heaven's sake, Scott, please! I can explain it all later."

"Explain what?" jeered Tod, his voice cutting sharply in on them. "Explain how you persuaded O'Neill to tell me that my case was hopeless—that nothing could cure me? Explain to him that the two of you tried to drive me to suicide from despair?"

"You'll have to control yourself, Tod," O'Neill said. The first phase of panic had passed, and Scott saw him attempting to regain his impersonal poise. "All this is a frantic notion of yours. You must realize that you can't prove any of this."

TOD'S fury struck out, withering them all with its intensity.

"I don't have to prove anything except to myself. And I had my proof a year ago when I heard someone telling Peggy that one of the paintings was on exhibition in Philadelphia. This woman had seen it and I knew at once what she was describing. That shock was all that was needed to restore my sight. I sat there staring at them both from behind my glasses and, in that moment, I knew everything. You had been lying to me all along."

"I swear to you that I didn't lie," O'Neill insisted, his hands clenching and unclenching again and again. "A physician can make a mistake."

"Really? But you knew when I *had* recovered my sight, didn't you? You must have because Peggy knew. She couldn't help but find out."

"You still pretended to be blind, you knew all the gestures, all the characteristics of the blind so you were able to fool me," O'Neill said. He couldn't stop protesting, the excuses and denials came tumbling out in frenzied torment.

"I didn't fool *him!*" Tod said, nodding to Scott. "The second time he came to the house, he found out. I was aware of it the instant it happened. It was all over his face." he said to O'Neill and Peggy. "You both knew and I knew that you knew. You were trying to drive me to suicide with your insistence that I'd never see again, and you failed because I recovered my sight before I lost my reason." His face was drawn and sober and he seemed to be no longer speaking to any one individual; he was explaining himself to himself. "But I became frantic watching you two. Lord, how I wanted to make you pay, but I didn't know how!"

"If you'd only told us—" Peggy said, but his contempt stopped her.

"And let you get away? No, my dear, I didn't want to let you off so easily. I could have exposed you simply by writing to Schlessinger, but even that was not good enough. I made you stay, by keeping up the pretense and you didn't have the nerve to call my bluff. That, I suppose, was when you decided to call on the Coast Guard to supply the bullet, but even he failed you." He looked at Scott, damning him with bloodless objectivity. "I never suspected you, not even at the time on the beach when I walked into the wreckage because I *was* blind then. I had had a relapse that day, as I sometimes do after a fit of rage."

"I didn't want to hurt you," Scott said. "I just wanted to force you to admit that you could see. That was all."

"It was enough," Tod replied dryly. "It was more than enough." The fury was gone now, and he sounded terribly tired. As he spoke he used the stiff gestures of an old man. "I realized that Peggy was trying to get away. I became more frantic than ever, and then just this afternoon I discovered that half her paintings had been removed in preparation for flight. I knew they were someplace in the house and since I couldn't find them, I destroyed everything—everything."

"But you didn't," Scott said quietly. "They weren't in the house at all. I had removed them."

He had known all along that some small gesture of his would cause the final eruption. He had been sure of it for weeks, and the uncertainty of what it would be and when it might come had constituted the basis for his torture, because there was no way of knowing which trivial act would bring it on. At first, he had been sure that his telephone call had been the motivating cause, simply because he had intended it to be, but now it was obvious that his call had had no meaning; an earlier event had already set the final action on its way.

"You?" Tod looked at him with complete blankness. "Then you're the one who'll really condemn her by exposing her lack of talent; all she has to do is to show the pictures, and everyone will know that she could never have painted those first three. That never dawned on me until after the fire had started and I managed to save one."

Scott looked up to meet Peggy's eyes, and found her watching him with an expression of peculiar detachment. She didn't seem to be hearing Tod at all, as his quiet voice went on, adding up the sum of wasted years.

"I know now that all this time I've been locking myself in a prison because I was more intent on revenge than on being free." He glanced somberly at Scott with a faint, humorless smile. "It was only when you marched in a few minutes ago that I put everything together. And it suddenly struck me as such a bad joke on myself that I couldn't go on any further. Revenge is a full-time job and I suddenly find that I have other more important things to do." He looked at Scott and O'Neill, including them both in his contempt. "You both wanted her so badly that you were willing to kill me for her. You can have her with my compliments."

He turned and walked out. They could hear the firm, purposeful sound of his heavy footsteps pounding on the wooden floor. Even when the sound ended abruptly as he stepped onto the sand, they could sense the measured tread of a man moving decidedly on his way.

THEY stood there listening, each of them alone with his own failures. Scott realized that he had been spared in his own eyes only because of his stubborn core of resistance that could not quite accept O'Neill's glib philosophy. Peggy had planted the idea of murder in Scott's mind with the accusation, O'Neill was to have nurtured it, and Scott had been sent back and forth from one to the other as the need for still more inoculations arose.

In this moment of realization, he saw that what O'Neill had said, although clothed in terms of personal freedom and liberty, meant only the rule of force. If each man were free to destroy whoever displeased him, there could never be freedom for anyone. Without being aware of it in so many words, this belief had held Scott back, creating struggle and deep frustration within him, but his correct instinct had won in the end. He had been able, at last, to understand Peggy and to reject her. It meant that he could once again be at home in the world because he had saved himself.

Thinking back on it, he could see now that there had been nothing sinister in anything Tod had ever said to him. His remarks had been commonplace, yet because Peggy had always reacted with terror, Scott had automatically supplied a criminal motivation. His part in the whole affair had been based on misdirection, and yet he knew that the fears and half-formed realizations that had tortured him had been real. When he had passed the cottage *thinking* he was being watched, for instance, the appraising, unaffectionate eyes had been either O'Neill's or Peggy's. The man he had seen running across the dunes must have been O'Neill, trying to escape into the fog.

They had been very sure of themselves, these two, with all the arrogant confidence of monomania. Scott recalled the visits O'Neill had made at the station, saying that he was on his way back from seeing Tod, and then Tod's denial that he had seen the physician at all. It had been Tod who told the truth;

O'Neill had probably stopped in after leaving Peggy at this cottage. Here in the same darkened room where Scott had passed through so much, O'Neill and Peggy had planned it all.

Thinking about it, Scott felt dirty and degraded. He felt nothing for O'Neill but contempt, and as for Peggy. . . . She was talking to him now in a quick, urgent voice.

"Listen, Scott, you must try to understand. There were things about me that I told you I couldn't discuss because I didn't understand them myself. What Tod said was all true . . . those paintings *are* his, but I couldn't help the way things happened. It's true that he told me to destroy them and I intended to do it. I had them all stacked in one corner of the studio. But Schlessinger came while Tod was in bed. I told you about Schlessinger the dealer. He'd never seen any of my stuff and I didn't have time that day to show him. I just told him to go up and see them himself. I'd forgotten about Tod's new work. I didn't hear Schlessinger leave. . . . I didn't know anything until he telephoned me to say that he'd taken three of my paintings."

She stood by his side, very close to him, but not yet touching him. Involuntarily, he wanted her to come a little closer, to put out her hand so that he might once more feel her remembered softness. It was her last claim on him because he could still recall having loved her.

"I felt all the elation that anyone would at acceptance after so much work and discouragement. I told everyone I knew about the coming exhibition. And it wasn't until I went down to the gallery to see them framed that I realized that the paintings he had taken were Tod's. I felt so sick that I almost fainted, and I couldn't bring myself to admit that they weren't mine. I kept putting it off, and then, finally, it was too late."

Her face had an inner glow of pleading and, watching her, Scott almost thought she looked as she had on the beach when he had first seen her: fragile, desirable, reminding him vaguely of something he had always wanted, or someone he had always loved.

"But that's all over," she went on, coming toward him. "I can be a normal person again. There'll be no withdrawing now. There's nothing to hold me back any more, and I can get back to work."

"Peggy . . ."

It was O'Neill's cry of anguish and humiliation. Turning toward him, Scott saw ruin and desolation in his eyes. It broke the spell she was beginning to cast over Scott once more, and suddenly he understood that while Tod had been talking to him, she had been carefully calculating her chances; she had been coolly deciding which of them, Scott or O'Neill, had more to offer her, and Scott had been her choice. He was repelled, and angered by her nervy hypocrisy, and the small entangling claims of memory which had reached out for him fell away, as he recognized their spuriousness; they were false and unreal because he had been remembering something that had, in truth, never existed.

"Peggy, you can't," O'Neill's quivering lips couldn't contain his misery. "You promised me. You said we'd go away. You promised."

"What promises?" she demanded sharply. "I was perfectly willing to confess to Tod last year about the paintings. I said I would as soon as you told me that his sight would return. I was willing to take the consequences for that."

"You . . . !" He shook his head, too shattered for coherent protest.

"You were the one who had other ideas, who spoke to me about freedom and personal liberty," she continued as though he had offered a denial.

Finally, for the first time since he had been discovered, O'Neill's strength returned. It came in a rushing flood, the dams broken by his indignation.

"You won't get away with it, Peggy," he shouted. "I won't let you use me so that you can save yourself by going off with Burnett. You don't care any more for him than you do for any of us, and I'll be damned if I permit you to throw everything off on me. It was all your idea . . . even Burnett was your idea when you saw you had him caught."

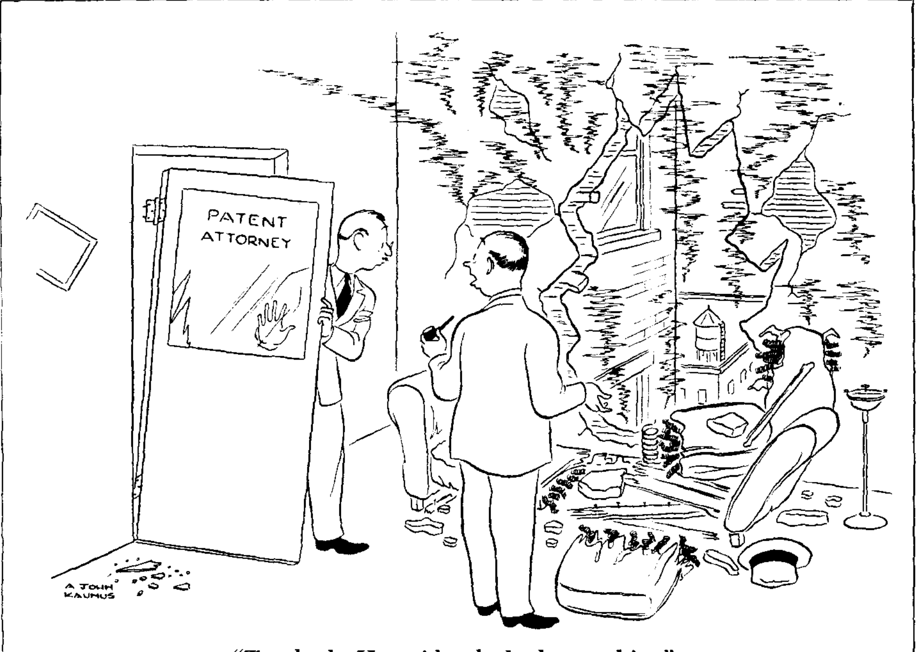
Scott shook his head, unable to look at either of them. It made no difference which one was telling the truth—both versions were equally horrible.

PEGGY needed no one, she would go away and there would be other men who, unknowingly, would help her along her driving, arrogant path. Tod, who knew her better than any of them, realized that nothing would hurt, or even reach her. Yet he would never bother to expose her, simply because it would take too much effort. Nor would anyone ever speak of what had happened in the cottage that day except for a meager report of the fire. O'Neill would return to the village and resume his practice as though nothing had revealed and then destroyed this inner life. It was punishment enough, Scott thought, that O'Neill would know what he really was.

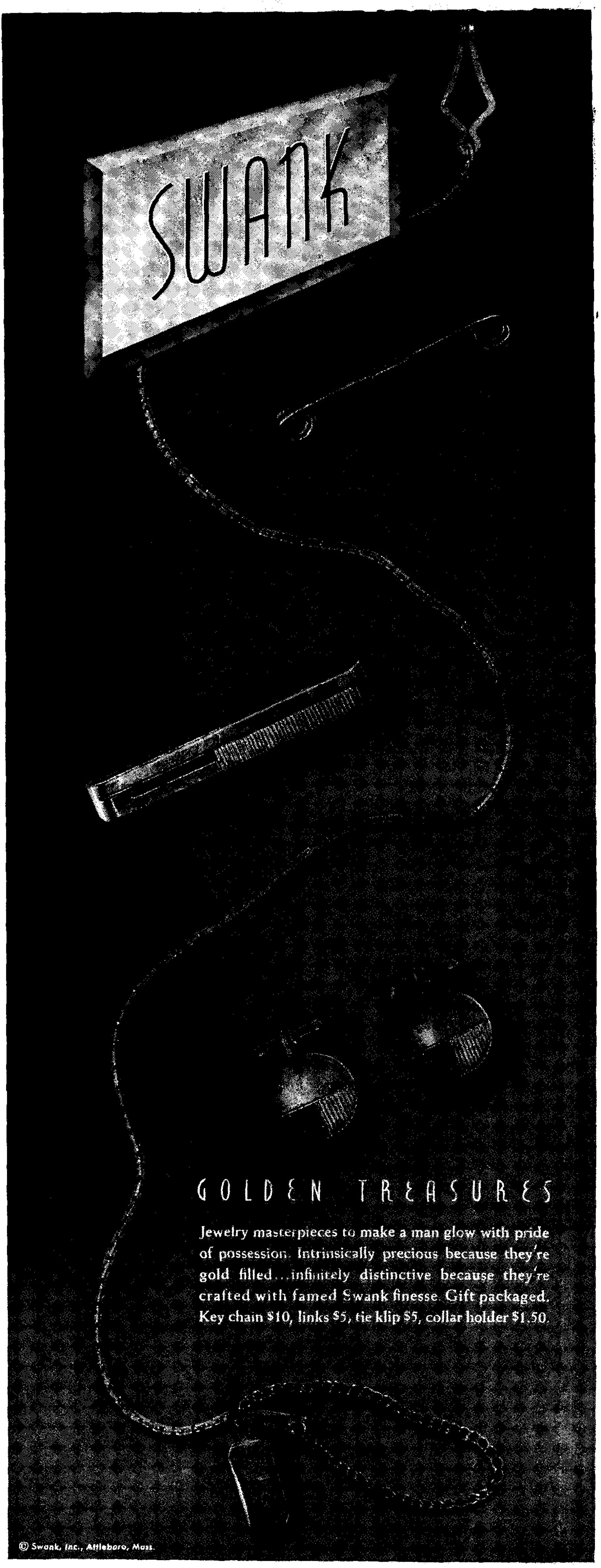
He turned away from them both, his only thought now to get away from this place, and without speaking, without looking back once, walked quickly from the room. There could be no farewell speeches; there could be no dignity left to him as long as he remained in this conventional little seashore cottage. The house had rejected all of them. It was an empty building, belonging to anyone who was in it at the moment. It remembered nothing and protected no one.

A violent fit of shuddering came over him, and he ran on shaking legs to his horse. He knew vaguely that there were reports to be made and help to be sought, but the one thing that led him on was a desire to return to sanity, to his own kind of people, to warmth and purpose; and the one person he kept thinking of was Eve. He was free at last.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Too bad. He evidently had something" A. JOHN KAUNUS



GOLDEN TREASURES

Jewelry masterpieces to make a man glow with pride of possession. Intrinsically precious because they're gold filled...infinitely distinctive because they're crafted with famed Swank finesse. Gift packaged. Key chain $10, links $5, tie klip $5, collar holder $1.50.

© Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

"Chee, I could just lay here all night sniffing that fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh!"

Smokes as sweet as it smells
"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
UNION MADE
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS
SMOKE A PIPE

FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

* Three parts MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM
Two parts BRANDY
One part LEMON JUICE
Six parts HOT WATER
Stir well. Sugar to taste
MYERS'S RUM Planters' Punch 100% FINE JAMAICA RUM

THERE'S HOLIDAY CHEER in MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

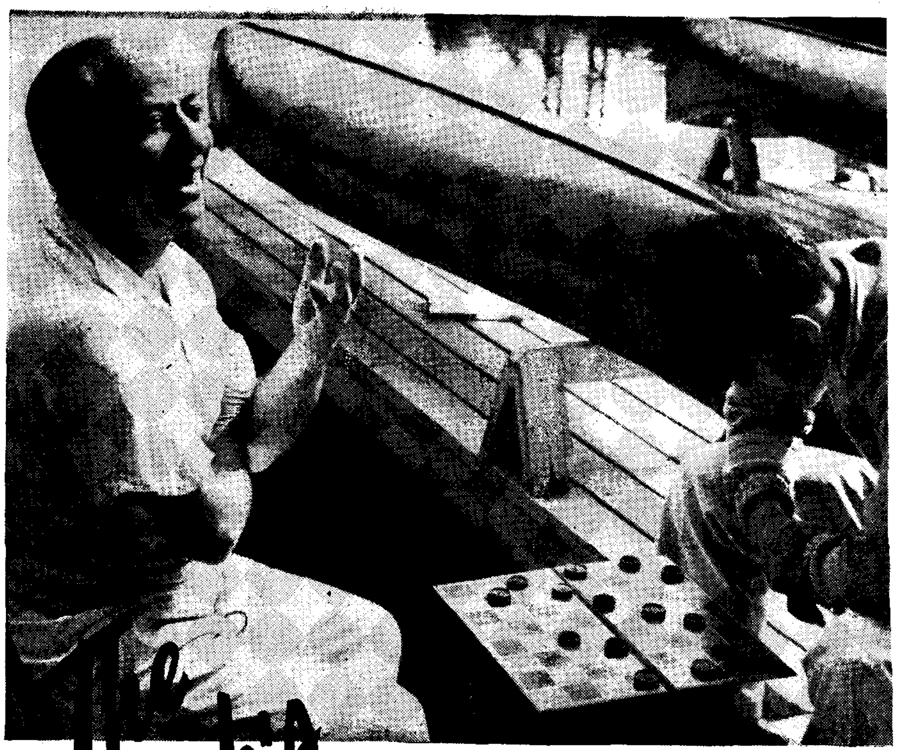
* HOT OXFORD PUNCH

To the host, a triumph of hospitality! To the connoisseur, a subtle satisfaction! To every guest, a delightful experience! That's Hot Oxford Punch with Myers's Jamaica Rum!

97 PROOF
For free illustrated recipe book write to Department CL-12

MYERS'S RUM *"Planters' Punch Brand"* 100% fine Jamaica Rum
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc. Sole distributors in the U.S.A. 57 Laight St., New York 13, N. Y.

The Week's Work



DR. A. CLA

William Auerbach-Levy

THE triumphant checker player at the left in the photograph above is William Auerbach-Levy, who, when he is not playing checkers or tennis or poker, spends his time drawing pictures. The illustrations for the Hero series (p. 26) are his.

Auerbach-Levy's successful career as an artist developed in defiance of the Horatio Alger tradition. "I was a poor boy," he says, "brought up on New York's East Side, and everybody told me that the way to succeed was to hammer away, morning, noon and night. I tried that system and it didn't work. So when I was fifteen I took up checker-playing in a serious way, also tennis and poker."

At fifteen Auerbach-Levy was New York's interschool checker champion—and by then he was also making a living as an artist. Soon he was awarded a fellowship which gave him $15 a week to study art abroad. He was so well off on this sum, living in France, that he refused to sell his early etchings. "I was afraid to start selling too soon, afraid I'd work for the market."

After he was well established in fine arts, he began to do commercial work, and that, he says, is the correct procedure for any artist who hopes to make a decent living and still hang on to his artistic standards: fine arts first and commercial art second. He notes with satisfaction that it is easier today than it has ever been for an artist to make a living. Hollywood, advertisers and manufacturers are finding more and more use for creative art work.

The best checker players Auerbach-Levy knows are the threadbare fellows who spend their days loafing in Washington Square.

"I go walking there every afternoon," he says, "and I hardly ever fail to get a good checker game. These fellows bring along homemade oilcloth checkerboards and thumbtack them onto a park bench. I don't know their names and they don't know mine. They call me 'the man with the dog,' because I always bring along my fox terrier, Cokey. They understand the fine points of the game."

Auerbach-Levy is master of "the laird and the lady," a standard opening move in checkers. There are, he says, some 36 different openings and as many defenses, with thousands of variations on each. Chess, Auerbach-Levy insists, is child's play compared to checkers, in spite of the hoity-toity reputation chess has.

Florence Von Wien, Auerbach-Levy's wil is not much of a checker player, but she a good cook, her husband says, and a pror ising playwright.

GILBERT A. LATHROP, author of Pork is a Clown, p. 24, is a railroader turn writer, turned back into railroader again, ar very happy about it all.

"I spent the first two thirds of my li right in the heart of the Colorado Rockies he writes us, "and was always a pushover f wild animals and birds. Being a brakema and conductor on the Denver & Rio Granc Western narrow-gauge railroad gave n plenty of chance to get acquainted with a the wild life. Then I discovered wild musl rooms and every year I kept finding new var eties. I even wrote a handbook on then There's some swell eating going to wasi every rainy season up in them hills. We use to can dozens of jars of chanterelles, pin boletus, horse mushrooms, etc. In fact, I sti have a few jars in the basement out here i California.

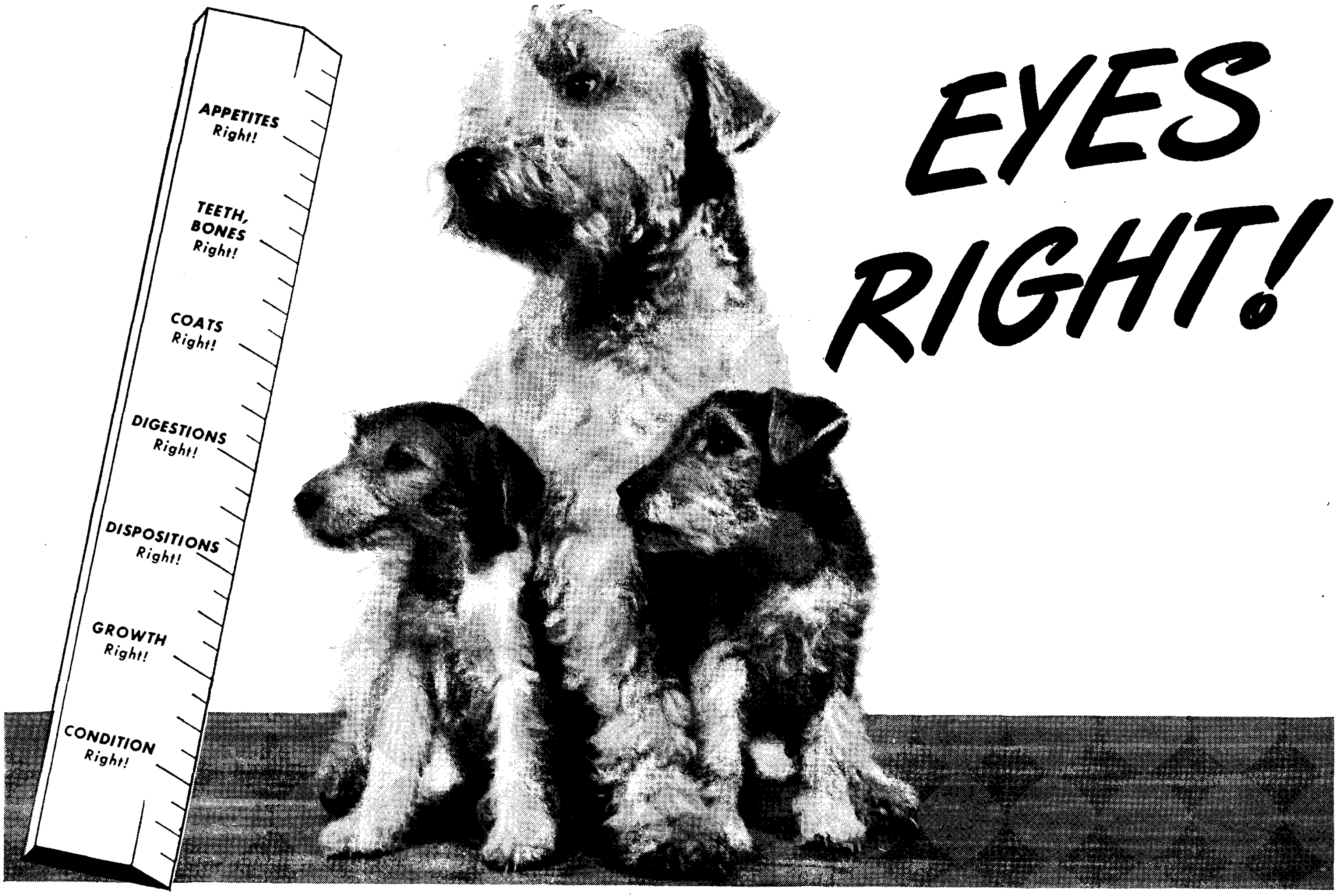
"Back in 1928, I began selling storie mostly railroad stuff, so I quit my railroa job . . . and finally landed in California o some pretty ground with rabbits, chicken an orchard, a redheaded parrot and a littl granddaughter, Judy. Her daddy, my son, i a switchman on the Southern Pacific. Whe I heard the railroads were howling for experienced men, I hit up the Western Pacifi for a job as switchman, and here I am bacl among the boxcars and locomotives, an loving it.

"So I've got just about everything a ma can ask out of this life. . . . Landing a stor in Collier's has filled the old cup to overflowing. . . . Next I'm going to write a stor about Ally-oop, our pet alligator." . . . A. P

Gilbert A. Lathrop

DICK KNAPPA

EYES RIGHT!


APPETITES Right!
TEETH, BONES Right!
COATS Right!
DIGESTIONS Right!
DISPOSITIONS Right!
GROWTH Right!
CONDITION Right!

EVERY INCH of them ALL Right . . . because EVERY INCH is nourished by Gaines!

● The very second that dog of yours sniffs the Meat Meal in it, his tail will start a-wagging! Yes, Gaines is just as popular with dogs who love a good meal as it is with owners who love to see their dogs in grand condition. *Meat meal,* cereals, vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, vitamins—all the types of nourishment that dogs are known to need—are balanced in this single meal in such a tasty way that it's greeted by dogs as a special treat every day in the year!

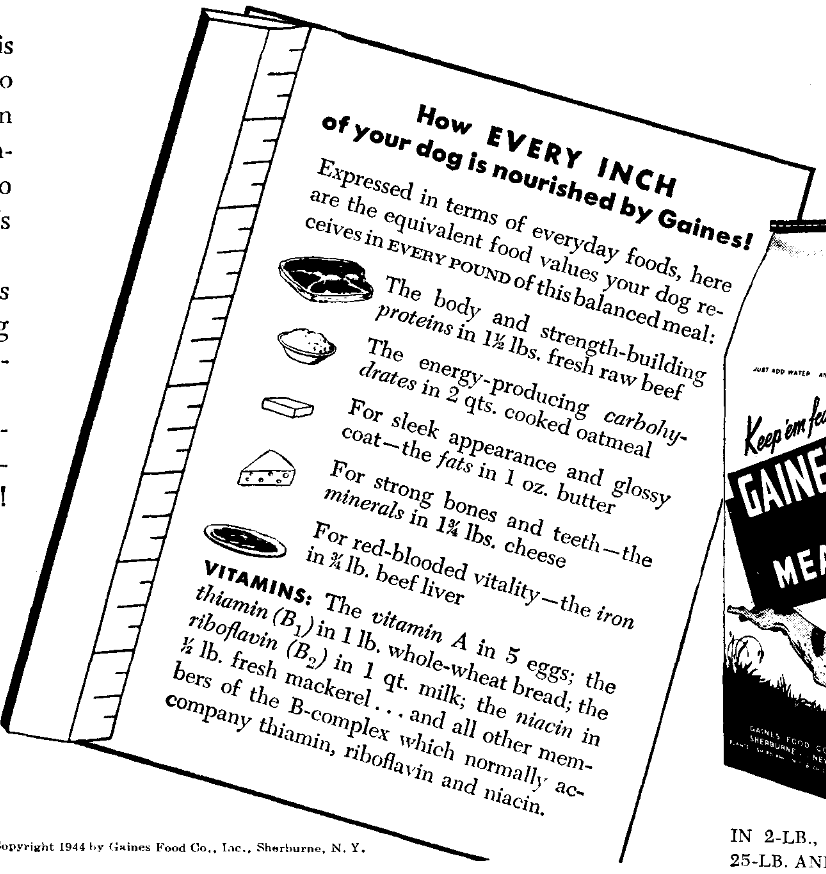
This is the dog food—Gaines Dog Meal—that for over 15 years has been the stand-by of kennels whose *business* is dogs—of prize-dog breeders whose *hobby* is dogs—and of veterinarians whose whole lifetime is spent in keeping dogs happy and well.

And now Gaines Dog Meal is available for *your* dog. A meal supplying complete nourishment—a meal dogs love—inexpensive to feed—prepared in less than a minute. The largest-selling dog food in the U.S.A.!

FOR ALL DOGS

GAINES

the Complete Meal



How EVERY INCH of your dog is nourished by Gaines!

Expressed in terms of everyday foods, here are the equivalent food values your dog receives in EVERY POUND of this balanced meal:

The body and strength-building *proteins* in 1½ lbs. fresh raw beef

The energy-producing *carbohydrates* in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal

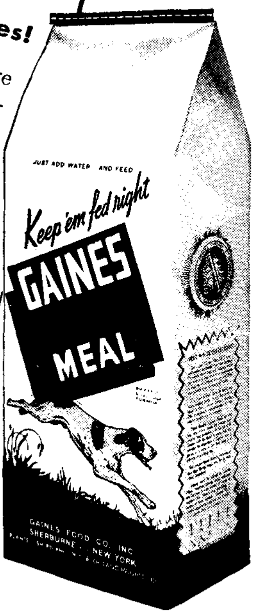
For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the *fats* in 1 oz. butter

For strong bones and teeth—the *minerals* in 1¾ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—the *iron* in ¾ lb. beef liver

VITAMINS: The *vitamin* A in 5 eggs; the *thiamin* (B_1) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin* (B_2) in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin and niacin.

Copyright 1944 by Gaines Food Co., Inc., Sherburne, N. Y.


JUST ADD WATER AND FEED
Keep 'em fed right
GAINES
MEAL
GAINES FOOD CO. INC
SHERBURNE NEW YORK

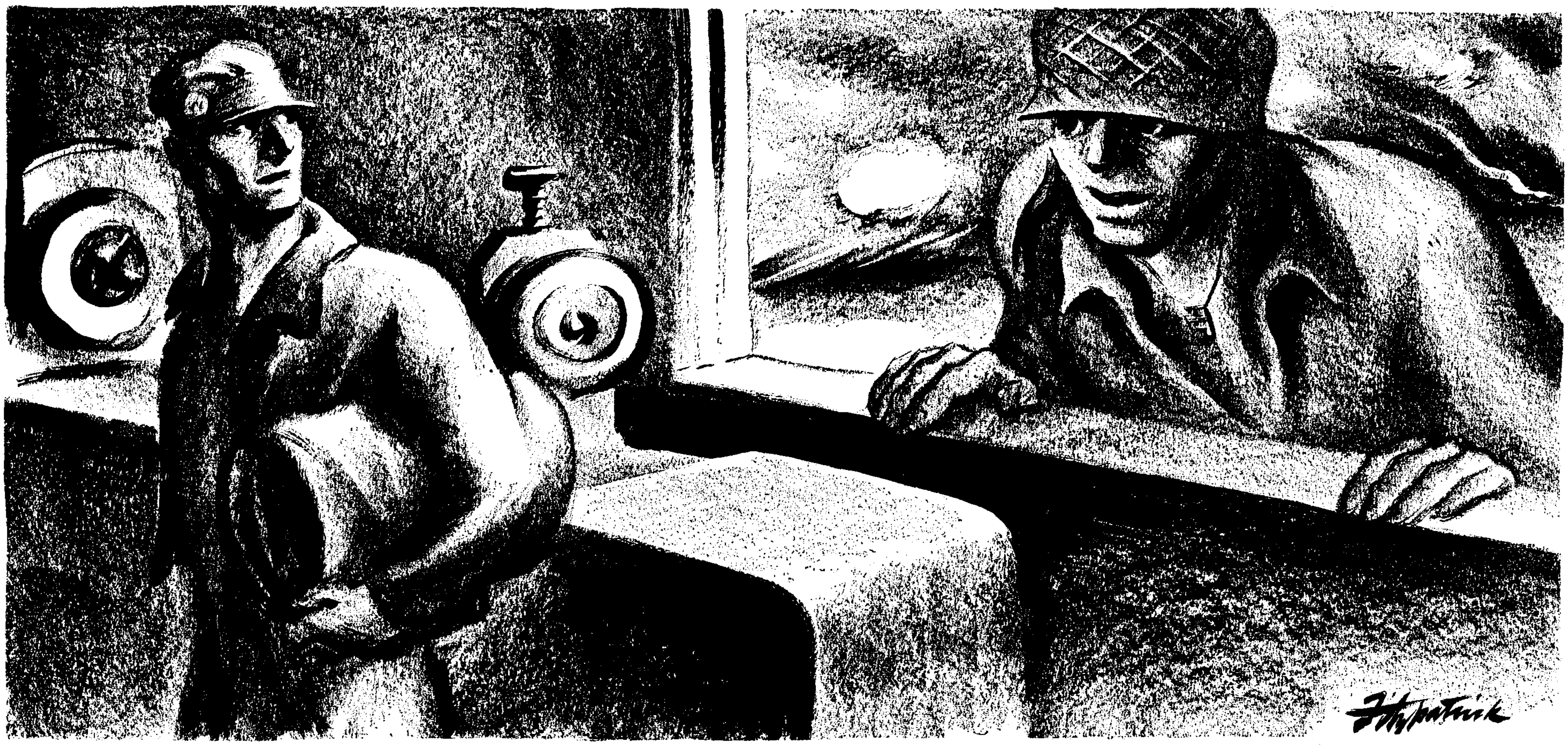
IN 2-LB., 5-LB., 10-LB., 25-LB. AND 50-LB. BAGS

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor



STAY ON THAT WAR JOB!

THE Germans are licked, and Japan's number is coming up faster than was once expected, what with MacArthur's triumphant return to the Philippines, and Kinkaid's and Halsey's deadly reduction of Japanese seapower in the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea.

We are not, however, out of the woods yet. We have to build a lot more ships, for one thing, to solve tremendous shipping problems as our Pacific and Asiatic campaigns expand. We haven't yet produced enough heavy guns, heavy shells, planes, tanks, bulldozers, despite cutbacks in some war contracts and consequent layoffs in some war plants. All of which is to say that about as unpatriotic a thing as anybody can do right now is to quit a war-plant job and settle into some nonwar job which seems to have a bright postwar future.

Such shifts are being made in numbers which alarm war-production and manpower authorities. The trek away from the West Coast airplane factories has been especially serious, though plane production, as this is written, is holding up well, because of superb achievements in increasing productivity per worker.

Let's stop this jumping of the gun. Many a fight has gone in the last round to the contestant who seemed to be losing all along, because the apparent winner began to take things too easy just a few moments too soon. We can still lose the war, believe it or not. We can lose it by a fatal slacking-off in war-material production for our men and our Allies.

So inject another shot of starch into your old American patrotism, please, and stay on that war job, if you have a war job. The fighting men for whom you are helping to make the guns, shells, tanks, jeeps, radar, or whatever, can't quit now—and won't, as long as our enemies keep fighting, and the U.S. war material keeps rolling.

RETURN TRIP FOR MAC ARTHUR

THE two great moments for Americans in this war to date, we'd say, have been Eisenhower's D-Day on the Normandy coast (June 6, 1944) and MacArthur's D-Day on Leyte, Philippine Islands, October 19, 1944.

"I shall return," said MacArthur, after being ordered in March, 1942, to leave his hopelessly outnumbered Philippine forces. He did return—with 600 ships, some 150,000 to 250,000 men, and plenty of planes—and, as usual, he punched the Japs where they least expected an attack.

At this writing, General MacArthur is proceeding with reasonable speed toward Manila, taking his customary extremely low casualties and dealing his customary extremely heavy casualties to the Japs.

The whole development was made more soul-satisfying to Americans by the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, in which Vice-Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid threw the rule book out of the nearest porthole, split his fleet to meet two oncoming Japanese naval forces of superior strength, and hammered them both to bits, while Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet was clawing the tripes out of a third Japanese force bound down from Formosa.

These are great commanders—MacArthur, Kenney, Halsey, Kinkaid, Oldendorf—and it is obvious that they lead some of the finest fighting forces in the world today, and in all United States history.

We think it is in order, too, to sound some applause for the "soft" American way with the Filipinos, over the years since we took those islands from Spain in 1898 and put down Aguinaldo's rebellion. Our Philippine policy was one of kindness and generosity. We lost money on it, and drew a good deal of sardonic laughter from assorted imperial nations.

It paid off handsomely in the end, though. The Jap conquerors never did endear themselves to the Filipinos. MacArthur was able to build and supply a fearsome Filipino fifth column, for call when his D-Day was ripe. Maybe we weren't so foolish, after all. Perhaps it really is smart for a conquering nation to be reasonably magnanimous, especially when it is dealing with a native population which it could easily grind into the dirt.

PLAIN ENGLISH, PLEASE

THERE are probably 120,000,000 Americans who have to do some writing now and then. Judging from magazine manuscript receipts, there must be some 10,000,000 or more who would like to write professionally.

There are innumerable books, correspondence courses, etc., on how to write—some of them well worth your while, too.

But it remained for the British War Office the other day to issue the most valuable single tip to all writers and would-be writers in the fewest words we've yet seen. Here it is, in a British War Office notice to its staff:

> Nothing is more conducive to long-winded and stilted writing than the use of a formal, pedantic or polysyllabic substitute for the natural word or expression that first comes to mind. There will be occasions, relatively rare, when they will be wanted, quite legitimately, to convey a different shade of meaning. They should never be used simply because it is thought they sound more official, more formal, *more stylish or more impressive than their everyday* equivalents.

If everybody who does any writing on any subject whatever would paste that one in a tasteful frame above his desk, where it would hit him in the eye every time he looked up from the paper before him, a lot less jabberwocky and a lot more hard-pan English would be written in the United States.

The Master's Choice

● The late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr.—master distiller—spent his lifetime and his rare genius creating whiskies of surpassing excellence. But he chose one—a matchless bourbon—as his finest, and proudly gave it his name. The full, round flavor and pleasing aroma of this glorious whiskey have established **OLD TAYLOR**—with the world as with Colonel Taylor himself—as the choice of those who relish bourbon at its best.

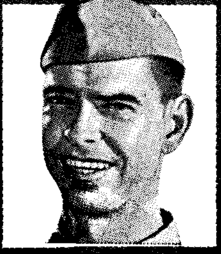
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR & SONS, INC.)

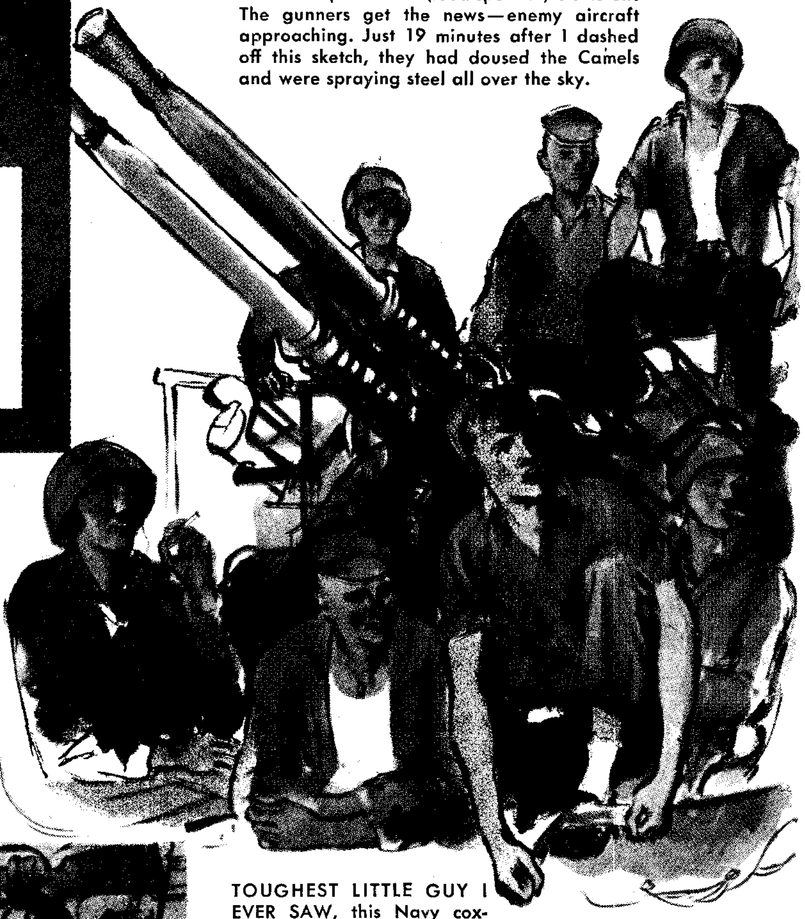
This fine old distillery is today the home of OLD TAYLOR whiskey—and has been since 1887. Not a single drop of any other whiskey has ever come from this distillery.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y.

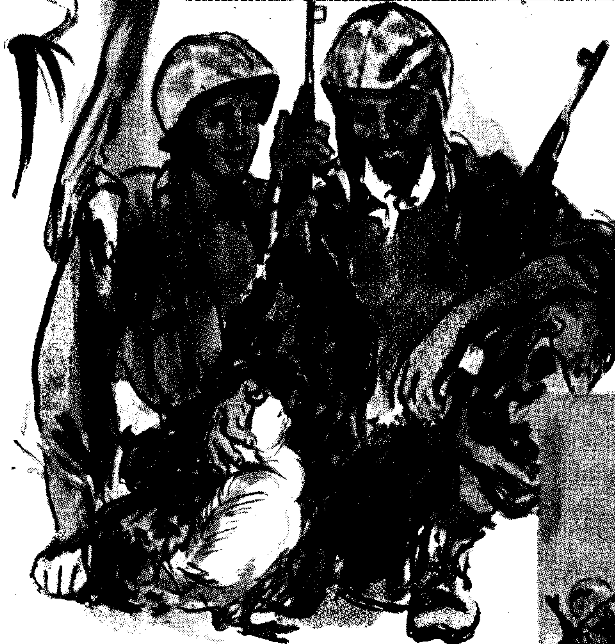
SIGNED SEALED *and* DELICIOUS

"Pacific?"

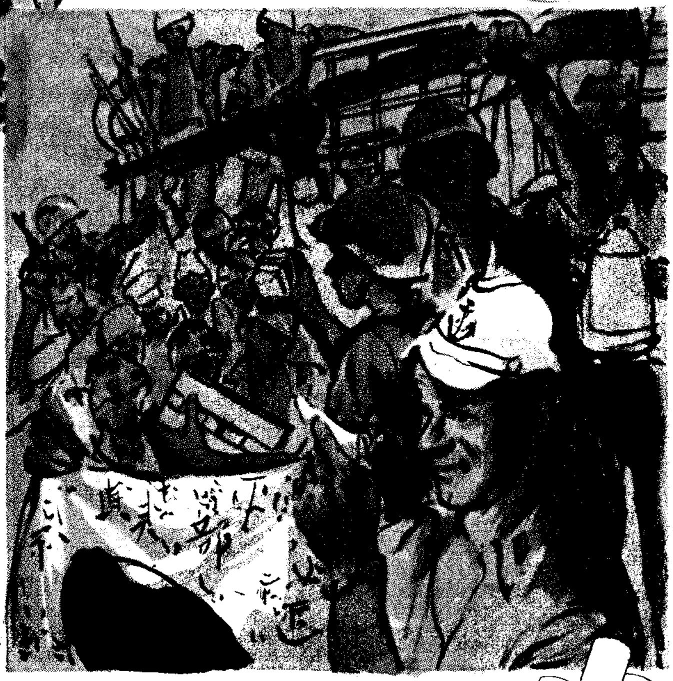




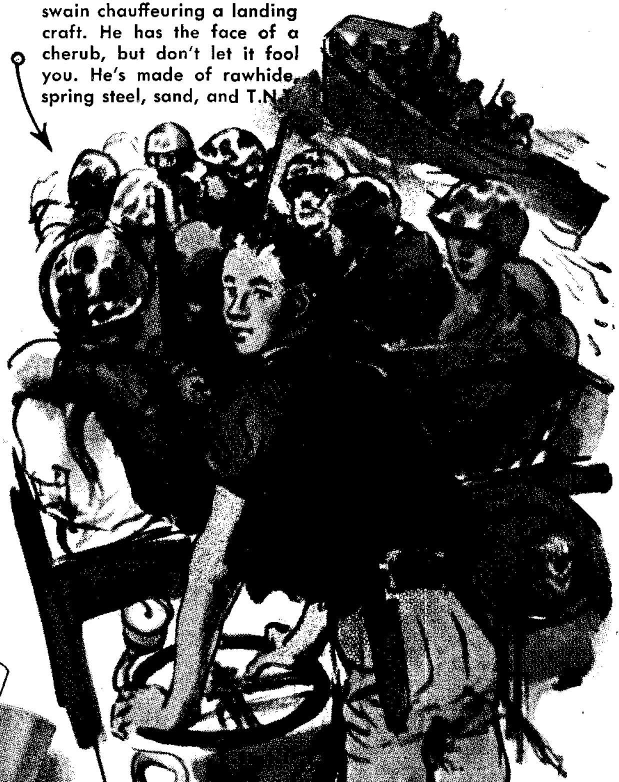
"NOW ALL HANDS HEAR THIS"... that's how the squawk-box (loud-speaker) starts off. The gunners get the news—enemy aircraft approaching. Just 19 minutes after I dashed off this sketch, they had doused the Camels and were spraying steel all over the sky.



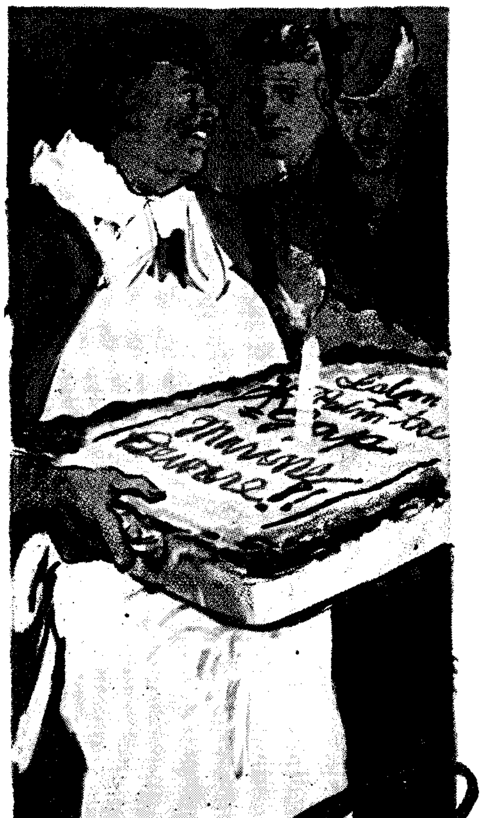
MEET DONALD DUCK, Marine mascot. Even the most rugged leatherneck acts like a doting mother with a spoiled infant when it comes to pets. It got so that Donald followed these two gyrenes just about wherever they went.



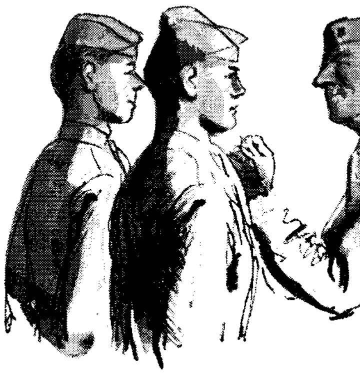
YANKEE TRADING. Plenty sharp, these boys, in the swap-and-barter routine. Captured Jap battle flags . . . pistols . . . helmets . . . stacks of stuff for souvenirs for Mom, Pop, and the best girl back home.



TOUGHEST LITTLE GUY I EVER SAW, this Navy coxswain chauffeuring a landing craft. He has the face of a cherub, but don't let it fool you. He's made of rawhide, spring steel, sand, and T.N.T.



"YOU GUYS RATE A PARTY," the cookee said, breaking out a carton of Camels and the biggest, gaudiest cake I ever saw, at H-Hour minus Five. Yep, just five hours before the Marines invaded Island "X." Funny thing, too, they ate it. P. S. I didn't.



CHEST HARDWARE. Here's a pal of mine (the G.I., not the General) getting a good answer for that question he'll be hearing in the future . . . "Daddy, what did you do in the war?"

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

"I CAN SAY THIS, because I've seen it all over the map. There are moments when having a cigarette seems like the most important thing in the world. And Camel is the cigarette that rates. Way up high. It's got something the men go for. Maybe it's the flavor that lets you know you're really having a smoke, even though Camel is plus in mildness. Maybe it's because it's easy on my throat, and no matter how rugged a guy is he still wants that kind of a cigarette. But whatever it is... Camel's got it, and you can quote me!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels COSTLIER TOBACCOS